The Christian Union

The goal of yesterday is but the starting-place of to-day.

Vol. 37. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1888. No. 4.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE OUTLOOK	97
EDITORIAL:	
Another Sign of the Times	99
A Labor Creed	100
Concerning the Study of History	100
Send Him to Jail	101
Homely Talks on Homely Topics.—I. Luck or Pluck—Which?	101
Inquiring Friends	120
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:	
In and About Boston	101
In and About Chicago	101
The Construction of the American Board. By the Rev. John Bascom, D D , LL D	102
Rightful and Wrongful Competition. By J. B. Peterson.	102
Poetry: Supplication. By Isadore G. Jeffery	103
University Lectures by Washington Gladden, D.D.—IV. What is the Use of Prayer?	103
Curious Facts About Dreams	104
A Middle-Class Panic in London. By an American Visitor	105
The Town and Country Club	105
A Museum of Religions By D J H. Ward	106
Dr. Joanson's Birthplace. By the Rev. James Johnston.	106
THE HOME:	
The Power of Saying Nothing. By Amelia E. Barr	108
How I Would Manage My Children.—IV. Meddling. By a Spinster	108
Mrs. Widgery Reported.—I. By W. B. S	108
A Novel Counterpane. By Katherine Armstrong	109
OUR YOUNG FOLKS:	
The Danger-Signal Near Rocky Channel. By Edward A. Rand	110
House-Building and House-Keeping for Boys and Girls—II The Frame. By Mary Taylor Bissell, M.D.	110
In Odd Minutes. By Anna E. Breath	111
Overgrown Spiders	111
SUNDAY AFTERNOON:	
The Transfiguration. By Lyman Abbott	112
Home Talks About the Word	112
The Pride of Jesus. By the Rev. C. H Oliphant	113
London's Mission to Poor Children. By Mary Harrison.	114
Growth Under Pressure. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D.	115
Thoughts by the Way	115
RELIGIOUS NEWS:	
Anthony Comstock Vindicated	116
Methods of Reaching Young Men	116
Deputation Work in Amherst College	116
Foreign Items	117
Church Gleanings	117
Ministerial Personals	117
Lyman Beecher Lectures: Dr. Trumbull on the Sunday-School	194
BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
The Bhagavad Gitâ	118
Myth, Ritual, and Religion	118
Minor Notices	119
The Magazines	119
Books of the Week	119
Literary Notes	119
MISCELLANEOUS:	
Poetry: The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." In Memoriam	118
Education in the South	122
Selections	123, 127
FACT AND RUMOR	120
CORRESPONDENCE	122
TEMPERANCE NEWS	124
FINANCIAL	125
PUBLISHER'S DESK	126

Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, by The Christian Union Company, Lawson Valentine, President.

Copyright, 1888

Boston Office, 3 Hamilton Place.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class mail matter.

TERMS:

$3.00 yearly, payable in advance.

To Clergymen, $2.50. Single copies, 10 cents.

LYMAN ABBOTT, HAMILTON W. MABIE, } Editors.

By arrangement with Mr. George Macdonald, The Christian Union will begin the publication early in March of a new and characteristic story from his pen, entitled "The Elect Lady."

THE OUTLOOK.

THE President has submitted to Congress the two reports on the Pacific Railroad, the gist of which we have already given to our readers. He condemns in severe terms in his accompanying message the crooked devices, reckless expenditures, and fraudulent methods by which the Government—that is, the people of the United States—have been defrauded of their own. He declares that no one expects that the railroad companies will be able to pay their indebtedness to the Government at its maturity, and that no arrangement should be considered which would result in putting the railroads into the possession of the Government, so long as there is the least chance for indemnification through any other means, and that, whatever measures are adopted, the Government should keep in view the indemnification of the Government debt, but this should not be accompanied by any condonation of the wrong-doing already perpetrated. In the main he approves the plan presented by the majority report. We do not propose to consider at all what method the Government should take to secure its debt—a purely commercial question, which it is not in our province to discuss. We do, however, insist that there is something more important to be done than to secure the debt due to the Government; namely, to do all that can be legally and legitimately done to punish the frauds that have been perpetrated, and make it clear to all future generations that it is not safe to perpetrate such frauds on the people of the United States. Whether anything can be done in this direction, and if so, what, are difficult questions to answer, but this is an aspect of the case which Members of Congress ought not to ignore.

The "Herald" publishes the history of a specimen land robbery, which ought to be made so well known as to force the immediate repeal of the fraud producing land acts. In July, 1883, in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, was organized the California Redwood Company, with plenty of capital at its back, all of which of course was owned in Great Britain. This company hired an expert to tramp through the redwood forest of Northwestern California, and report upon the location and value of the best timber land. He estimated that within a section of sixty four thousand acres there was timber to the amount of twenty-two billion of feet, worth on the stumps not less than one dollar per thousand feet. The company, having obtained the description of the land, engaged four hundred men, at fifty dollars apiece, to file into the Government Land Office and register their individual claims to 160 acres each of this timber land, under the Timber Land act. It was of course necessary for them to swear that they were actual settlers, but the company had paid the market price for their perjury. Having registered their claims, they went across the street to a notary public and signed deeds conveying the lands to the manager of the Scotch syndicate. Thus by an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars this company obtained land whose value their expert estimated at twenty-two million dollars. All this happened just before President Cleveland's administration began, and it may be said that during his administration such frauds have not been repeated. But the prevention of frauds is not enough. It is clearly the duty of Congress and the Administration to recover the land which has been fraudulently acquired before it passes into the hand of innocent purchasers. The question of land reform must be vigorously prosecuted. The Homestead law should be retained, but such laws as the Desert Lands act and the Timber Culture act should be immediately repealed.

Petitions by the hundred are said to be coming in daily to the headquarters of the Knights of Labor at Philadelphia in favor of postal telegraphy. They have come in response to circulars sent out asking for signatures to these petitions. It is believed that the petitions will, when all in, contain over 500,000 names. One of our contemporaries argues against these petitions because (1) the Knights know nothing about either telegraphy or political economy and the function of government; and (2) Mr. Powderly's motive in working up these petitions is hostility to Mr. Gould. As to the first, the signers know enough to vote; and we suspect that the average Congressman, when he weighs these petitions, will reflect that a workingman's vote counts for as much as the vote of an expert at telegraphy, a professor in political economy, or even an editor of a metropolitan newspaper. Having great faith in universal suffrage, and none in class suffrage, we are very glad that the masses, not the experts, will finally determine this question of postal telegraphy. As to the second point, it is somewhat neutralized by the other objection brought against postal telegraphy, that it is a stock-jobbing operation in the interest of Jay Gould! The truth is, legislators have nothing to do with motives. Whether postal telegraphy is advocated by the saints to promote the millennium, or by the sinners to bull telegraph stock, is a question with which the Congressman has no concern. He has simply to ask himself whether it is the function of Government to furnish the public with cheap intercommunication—a question answered by the Post Office system—and, if so, whether the telegraph is a good means of intercommunication for the great masses of the people or a luxury adapted only to the few—a question on which two opinions will not be entertained five years after postal telegraphy is established. For that it will be established we no longer doubt. The movement has ceased to be that of a few prophetic spirits; it has a rapidly increasing democratic sentiment behind it, giving it impulse and momentum.

Mr. Corbin has issued a manifesto to the public, in which he makes an official statement representing the side of the Reading Company in the present strike. He tells the story of the railroad strike as it has been already told in our columns. The railroad employees struck because the railroad delivered grain to a company which employed non-union men. Such a strike is not only wholly irrational, but wicked and unjust, and the railroad company will have, and indeed has had, the entire sympathy of the public in resisting it. If a bill should be introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature forbidding the employment of any but union men, it would be received with derision; it would not even receive respect enough to awaken indignation. A proposition to prohibit the employment of non-union men is no more entitled to respect because it comes from an irresponsible organization unknown to the law. The coal strike has an entirely different cause, and the weak part of Mr. Corbin's statement is his endeavor to connect the two, in which he signally fails. According to him, the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Company agreed to raise the wages of labor eight per cent. from September 1 to January 1, after which it should return to the old schedule unless the other companies made a similar increase. The latter part of December the miners asked what the company intended to do after the first of January, and received the reply that they expected to return to the old basis, unless before that time wages were increased in the Lehigh district. They added: "We say to the men that if they perform their part of the contract after the first day of January, we will at any time thereafter, if they desire it, take up the question again, and see if another and more satisfactory basis than the old one can be made between the men and the company." It certainly seems, on this statement, that the men should have gone on with the work on the old basis, and opened negotiations for a new one. We cannot, however, forget that we have in this document only an *ex parte* statement, nor can we forget that Mr. Corbin has refused to submit the question at issue between himself and the striking miners to arbitration, and the party who refuses to submit such a controversy to arbitration always raises a suspicion that an impartial tribunal will find him to be in the wrong. The miners owe it to themselves to issue their statement to the public, how-

over, and unless such a statement is made, Mr. Corbin's will be accepted, and the judgment of the community will be based upon it. We have sent a representative of The Christian Union into the Schuylkill region to interview the miners and the shopkeepers, and we hope next week to give their view, or rather their views, of the case, as we are able to gather them from individual interviews, in the absence of any official and authoritative representation of their side of the case.——Just as we go to press, the daily papers give a paragraph abstract of a statement from the miners, denying the accuracy of Mr. Corbin's report of the agreement of last September, and asserting that the Company first agreed to arbitration and then refused.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York City, in his message of last week, recommends the granting of special licenses to reputable persons for the sale of light wines and beers after one o'clock on Sunday. These licenses, he says, "ought not to be too numerous, and should be confined to the places resorted to by that portion of the population who find recreation with their families in such places of gathering." He does not think any evil results will spring from this relaxation of the law, but that it will prevent the evil results which grow out of the existence of laws which cannot be enforced. The argument for special licenses is very simple; namely: The object of law is the protection of rights and the punishment of crime; drinking light wines and beer is not a crime, and violates no rights, no more on Sunday than on other days; therefore it ought not to be prohibited. The answer, of course, is that experience demonstrates the impracticability of permitting the sale of light wine and beer while protecting the community from the vice and crime to which open bars inevitably lead. Mayor Hewitt's recommendation is chiefly important because it makes clear that this movement for a qualified Sunday opening has the support, not merely of the beer-drinkers and the beer-sellers, but also of many persons of entire uprightness and disinterestedness of purpose, whose democratic principles compel their opposition to what seems to them a phase of puritanical legislation. As our readers know, we disapprove of any Sunday opening of the saloons, but we desire both to be entirely just to those who hold a contrary opinion, and also to recognize the elements which give force to the movement which we are compelled to antagonize.

In this connection we note as important the decision of the Court of Appeals of this State in the matter of Breslin and Vilas. In this case the proprietors of the Gilsey House and the Fifth Avenue Hotel were arrested for selling liquors on Sunday. It was conceded that they had sold liquors to their guests with the meals and had not sold them over the bar. The Supreme Court at General Term, the full bench agreeing, held that the statute prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sunday "as a beverage" prohibited the indiscriminate sale of intoxicating liquors, but did not prohibit hotel-keepers from selling them to *bona fide* guests in connection with meals. This decision was based partly upon the phraseology of the statutes, partly upon the public policy which those statutes were intended to embody, and partly upon the interpretation given to them by a long course of action in the State unquestioned by the courts. An appeal was taken to the Court of Appeals, which was dismissed on the ground that the case was one in which no appeal could be taken. Thus the legal question has not received final adjudication; but for all present practical purposes it may be regarded as the established law of this State that innkeepers may serve alcoholic liquors with meals to *bona fide* guests. Whether this permission would apply to restaurant-keepers does not appear from the decision of the Court. The result is twofold. The force of Mayor Hewitt's argument for Sunday licensing is certainly greatly weakened by this decision. For if hotel keepers may sell liquor under the law as it now stands, it can hardly be claimed that any great injustice is done by closing the saloons and the lager beer gardens on a day when substantially all other business is intermitted. The decision also suggests a possible practicable ground on which both conservative and radical temperance men might unite. If it is practicable to prohibit the indiscriminate sale of liquor over the bar and yet allow it in the hotel and restaurant to *bona fide* guests to be used with their meals on Sunday, it is equally practicable to make this discrimination on the week day. All believers in the anti-saloon movement would certainly unite in an endeavor to close the bar absolutely and restrict the sale of liquor to use in the family, the hotel, and the restaurant, and we should suppose that even the most radical Prohibitionist would vote for such a measure as this, provided it did not commit him against other agitation to prohibit all sale and use of liquor.

The Commission to investigate and report the most humane and practical method of carrying into effect the sentence of death in capital cases, the conclusions of whose report we foreshadowed a week or two ago, has transmitted that report to the Legislature. It fills a pamphlet of a hundred pages, of which the first seventy-six are taken up with a historical description of methods of execution pursued in times past. It is a horrible history of man's cruelty to man, and we observe that some of the daily papers question the advisability of giving this history so fully. We think, however, the committee did wisely; they have shown, in our judgment, conclusively that the gallows is a relic of a barbaric age, that it belongs in the same general category with the knout, bastinado, rack, boiling, disemboweling, the fagot, the crucifixion. No argument can be made for the gallows that is not equally cogent in favor of these other and still crueler forms of punishment. If society must put a criminal out of existence, it is clearly its duty to perform this horrible office in the speediest, simplest, and most humane manner possible. Substantially there is uniform testimony that electricity fulfills all the necessary conditions, and this is the method which the Commission recommends. They also recommend that the execution take place in a State's prison, not, as now, in a county jail; that the body be then either given to the medical profession for dissection or be buried without ceremony, and that the published accounts of the execution be limited as regards all details. These last recommendations seem to us of prime importance, as preventing both the bungling manner of execution which is not uncommon, and as also preventing the horrible publication of details in the daily papers.

That all is not perfectly harmonious within the combined Tory and Liberal-Unionist camps has been again shown to the world by a recent speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who has strongly dissented from the Ministerial programme which proposes to give local self-government to England, Scotland, and Wales, and deny it to Ireland. Without indorsing fully the Home Rule scheme, Sir Michael has declared in favor of including Ireland in the Ministerial scheme of local government, and in expressed words advocates giving to the Irish as controlling a voice as the Scotch now have in the management of their own affairs. This is practically what Mr. Gladstone is endeavoring to achieve through Home Rule. The Scotch Members of Parliament practically determine all questions affecting Scotland alone, and this is substantially all that the Home Rulers ask for Ireland. Imperial matters they propose to leave to the English Parliament. It is significant that the three men who have had the greatest familiarity with Irish affairs now favor some form of Irish self-government—Lord Spencer, Sir George Trevelyan, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. It is evident, therefore, that men who have had practical experience in dealing with the Irish question are coming to the same ground which Mr. Gladstone holds.

The trial of Mr. Cunninghame-Graham, a Scotch Member of Parliament, for alleged riotous conduct in Trafalgar Square last summer, recalls and reawakens interest in the extraordinary conflict between the Government and the people reported in our columns at that time. Radicals claimed the right of public meeting in Trafalgar Square, and the Government claimed the right to prevent it, on the ground that Trafalgar Square was Crown land, and not, therefore, technically open to the public. The attempt to prevent the public meeting was, in fact, part and parcel of the policy of the present Government to stifle Irish agitation—a policy more difficult to carry out in England than in Ireland, because the English people, who are willing to impose military rule on Ireland, would not for an instant submit to it themselves. A correspondent who was present in London at the time of the riot gives a report of it in this week's Christian Union. He knows whereof he affirms, and it will be seen that his interpretation is quite different from that which was generally afforded by the English newspapers and by the foreign correspondents of the American daily press. Mr. Graham and Mr. Burns, the Socialist leader, were acquitted of charges of rioting and assault, but found guilty on the charge of taking part in an unlawful assembly, and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, without hard labor. This fact, of which, however, the daily press give us no interpretation, indicates that the court held the assembly at Trafalgar Square to be an illegal one.

The New York "Herald" publishes the extraordinary news that the German telegraph officials have received instructions from the Government to receive no cable messages from America addressed *via* Commercial Cable. The fact that such an order could be issued by the Government will be regarded by some as an argument against making the telegraph a branch of government service. We regard it simply as an argument against despotic government. No American statesman could venture on so high-handed a proceeding. According to the "Herald," by the terms of a convention regulating international telegraphy it was agreed by the representatives of the various governments that any sender of a transatlantic message might designate by what cable line he desired it sent, and all Government lines should carry out a designated request. If so, this order appears to be a direct violation of what is substantially, if not literally, treaty obligations. No ground for the order is stated officially; two rumored grounds are reported: one that the Commercial Cable runs on French soil, and this order is the product of German jealousy of France; the other that the New York "Herald" has a special interest in the Commercial Cable, and the New York "Herald" has been severe in its criticisms of Bismarck. Neither of these grounds comport with the dignity of a great Empire like Germany, and we think some other reason must underlie this extraordinary order, which has evoked strong protestations from commercial houses in Germany.

It is a curious and significant fact that the centenary of Lord Byron's birth, January 22, should have passed substantially unnoticed in England. Special services were held in the Greek Church in London in commemoration of him who died in the cause of Greece. The day was also recognized in Greece and Austria, but the English people have allowed his memory substantially to perish. This is because his immorality vitiated and destroyed his art. With wonderful imagination, unparalleled art of versification, rare perception of the various phases of nature and rare skill in the penning of them, he was nevertheless so limited by his own almost insane egotism, his sympathies with human life were so destroyed by his habit of morbid introversion, he so accustomed himself to regard all life as circling about himself, that he has had no permanent hold of humanity. All his characterizations were autobiographical, all his revelations only self-revelations; and they were revealings of a very narrow and selfish personality. Even his pictures of nature and of life, when he did for the moment forget self and look out upon the world, were seen, not in the bright sunlight, but in the lurid light that flashed from his own diseased nature. That the centenary of the birthday of one who was at one time the most admired of English poets should have passed almost without recognition is a singular witness to the fact that no intellectual brilliancy can compensate for the lack of moral poise and balance.

The depths to which contemporary French fiction has been brought by the novelists under the lead of Zola who call themselves naturalists was commented upon editorially in these columns not long since. It is clear that the French themselves are beginning to revolt from the reign of repulsive and brutal reality, in bondage to which they have been held for several years past. Zola's last book, "La Terre," is not only absolutely untranslatable, but is so grossly and brutally indecent that its sale is being suppressed even in Paris, where it has seemed of late as though nothing were too indecent to be publicly offered for sale. But even Zola is surpassed by his disciples who have been studying and presenting to their readers the unmentionable phases of morbid eroticism. These gentlemen have at last carried things so far that a reaction has set in, and a league has been organized in Paris, "in the interest of democracy and of the honor of the national genius," to check "the frightful spread of immoral and demoralizing literature," and distinguished French literary men are beginning to speak out in earnest protest against the debasement which

is fast destroying the art element in French fiction. It is a singular blunder of a people so acute as the French that they do not discover that immoral insensibility in the end results in defective art. There are charming pieces of literary work familiar to all readers of modern French literature which are artistically spoiled by some sudden and wholly unexpected violation of the common decencies of life. Baseness and vulgarity and impurity are not only crimes, they are also stupid blunders.

We transfer to our columns from those of the "Springfield Republican" some school statistics, tabulated and presented by Mr. Mayo, in favor of the Blair bill for National aid to public education in the Southern States. As our readers know, we have earnestly advocated the fundamental principles which underlie this bill. We still believe that it is in every way constitutional for the Nation to provide for public education in the States; that it would have been good statesmanship to have done so at the close of the war; that the Republican party was, as a party, guilty of inexcusable folly in not following the leadership of its great statesmen and making appropriations for this purpose; that if it had done so, on a liberal scale, and had accompanied this policy with an active Republican campaign in the Southern States, it would now have a large constituency in the South, and probably a majority in several of the Southern States; that to have done this would have been both shrewd politics and wise statesmanship. But it is also our judgment that the time has passed when this could be done. To-day the Republican party could not carry such a measure in the House of Representatives; the party itself is still divided in sentiment on the question; the best friends of the colored race are not agreed in urging or even in affirming it; the Southern statesmen—to say nothing of her politicians—and her best journals are either lukewarm in support or vigorous in opposition; such aid can no longer be conferred as a boon but must be forced by a party triumph on a reluctant South, if it is furnished at all; and the measure has gotten into bad company, and is urged quite as much as a means of blood-letting as of light-giving, quite as much to reduce the surplus as to increase education. Under these circumstances, in spite of Mr. Mayo's statistics, and in spite of our unalterable conviction that public education is and ought to be a National, not a merely local, problem, we reiterate the opinion we expressed a week or two ago, that the opportunity for this act of generosity has passed, and that aid to Southern education must be furnished in other ways than by Congressional appropriations. Nor are we able to speak more highly of the reported plan of Senator Stewart to appropriate $4,000 000 for the establishment of a National University in the District of Columbia for the education of teachers. The country has abundant resources for the higher education. What we want is to broaden our educational system at the base; to spend more for education of the all, and less for education of the few.

The stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera-House of New York City are seriously considering the question of discontinuing the German opera next season. The receipts in 1887–8 have been about five hundred dollars a night less than in 1886–7, threatening a deficiency of about $30,000 by the close of the season and involving a large increase of assessments on the box owners. We should have hesitated to express any opinion on the financial management of the opera, but the published criticism of one of its stockholders seems to us to have some ground. The charge for an orchestra chair is four dollars, whether for evening performance or afternoon matinée—a charge which this stockholder rightly declares is too much for the salaried class. We believe that more democratic prices would give larger receipts. It is true, however, that abroad the opera-houses are subsidized by the Government, and it is perhaps doubtful whether the best operatic music can be given in the best way without some form of endowment. In our judgment the German opera has done more to cultivate and develop musical culture in this city than anything else, unless possibly it be the Philharmonic and Symphony Concerts, and it would be a great misfortune and approximate a great disgrace if this wealthy city, having enjoyed the advantage of such performances as the German Opera Company has given, should now abandon them even for a single season.

Apropos of an advertisement for an unmarried clergyman to take missionary work among coal-mining people in Pennsylvania at a salary of $750, the New York "Herald" has been interviewing city clergymen on the adequacy of such compensation. The salary is considerably above the average paid to the clergy outside of the great cities, and the salaries of ministers in the great cities are greatly exaggerated by the public press. There is no doubt that with few exceptions ministers are underpaid when the quality of their services, the character of their education, and the necessary expenses of their profession and position are taken into consideration. A few ministers, by adding literature or lecturing to their editorial work, have amassed fortunes, but, as a rule, ministers and teachers are paid far less than lawyers and physicians of equal ability. This is true even in the great cities, where the largest salaries to ministers range from six to fifteen thousand dollars, while the income of lawyers and physicians of no greater ability far exceeds that amount. Mr. Beecher's salary was $20,000, but he paid $5,000 every year as his contribution to the church. There are two elements in the necessary expenditures of a minister which the church rarely takes into account. First, his professional position, which requires of him a certain style of expenditure in living, in character of dress, size of house—which is ordinarily a kind of social center to the parish—and the like; and, secondly, the expenses of his library, which ought to keep pace with the intellectual development of the age, and which cannot be made so to do without considerable expense. How to make or keep pew-rents low and yet give ministers good salaries is a perplexing problem. But the congregation which starves its minister is certain to be intellectually and spiritually starved in turn.

The position of The Christian Union that pugilism is not a manly art and does not tend to manliness received practical confirmation last week. Sunday morning at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., a couple of young men were put up for a few rounds of pugilistic encounter. According to the report of the papers, which is derived of course from those who happened to be present, before the pugilists had reached a fourth round one of them fell in a fit or faint and died before medical aid could reach him. Whether this be true, or whether he had some heart difficulty which caused sudden death in the excitement of the contest, or whether he died from the violence of the encounter, must be left to be determined by judicial investigation. The pregnant fact is, however, that as soon as he fell the spectators of the manly art all ran away and left him to die alone, and the boy who had fought with the dying man fled also, though he had afterwards the manliness—this must be said to his credit—to surrender himself to the police authorities. Roughs are cowards. This is an old story, but it is well to report every fact that gives illustration to it. One might have respect for pugilism, in spite of its brutality, if it developed courage, but what can one feel but contempt for brutality mated with cowardice?

Among the industrial achievements of the year just ended, the unparalleled construction of railroads ranks perhaps first. According to the "Railway Age," 12 724 miles of new main line tracks have been added to the railway system of the United States, no account being taken of the hundreds of miles of side tracks which have been built. Surprisingly little of this railway building has been in the Eastern or the Middle States. The New England and the Middle States combined show an increase of but 408 miles of track. Ten Southern States show 1,600 miles, and five Middle Western States show the same, leaving 9,000 miles for the territory west of the Mississippi. The magnitude of this construction of roads is made more apparent when we compare it with the total railway mileage of the different European countries. It is half as great as the total mileage of Germany, and two-thirds as great as that of Great Britain and France. Our own railway mileage is now 151,000 miles. The fact that the railway service of the United States is now cheaper than that of any of these foreign countries, in spite of the fact that it has five times as many miles of track for the same population, and in spite of the fact that wages are higher and capital dearer, is the most conclusive demonstration of the fallacy of the assertion that we cannot compete with foreign nations in cheap production. The average cost of carrying a ton of freight a mile is now but one cent. One of the most significant facts regarding the recent construction of roads is that it has all been done by railway companies already in operation, and most of it by a few great railway systems. The concentration of the railway business into fewer and fewer hands continues to go on.

General News.—The mother of President James A. Garfield died on Saturday last at Cleveland, at the age of eighty-six. She was a woman of remarkable energy of character.——The Irish people are rejoicing in the release from prison of the Home-Rule editor O'Brien. He has suffered much in health from his confinement.——Louise Michel, the Anarchist, was shot and seriously injured while addressing a meeting of Anarchists at Paris on Monday.——A postal convention has just been signed between this country and Canada, which, together with that agreed upon with Mexico last summer, makes a uniform postal rate between the three countries for all classes of matter.——The experiment in profit-sharing entered upon by the Nelson Manufacturing Company of St. Louis two years ago has proved a marked success. In his annual letter to employees, just published, Mr. Nelson shows that they have been paid full market rates for wages, and have received profit-dividend of eight per cent. on wages for those who have served the company six months or more, and ten per cent. for those who have served eighteen months or more.——The Thoebe-Carlisle contest has been decided by the adoption by the House of the majority report of the Committee, thus confirming Mr. Carlisle's title to his seat.——Another attempt to hold a popular meeting in Trafalgar Square, London, on Sunday, was prevented by the police.——The extreme cold has continued, though with less severity, in the far West. It seems certain that from two to three hundred persons perished, possibly more. Pitiful stories of exposure and suffering continue to be published.——The German Crown Prince is no worse, and hopes of his complete recovery are entertained.——Mr. Spurgeon's resignation has finally been accepted by the Baptist Union.——Walter M. Gibson, for ten years Prime Minister of the Sandwich Islands, who was driven from power last year by the constitutional movement, died in San Francisco last week.

ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES.

NOTHING shows more clearly the decay of old religious animosities than the fact that so little has been heard of late of the old anti-Popery cry. Protestant peoples here and abroad are quite as resolute as ever in their determination that the Catholic Church as a church shall keep its hands off the school system and out of National politics. But the old and somewhat panicky feeling which Protestants used to entertain toward the Pope and the Church has evidently passed away. If evidence of this were needed, it would be found in the fact that the President's gift of a copy of the Constitution of the United States to the Pope has for the most part passed unchallenged—has, indeed, been commended as an act of courtesy, and as a sensible way of discharging what was, under the circumstances, a matter of National obligation; for, as the author of "Religio Medici" long ago suggested, the Pope is a temporal prince, and the amenities which are paid to princes are due to him. It is true that his temporal power is a thing of the past, but he still remains an extremely interesting historical figure; a figure perhaps all the more interesting because essentially an anachronism—a survival of the days of the Holy Roman Empire, of chained armor, and of a Spanish supremacy. In England, where the anti-Popery feeling has been even more rabid than in this country, an English nobleman of the highest rank has recently conveyed to the Pope the personal sympathy and good-will of the Queen, and was instructed "to give expression to her feeling of deep respect for the elevated character and Christian wisdom" which the Supreme Pontiff has displayed in his high position. "The temperate sagacity," said the envoy, "with which your Holiness has corrected errors and differences, from which much evil might otherwise have arisen, inspires her Majesty with the earnest hope that life and health may long be granted to you, and that your beneficent actions may long be continued."

This expression of kindly feeling, both personal and official, was called out by the Jubilee of Leo XIII., the various solemnities connected with which have been progressing during the last few weeks. On New

Year's Day, when the Pope broke the tradition which has grown up since the city of Rome passed into the hands of the Italian Government, and celebrated a pontifical mass in St. Peter's, he was attended by forty-eight Cardinals, 238 Bishops and Archbishops, and an immense congregation estimated at more than 80 000. The brilliancy of the spectacle can be imagined only by those who know something of the resources for ceremonial of the great cathedral of Michael Angelo. Among the almost countless congratulations which were received from all parts of the world, Protestant good wishes and congratulations mingled with those from Catholic sources. This is as it should be, and marks the coming of the better age in which the bitter and unchristian animosities of the past are disappearing as the shadows at the dawn.

One may hold Protestant convictions as resolutely as his fathers held them, and may oppose the Catholic propaganda in Church and State with the greatest zeal and earnestness, and still preserve toward this Church that attitude of Christian courtesy which ought to be, although it never yet has been, the characteristic of Christian peoples. It is not impossible that the time may come when the old antagonism of the Catholic and the Protestant may appear insignificant in view of the deeper antagonisms which shall make them essentially one. Thomas Carlyle declared that the real struggle in every age is between the believer and the unbeliever, and it has seemed at times of late as if this phrase might soon describe the practical issue of certain tendencies in modern society. For anarchism and social disorder of the radical kind have their roots in atheism, and it is quite possible that the time may come when the real issue will be between the theist and the atheist; the man who believes in God and order and freedom and rights of person and property on the one side, and the man who disbelieves in all these on the other side. Whenever that time comes, the Protestant and the Catholic will stand side by side in a common defense of those common beliefs which have been their mutual possession these many centuries. Stranger things have happened in history than such a change of attitude as would be involved in the fellowship of the Roman Catholic and the Protestant; and it is well to remember in any event that the only Christian way to hold one's convictions is to hold them with charity and courtesy.

A LABOR CREED.

A SUBSCRIBER writes to us indicating that he is afraid that we have fallen from grace in the matter of the labor question; that he does not see in our paper of late a reiteration of the principles bearing on this question, which a year ago we stated so fully, and, as he is pleased to say, with so much courage. This is not because we have fallen from grace. Having stated the principles once, we think this enough. To reiterate them in every issue would be tiresome to our readers, and we trust needless for our own reputation. We simply seek, having stated those principles, to apply them from time to time to the various phases of the labor question as they arise. But as in some churches the Apostles' Creed is repeated every Sabbath, so perhaps it may be well enough to restate from time to time the articles of a political or sociological creed. We have seen no reason to abandon or deviate from any of the principles we have heretofore laid down. Without attempting here to state them comprehensively, we reiterate some of them in compact form. We believe:

1. That the workingmen have a grievance; they cannot define it; but it exists.

2. That the correction of this grievance requires the co operation of workingmen, capitalists, Church and State.

3. That workingmen must improve, as they have improved, in thrift, intelligence, temperance, and all economic virtues; without these, all other reforms will come to naught.

4. That the Saloon ought to be strangled, and buried beyond hope of resurrection—the saloon, which is the workingman's greatest enemy, as it is the greatest enemy of the entire community.

5. That there ought to be a penny savings bank in every public school, encouraging children to save money.

6. That there ought to be cooking schools in all large towns and cities, teaching one of the first and fundamental arts of life, without which increase of wages or decrease of work will bring neither health nor happiness.

7. That there ought to be a savings bank in every town; we should like to see it established by the United States Government, and connected with the Post-Office.

8. That the telegraph should be owned and operated by the United States Government.

9. That the railroads, which have been brought under some measure of National control, should be kept under National control.

10. That courts of conciliation and arbitration should be established in all mining and manufacturing centers, either by the Government, as in France, or by mutual agreement, as in England.

11. That all corporations on whose uninterrupted work the well being of the community depends, as railroads and mining corporations, should be required, on penalty of forfeiture of charter, to submit every question respecting wages, hours of labor, and conditions of employment which may arise between themselves and their employers to arbitration, the result of which should be binding upon them.

12. That organizations of labor should be chartered, and so at once recognized by and made amenable to law.

13. That as rapidly as possible profit sharing should be combined with or substituted for the wage system, and as fast as the intelligence and thrift of the wage-earner allows, profit-sharing should be combined with some form of co-operation.

14. That systems of taxation should be so adjusted that taxes shall be levied upon possession and income, not, as now, upon expenditure.

15. That all combinations, both of labor and capital, should be so modified as to conform to Stanley W. Jevons's law of labor combinations: they should be perpendicular, not horizontal; that is, a combination of labor and capital in one concern, in competition with other similar combinations of labor and capital; not a combination of all labor in competition with a combination of all capital.

This is a creed long enough for to-day.

CONCERNING THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

THE study of history is generally the *bête-noir* of the schoolboy and schoolgirl. We believe this is the fault, not of the pupil, but of the teacher and the text-book, and of the insane idea, prevalent both in and out of the school-room, that success in study is measured, not by the quality of knowledge acquired, but by the quantity of ground covered. Accordingly, the history of a country, sometimes a history of the whole world, is put into a single volume, and a pupil is expected to master it in a term, or at most in a year. He crams himself with an array of dates, names, and events; while the realities which these symbolize he knows nothing about. He can tell you the date of the Magna Charta, but whether it was a document or an animal he hardly knows; and as to its relations to English history, what it grew out of, and what grew out of it, he knows nothing. He can perhaps give, without halting or hesitating, the line of the kings and queens of England; but what kind of a creature was King John, what kind of royalty was represented in even Henry the Eighth or Charles the First, he has little or no idea. As to history as the development of a national life, and the mental and moral evolution of society, and the successive processes by which it has emerged from barbarism and entered into civilization—of this he has not the faintest conception. Geography is studied in much the same way. When we were in the West, in a prairie country, where the highest known hill was the bluff along the river, a child in the public school, who was studying about the Rocky Mountains, or the Andes, or the Alps, innocently asked her teacher whether a mountain was as high as the Congregational church steeple, that being the highest thing within her observation. It would seem to be self-evident that a child should learn what a mountain is before she should endeavor to learn where the mountains are and what their names; so she should learn the significance of the facts, and the character of the great historical personages, before she undertakes to learn the dates of these events, the birth and death of those personages, and the way in which they followed one another upon the stage. The fundamental principle in all science is that the specific precedes the generic. General principles and truths are deduced from specific illustrations. In order to know, we learn events first and laws afterward. But in our common methods of education we reverse this process, stuff our children's memories with laws that they cannot understand, and then expect them to proceed to the illustrations and events which from those laws have been deduced. We ought to reverse the process. We are beginning to put language first and grammar afterward, as the vernacular is always taught in the home. This is the natural method; so we ought to teach, in arithmetic, problems first, rules afterward; in science, experiments first, generalizations afterward; in geography, physical facts first, political divisions afterward; in history, geography first, history afterward.

Mr. Carlyle has stated that universal history is, at bottom, but the history of great men. "They certainly make and designate the epoch of national life," says Samuel Smiles. Let us, then, teach our children, first, who the great men are, and what great things they did, then weave these great events into a continuous history, and the story of the lives of these great men into the story of the life of humanity. No child can be expected to be interested in, because no child can be expected to comprehend, the history of the beginnings of the English constitution, but any child may be interested in the romantic history of Alfred the Great. No child can be expected to comprehend feudalism, but any child may read with interest the life of William the Conqueror, and so learn what feudalism is before he has become conscious that he is studying it. The history of the Reformation can be nothing but a bewildering maze of dates, names, and hard words to a child, but the story of Luther, or William of Orange, of Henry the Eighth, or Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, may be made as interesting as a story book to a boy or girl of moderate intellectual ambition. When thus the pupil has become interested in men, and then in the deeds they wrought, he will be ready to go on and study the significance of those deeds, and their connection with one another, and finally the way in which, by means of them, the nation and race have made their progress toward a larger and a better life.

These reflections have been suggested to us by receiving from Harper & Brothers their new edition of the famous "Red Histories." These are red histories no longer. They are printed on thicker paper, with a somewhat larger margin, and are handsomely bound in dark blue. Our readers may remember that Abraham Lincoln declared that this series gave him his knowledge of history. If it was not a scholarly knowledge, it was certainly available for very useful purposes. The complete series consists of six sets, and, with a few omissions, includes most of the greatest and most influential men and women in public and political careers. We miss the name of Oliver Cromwell, though his story is measurably told in the story of Charles the First. We miss, also, William of Orange and Napoleon Bonaparte. We should be glad to see the series enlarged by the addition of the names of some statesmen whose work has been wrought since these histories have been written—Bismarck, Gladstone, Cavour. But, on the whole, it may be safely said that he who reads these histories through will, in the first place, read them with interest, and, in the second place, get a better conception by far of the course of human history than he will get from any study of the average historical compend, with its dry-as-dust dates and record of events. The first series introduces the reader to the founders of ancient empires—Cyrus, Xerxes, Alexander the Great, etc.; the second series to the heroes of Roman history—Romulus, Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Julius Cæsar, and Nero; the third series to the history of early British kings and queens, from Alfred the Great to Margaret of Anjou; the fourth to later British kings and queens, in which series ought to come, but does not, King Henry the Eighth; the fifth series to various queen and heroines; the sixth and last to the rulers of later time; the last two series being largely French history.

We suppose it is hopeless even to agitate the substitution of an intelligent study of biography in our schools for the unintelligent memorizing of what is miscalled history; but we trust it is not entirely hopeless to urge parents to provide their children with good biographies, reading them with their children in the winter evenings, and bringing them in such communication with the dry-as-dust historical studies which are being endured at school that the pupils will learn something of history in the home, notwithstanding they are studying history in the school-room.

SEND HIM TO JAIL.

Anthony Geis, a respectable-appearing man, was before Justice Scully at the Desplaines Street police court. "Your honor," said Geis, "I am a fair mechanic, and have been in this city several weeks unable to find work. My money is gone, and I can find nothing to do. I have been willing to work, but no one whom I found would give me any. I cannot beg, and (here the tears came to his eyes), Judge, I won't steal. For God's sake send me somewhere, anywhere, where I will be out of the cold. I can't sleep at the stations, and I don't want to."

"Well, my good man," said the Justice, "I can only send you to the bridewell, and in order to do so you must be charged with disorderly conduct."

"I suppose, your Honor, it is disorderly conduct to be as poor as I am."

"That is not what I mean," said Justice Scully; "I only want to be fair and just with you."

"Just and fair; that's it, your Honor. This world is given to justice and fairness. When I ask for work they tell me that they have none. If I ask for bread I am called a tramp. I am glad there is some one here who wants to be fair and just."

"Well," said the Justice, "I will place a fine of $30 against you, which will give you two months in the House of Correction, where at least you will be warm and have enough to eat."

"God bless you, Judge!" was Geis's response, and he was taken back downstairs.—[Exchange.

THAT is a rare case, undoubtedly. But it ought to be impossible. The time will come when it will be thought amazing that a Christian State should ever have existed that provided self-supporting labor for a thief and refused to provide it for an honest man. Poverty is not a crime. Inability to earn a living is not a crime. No wonder that, under a system which treats them as crimes, crime increases. The Chicago "Inter-Ocean" reports the following figures from a recent paper by Warden McClaughry, of the Joliet Penitentiary of Illinois:

"The statement that crime has enormously increased within thirty years will startle many thoughtful persons. Mr. McClaughry makes the statement that, following the reports and statistics carefully collated, there are nearly or quite 500 000 criminals in the United States, and that only ten per cent. of these are undergoing confinement. The same authority announces that of this 500,000 more than one-third, or 167 000, are under twenty years of age; that more than 250 000 are under twenty-one; and that more than 333 300 are under twenty-two years of age."

Three things society ought to do at once to prevent these figures from growing worse: (1) Provide for the industrial education of all young men, and perhaps all young women. Warden McClaughry would have it assume control of all young persons under fourteen years of age who have no guardianship worthy of the name. (2) Provide unattractive and low-priced labor for men and women who can get no employment otherwise; unattractive and low-priced, that the State may not compete with private industries. No man should be compelled to ask commitment to jail for food and shelter. (3) Work should be compulsory in all county jails as well as in all State prisons, that the jail may not be made a haven for idle vagabondage, as it now often is.

HOMELY TALKS ON HOMELY TOPICS.

I.—LUCK OR PLUCK—WHICH?

NO doubt there is an element of luck in life. The world calls it luck, religious people call it Providence; call it what you will, it exists. But luck without pluck is of no use to any one, while pluck without luck has won many a great victory. The tide which taken at its flow leads on to fortune is useless if one has no muscle with which to handle the oars. Opportunity is no opportunity except for him who knows how to seize it. Lord Erskine had a grand chance when he was called on unexpectedly to plead the cause of a client as junior barrister before the full bench, but his chance would have been of no use to him if he had not possessed the courage to take advantage of it. David had the opportunity of his lifetime when he came to camp and found the whole army quaking for fear at the challenges of the giant; but if a brave heart had not beat within his bosom and he had not by long practice acquired rare skill with the sling, the opportunity would have been naught and David unknown. Men are like horses; some can be driven only by whip and spur, others have the whip and spur within them and travel on the impulse of their own mettle. On the neck of the young man, says an Eastern proverb which Emerson quotes, "sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise." Enterprise is one way of spelling pluck. "Energy of will," says Smiles, "self-originating force, is the soul of every great character; where it is, there is life; where it is not, there is faintness, hopelessness, and despondency;" and he quotes the proverb, "The strong man and the waterfall channel their own path." Energy is another way of spelling pluck.

Success is something done. It is won, therefore, by doing something. Neither dawdlers nor dreamers achieve success. It is easy to build air castles, but they are comfortless abodes in cold weather. There are persons who have wonderful vigor until the time of action comes; then, like Bob Acres's courage, it oozes out at their finger-ends. To hear them talk you would imagine they were full of force, but they never set it to work. Their mouth is a safety-valve, and it is set to so low a head of steam that they never have any steam left to drive the machinery of life. It is not enough to be the architect of one's own fortunes; one must also be the bricklayer and hod-carrier, and put the fortune up layer by layer with painstaking and patience.

Neither do the dawdlers win success. Opportunity escapes them while they are thinking whether they will lay hold of it or not. We live in an age of steam and electricity; to live in such an age one must work like steam and think like lightning. There are some very good men who lie in bed in the morning thinking about getting up so long that they do not get to work until their more energetic and prosperous neighbors have half their chores done. Life in America starts with the promptness and runs with the celerity of a railroad train. It is necessary to get to the station on time. Some very good folk always get there just in time to see the train moving off. An ancient parable illustrates the fate that overtakes one who is both dreamer and dawdler. A young man in his slumber beheld an entrancing vision and white-robed angel of light who beckoned him to follow her. He waited, simply delighting himself in the beauty of the apparition. It grew more and more indistinct; just as it was fading from his vision he sprang to his feet and cried out, "Who art thou?" "Opportunity," came back to him as with the voice of an echo from the now unseen angel; "opportunity—once neglected never to return." Pluck neglects no opportunity. It knocks at every closed door and enters every open one.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

TWO very successful entertainments in Music Hall by the "Longwood Minstrels" have considerably aided a most worthy charity. Years ago an enterprise was started, I think by Madam Baldwin, which took waifs and made for them a home till they should be seven years of age. The necessity for their care after leaving the institution was the seed-thought of the Boys' Home in Dedham. To help this some forty gentlemen organized themselves into a minstrel club, taking the name of Longwood, the town in which they reside, and give yearly concerts in the city, which are popular and remunerating. The aggregate of proceeds at the two concerts this season was $2 300, which is remarkable as coming from amateurs. For several years it has been the custom of Mr. George Henry Quincy, a warm friend of the Home, at the close of the season to invite the Longwoods to meet some gentlemen at a supper at Parker's. This year a pleasant feature of the occasion was the raising of money by subscriptions to swell the sum in the treasury to $5,000 as a permanent fund, the interest only to be used. At this supper nothing stronger than coffee was drank, upon which the flow of soul and wit glided along in delightful strains of conversation and song. It is pleasant to note that a New York gentleman has caught sight of the Minstrels and this work, expressing his appreciation of the charity by sending a check to the treasury. Is not the success of the "Minstrels" a seed-thought for other communities? I this way may not charity and music, entertainments and benevolence, meet together?

Massachusetts Tariff Reform League, of which the Hon. Henry L Pierce is President, has opened headquarters on State Street, the effort being to unite the friends of tariff reform for effective action. In a circular just issued the League affirms that "evidence of a genuine public awakening to the need of relief from the burdens of the present tariff system is accumulating day by day. Our speakers are not merely sent out, they are summoned. Our educational literature does not have to be thrust into reluctant hands, it is sought for with much eagerness. There is good promise of the formation of numerous local clubs, and everywhere more interest in this movement than has been displayed before."

The owner of a large farm in Southern Dakota, who has been a reader of The Christian Union since its initial number under Mr. Beecher, is in Boston and has described to me in the most vivid colors the blinding and overpowering effect of blizzards. He explained how the woman who started to go from the barn to the house, only several rods apart, got lost and wandered two miles away, there to perish. The driving force of the fine ice strikes violently into the face, and the woman, unable to bear the force of the particles, which cause sharp pain, covers her face, starts toward the house, but she is bewildered, turns from the straight course, does not know where she is, and wanders till, benumbed and exhausted, she sinks into the snow and expires. He described the prudence of mail carriers when surprised by the storm; they find, if possible, some sheltering knoll, unharness the horses and turn them loose; they scoop out for themselves a hut in the snow, and remain in safety and without much suffering till the storm is past, the horses moving round meanwhile, instinctively keeping near their masters.

A bit of information concerning the proposal of Miss Willard for the women to purchase Whittier's old home to be held as a public place is found in this letter of the poet to Mr. William J. Bok, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"The old Haverhill place is now in the hands of a most worthy man, who has added to it nearly one hundred acres, enlarged the barn, and repaired the house (without, however, changing anything). I think he would not care to sell it. He has a wish to keep it carefully, and some pride about its ownership. Captain E B Ayer, who lives nearest to the place, could give any needed information concerning it. When the homestead was in the hands of the tenant Miss Willard speaks of in her letter, I tried to get it out of his possession, as it was shamefully neglected. I need not assure thee that the kind proposal of dear Miss Willard touches me deeply. It is noble, it is so like herself; but I fear that it is impracticable at present. None the less do I thank the noblest woman of her age for her generous thought."

The Republicans in the Legislature have taken hold of constitutional prohibition, carrying it through the Senate by a strong vote. In the House it will require a two-thirds vote to carry, and there is possibility that the measure may pull through. I think it is a foregone conclusion among leading Republicans, Governor Ames among them, that Mr. Blaine will be the next Republican nominee for the Presidency.

A woman who attended the recent meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions in Mount Vernon Church called at the Congregational Bookstore and ordered all of Phillips Brooks's works—very particular to have *all* of them. This is a straw that points the way sentiment runs in orthodox circles; people read the newer, fresher, broader literature and like it; and while the lawyers puzzle over the Andover case, the stream of liberal culture is bearing the public along beyond the Andover case and beyond the American Board controversy.

An informal farewell meeting of missionaries who will soon return to their fields of labor was held at the Congregational House last Monday, there being present the Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Bates and Miss Nancy Jones, of East Central Africa, the Rev. W. A. Farnsworth, D.D., and Miss Sarah Closson, of Western Turkey. Friends of the missionaries and of the American Board were present, and participated in the interesting exercises.

OBSERVER.

IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

ONE of the newest and most needed organizations for Christian work, of which Chicago has not a few, is that of "The Protective Agency for Women and Children." It originated a little more than a year ago in the Woman's Club, to which, with the aid of various other benevolent societies, its success is due. Its aim is to afford moral and legal support to women and children who are helpless or being trespassed upon, either because they are ignorant of their rights or because they are poor and alone, and who, without encouragement, would never seek for whatever protection is afforded by the laws. When a crime is heard of against any one of this class, an agent is sent to learn the circumstances and inquire into the means and deserts of the victim. For the worthy and needy, the agency seeks to act the part of a sister. During its first year it received and investigated 136 complaints. In small claims only a letter, showing that the one to whom money is due has friends, is frequently all that is needed to bring about a satisfactory settlement. But when it is necessary, the agency does not hesitate to appeal to the courts, and so far it has not lost a case involving money. Much of its work consists in the collection of small debts to workingwomen, ranging in amount from fifty cents to $50. Many cases are in

defense of the victims of designing evil-doers, by giving them the requisite courage and knowledge, and furnishing them, if necessary, with trustworthy legal counsel.

Very little Christian work requires more self-denial than for a delegation of respectable ladies, of acknowledged social position, to attend a trial in a police court, and submit to all the delays and annoyances which the defender of some undoubted villain may subject them to, for the sake of befriending by their presence those who have no friends. Very few deeds could give such moral support to a girl, when the lawyer on the opposite side seeks to exculpate his client by blackening her character, and her innocence may be turned into a sign of her guilt. Most of the justices and judges encourage the ladies, and have not seldom sent for them when some woman needed a friend. The ladies themselves in turn represent an influence for which even an unjust judge has a wholesome respect.

Not the least of the work of the agency has been the protection of the virtue of women, and bringing its destroyers to justice. Last year it had twelve cases of criminal assault and six cases of abduction. To its energy is largely due the indictment and prospective punishment of a woman who, on the pretext of furnishing employment, has been taking girls up into the lumber woods of Wisconsin, where a guard of ferocious dogs, surrounding the house in which they were kept, made escape well-nigh impossible. The President says, "No one unfamiliar with the work would believe that there are so many women in this city, often mere children fighting a brave fight to gain an honest living. Snares and pitfalls are all about, most cunningly devised to entrap them." To those who think that modest women should not undertake such work, she pertinently says that "the virtue of poor women is as well worthy the protection of the law as the purse of the rich man," and that "the shame and scandal of these crimes lies in the fact, not in the telling of it."

A noteworthy event in these days of short pastorates is the recent sermon of Dr. Goodwin's on the twentieth anniversary of his becoming pastor of the First Congregational Church. Only two pastors in this city were in their present positions when he came—Bishop Cheney, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr Locke, rector of Grace Episcopal Church. Most of the other prominent churches have had from three to five pastors. During this period Dr. Goodwin has attended 675 funerals, married 745 couples, attended nearly 800 councils, received 2 095 members into the church, 926 of them on profession of their faith, and baptized 888 children. Vividly he recalled the time of the fire, when the City Council met in the church, when telegrams from all parts of the world offering aid were read, when to avert threatened outlawry the members of the church became policemen, when seats were removed to give shelter to the homeless, and when the kitchen was taxed to the utmost to furnish the hungry with food. During these years the membership of the home church has increased from 542 to 1 212, besides which it has now three branch churches, with a membership altogether of 563, and over 1,100 in the Sunday-schools, and five mission schools. The benevolent offerings of the church have amounted to fully $806 000 and the expenses of the society to nearly half a million. He closed with pointing to the work of the church, as showing the power of its working theology, and by urging it not to move further west, as many other churches in the neighborhood had done.

Another benevolent enterprise which is attracting much attention is the "Youth's Training and Employment Association," in the interests of which union meetings are being held in different churches. A law was passed by the last Legislature by which any boy without employment or home, or who would not or could not take care of himself, or who consorted with criminals or other vicious persons, might be arrested. If, after a trial, he was found to be dependent, the Court might appoint the manager of the Youth's Training and Employment Association his guardian, and send him to its school until a good home could be found for him. Such a school has been in progress, in very limited quarters, for the better part of a year, with most encouraging results. Mr. Milton George, of this city, has now offered a valuable farm of three hundred acres, within twenty miles of Chicago, for a larger school, provided the people of Illinois will furnish the necessary $350 000 for buildings, etc. Mr. C H. Holmes, whose mission school of over three thousand children is widely known, is at the head of the movement, and he is cordially supported by all the judges as well as clergymen of the city. Any one who saw Unitarian and Presbyterian and Episcopal and Independent ministers and a Jewish rabbi standing together at a union meeting on the 8th instant at the First Presbyterian Church might have wondered if all denominational differences would not sink out of sight provided men were steadily busy at Christ's work of seeking and saving the lost.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

By the Rev. John Bascom, D.D., LL D.

THE American Board has performed the great work now for so long committed to it so faithfully, so wisely, and so comprehensively that one does not find his confidence in it materially abated even though he may warmly dissent from its recent action. That action has arisen in connection with the unfortunate construction of the Board as a close corporation. The entire want of any formal representation of the Congregational churches in the Board was not much felt as long as there were unanimity in its counsels and entire concord with the religious sentiments of the body for whom it acts. Now, however, that a division of opinion has arisen, the evil incident to its organic form comes at once to the foreground and demands a remedy. It is unfortunate, certainly, to seek a remedy when the occasion for it arises in connection with a controversy whose solution has not been accepted by all supporters of the Board as either just or final. Yet it is usually an event of this character that calls attention to a mischief of organization, and creates sufficient interest in it to secure its correction.

The misfortune of the present attitude of the Board will be seen if we look at the peculiar structure of Congregational churches, and the religious duty which falls to them in connection with it. The organization of these churches is an exceedingly loose one, and one which gives the utmost liberty to religious thought. The bond which binds them together must necessarily be spiritual, as there is between them but the weakest organic ligatures. The relation is one of counsel and fellowship rather than of authority. This structure gives opportunity for great freedom and variety in belief, and brings these churches the very noble work of quietly reconciling religious faith with the new truth that comes to us from science, historical criticism, and a better knowledge of the constitution of man and of society. The time has passed in which men well versed in human thought do not see that these new conditions of knowledge must act powerfully on theology. The Congregational churches are particularly well fitted to bear an excellent part in a wide and in a wise harmonizing of religious dogma with the new data which are pressing upon our attention. No service is more urgent or of more honorable import than this service. It involves risks and errors, but neither so great risks nor so profound errors as does the simple refusal to receive the light that is falling on our pathway. We must recognize the breadth of the divine revelation and its constancy, and we cannot reject current truth—the word God is now speaking—simply in defense of past convictions and earlier revelations.

One may take but very little interest in the precise doctrine which has given occasion to this discussion, and yet see clearly that it has arisen from a very needful and just effort to bring the dogmas of our faith into more complete harmony with our ethical convictions—those laws of social construction which are gaining, and must gain, increasing clearness with every year. The ethical and the religious sense are to be brought into harmony by mutual correction and expansion.

The American Board, by means of its organization, is cutting itself off from this and any kindred movement in the Congregational churches, and is coming to stand simply for the conservative, resistful element in them. It is thus losing its nominal representative power because it is without any actual formal dependence in its membership on the action of the churches. A conservative majority, large and strong in itself, is perpetuating itself in power because the choice of all members of the Board rests with it. Those who dissent are doubtless a minority, and perhaps a small minority, but they might be a strong minority, or even pass into a majority, without finding their way into the Board under its present organization.

The Board is separating itself from the development which is taking place in the churches, and this development, if any phase of it is to enter the Board, must force its admission as a revolution. It cannot steal in slowly, without observation, as it finds its way into the churches themselves. This is wrong. This attitude turns the Board aside from its true function, and makes it inevitably a party to theological controversy. It will be said, of course, that this participation in doctrinal discussion is not desired by it, but is forced upon it by those who dissent from its policy. The more profound and just statement is, that the Board must necessarily be involved in every important religious discussion so long as it is a powerful organization within the Congregational churches, and is able by its very construction to accept and reject independently religious dogma. If the Board were simply and exclusively a means—a method—in which the churches were acting, then it might readily be left to the peaceful discharge of its own work, while the churches themselves, within themselves, were fulfilling their labor, as best they might, of a progressive, liberal faith.

To this result two things are necessary. The members of the Board should stand, by direct choice, for the churches they represent. Congregationalism cannot afford in so important a particular to fail to apply in its simple and most decisive form the representative idea. In the second place, the action of a Congregational council should, in reference to the one item which it covers—sufficiency of faith—be binding on the Board. Only thus can the faith of the churches, in all its minor phases and progressive movements, find quiet expression in the Board, and the two, the churches and the Board, run parallel with each other in their doctrinal development. It is a great assumption on the part of the Board to say that a certain fraction of the Congregational churches shall take no part in missions otherwise than by contribution. Quite sufficient safeguards remain with the Prudential Committee in its power to decide on the spiritual and personal fitness of the candidate; the adequacy of his faith should be regarded as already established.

It is said that the heathen require authoritative, dogmatic instruction, and not free, speculative thought. This is doubtless true of them just in the measure of their ignorance.

Ignorance demands dogma, and is aided by it. Every wise man understands this sufficiently well. But another consideration is overlooked in this statement as ordinarily made. Personal power is, after all, the true power of the missionary, as of every genuine worker, and this power is very likely to claim freedom of thought, and to profoundly profit by it. Some of the very best men are liable to suffer rejection if a close theological test is applied to them. If freedom is safe for Congregational churches, it ought to be a principle with them that the same freedom is safe for all the churches which spring up under their nurture.

It is urged, also, that the Board, in revising or reversing the decree of a council, so far as missions are concerned, is only doing what any church may do within and for itself. This is true, but the statement assigns a wrong position to the Board. The Board is not an additional church, sharing the liberties and responsibilities of the churches. It is, or ought to be, purely the agent of the churches to which it appeals for support. The church wins its liberty—which it is very rarely wise for it to use, and whose use is always looking to disruption—by being self-supporting, and by holding latent within itself the power of independence. This is not the true attitude of the Board, and we are grieved when it takes this attitude. We, as dissentients, are called on to support an organization which rules out our freedom of thought and our participation in labor, when the church has accepted us in both particulars. This action of the Board makes of its body of men to whose conservative spirit we are called on quietly to submit, with no power to enlarge it or liberalize it. We have lost our position as Congregationalists, so far as the Board is concerned. Limitation and stigma are put upon us for which there is no sufficient authority. If we look for authority, we are simply brought to a self-constituted and self perpetuating Board of our fellow-churchmen. A very unpleasant choice is thus forced upon us, between unreasonable concession on the hand, or a painful withdrawal on the other. While we quietly submit to the more personal evil, we must still beseech our brethren to remove it.

RIGHTFUL AND WRONGFUL COMPETITION.

By J. B. Peterson.

IT is an interesting and somewhat important question how far and by what means one producer or dealer is justified in competing with another in the market. It has always been held by economists that competition is an essential condition of industrial prosperity, and that without it business would stagnate, or else a few great producers would monopolize the market. But of late years the effects of unrestricted competition have not appeared in all cases beneficial to society at large, while they have sometimes been ruinous to innocent individuals. It is found that in some cases competition, if pushed to an extreme, results in ruining the business of the weaker competitors, and thus establishing that very system of monopoly which it had been supposed to prevent. Hence a disposition is apparent in later writers to doubt the wisdom and the justice of competition in some of its forms, and to regard it as not always beneficial to society. It may not be amiss, therefore, to inquire briefly in what cases and by what means it is right for one person to compete with another, and whether there are any modes of competition that are not right.

Now, we think there can be no doubt that, in general, competition is not only right from a moral point of view, but highly beneficial to society, by leading to better methods of production and distribution, and consequently to a higher development of industry. More-

over, it is inevitable in every state of society except the communistic, which is not only undesirable for various reasons, but also unattainable. But whether it is right or beneficial in any given case depends mainly on the means employed by the different competitors to advance their respective interests. The general principle of right in the matter would seem to be that a man may compete for a share in the world's business by doing as good or a better service than others do, or by doing the same service cheaper. If he is content with whatever share of business may fall to him, he can usually get it by doing the same service on the same terms that others do. But if he wishes to gain a larger share, he cannot do it justly except by doing better service than others do, or by doing the same service cheaper; and by so doing he confers a real benefit upon society. For instance, if a man devises some improvement in production or distribution, he gains an advantage over his competitors, unless they adopt a similar improvement; while at the same time he confers a lasting benefit upon the world. So, also, if he improves his methods of business, or is more energetic than others are, so as to turn over his capital faster than they do, he can undersell his competitors and still make as large or larger profits than they do. It is obvious, too, that if he produces better goods than others do at the same price, or if he is more honest and trustworthy than they are, he will advance his own interest by the legitimate process of benefiting his fellow-men.

But there are other modes of competition, quite common in these days, which cannot be justified, since they are alike unjust in their nature and injurious to society. One of these consists in representing your own goods as better than they really are, and especially in selling inferior or ungenuine goods for those of standard quality; as when oleomargarine is sold for butter, or shoddy cloth for the genuine product of the loom. Such goods can, of course, be sold much cheaper than those that are genuine; and the producers of them may gain a large trade, and even accumulate a fortune, before their methods are detected. But the dishonesty of such transactions is apparent.

There are other forms of competition frequently practiced which can hardly be called genuine, since their object is to kill out the weaker competitors, and establish a complete or partial monopoly. This object is sometimes sought by means analogous to the boycott employed by the labor unions, and sometimes by subjecting the weaker competitors to some disadvantage which has a tendency to ruin their business. For instance, a certain combination of manufacturers wanted to get rid of some rivals not belonging to the combination, and to this end sought to prevent the latter from getting any material. The members of the combination went to those who prepared the material, and told them that if they continued to sell to the obnoxious manufacturers the members of the combination would set up works to prepare the material for themselves. As the producers of the material could not afford to lose their own business, they yielded to the demand, and thus several small manufacturers were driven out of business. Another case in point is that of the Standard Oil Company. That great corporation was able for many years to get its oil carried by the railroads cheaper than other oil producers could, by simply refusing its custom to every road that would not grant it differential rates. The railroads, competing with each other for the Standard's freight, consented to grant the lower rates demanded, thus giving that company a great advantage over its competitors, until the Inter-State Commerce Act put an end to the unjust practice. These examples are sufficient to show what methods of competition we here refer to, and which are almost universally admitted, except by those who practice them, to be unjust.

But there is also another method which many persons seem to think unobjectionable, but which we think it would be hard to justify by any recognized moral principle. We refer to the case where a large producer or a combination of producers put their prices far below what they are willing to take permanently, merely for the sake of crushing out weaker competitors; and, when they have accomplished this result, raise their prices again to the former or a higher level. This practice seems to be growing with the growth of large firms and combinations; but though it has the form of genuine competition, it results, when successful, in something like monopoly. For instance, suppose that in a certain town there are one large grocery and two or three smaller ones. The proprietor of the large one, having abundant capital, puts the price of goods so low that his weaker competitors are ruined in attempting to sell at the same rates, and are driven out of business. Then, having got rid of his rivals, the large dealer raises his prices as high as before and perhaps even higher, and has all the trade of the place to himself. In this case it is clear that he has benefited himself by ruining others, and has done no real good to the community. It may be said, indeed, that the community got its groceries for a time at a very low rate, and that this was so far a benefit. But then the successful competitor, having no longer a rival, will be likely to recoup himself for what he has lost by selling at higher rates than before; and in any case the community has suffered by the loss of competition.

The rule in such cases would seem to be that a man has no right to offer his goods at a lower rate than he is prepared to accept as a permanent price. If one of the competitors does this, the others may be justified in meeting him, though it may not always be best for them to do so; but the man who takes the lead in doing so merely for the sake of driving a weaker rival out of business would not find it easy to justify the act. And so we return to the opinion above expressed, that the only justifiable mode of competition is by striving to render a better or a cheaper service to society.

SUPPLICATION.

By Isadore G. Jeffery.

OH! give me glimpses of the land that is abiding,
Dear Lord—thy land unseen, that seems so far away,
Where love is always love, meeting no chill or chiding,
No shadows, crucifixions, loss, through all its day.

Thou who canst build thy shrine within a human spirit,
Thou who canst make thy dwelling-place in earth's small tent,
Thou hast inspired our human cry—oh, hear it! hear it!
Lord thou of soul or shrine, great law or least event.

Thou who in giving life doth so enrich, endear it,
That immortality cannot exhaust its store,
Lord of the human heart, thy nature we inherit;
The "power of an endless life" *grows* evermore.

UNIVERSITY LECTURES

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D.

IV.—WHAT IS THE USE OF PRAYER?

THE fourth lecture in the series delivered before the students of the Ohio State University by the Rev. Dr. Gladden was given on Sunday afternoon, January 8.

Taking as a text Job xxi., 15, "What is the Almighty that we should serve him, and what profit should we have if we pray unto him?" the lecturer said, in substance:

This question is the voice of the unbelief of a very old time; long ago there were men who had no faith in prayer; the superstitious ages were full of skepticism.

The two questions of Job's skeptics go logically together; the doubt of the efficacy of prayer springs from doubt of the existence of an intelligent Creator. But doubt is not always born of depravity. There are mental difficulties in the case; and we may be sure God is patient with those who feel them.

One of the chief difficulties of prayer is its relation to the uniformities of natural law. How can anything come to us in answer to prayer which would not come to us in the order of nature? Does not science show us an unbroken continuity of natural phenomena? Does not the doctrine of the conservation of energy explain every change in the world about us?

In endeavoring to answer these questions, we assume the existence of an intelligent, conscious, personal God. We believe that man is not a machine. Starting from these propositions, we expect to find that the more serious difficulties concerning prayer have already been met and overcome.

On the basis of a materialistic atheism there is of course no room for prayer. But if man's choices do affect his destiny, and if there be above him a Being who loves him, then prayer is not absurd, but sublimely rational.

In prayer, as adoration, even the Agnostics may and do engage. But their trouble arises when supplication and intercession are required. Yet only in this sense is prayer supposed to have any direct efficiency. The theory of prayer—that it sets in motion something which was not before in motion—seems to them to conflict with the scientific doctrine of the uniformity of law.

Let us here examine the nature of prayer. It is request, not coercion. It is addressed by a free will to a free will. True prayer has no accent of dictation in it, nor any trace of mere teasing persistence, nor does it think to overcome the unwillingness of the Giver by mere stubbornness or iteration. Many of the superstitions about prayer rest on this notion, that the Majesty of Heaven can be coerced; that a sort of *mandamus* is put into the hands of men by which they can set the Omnipotent in motion. Many persons suppose the prayer of faith to be an act of supreme self-will, quite losing sight of the fact that any supplication or intercession involving the element of willfulness is not prayer at all. There is no true prayer which is not summed up in these petitions: "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done."

Hence all genuine prayer exalts spiritual and general interests above temporal and individual interests. Whether I pray for myself, or my child, or my friend, or my native land, the deepest and strongest wish must always be, not for material gains or pleasures, but for the enduring riches of righteousness.

In the next place, the recognition of natural laws is involved in all our praying. Even if answers to prayers were of the nature of miracles, our prayers would still assume the existence of natural law. All intelligent theists believe, and always have believed, that God governs the universe by law. The expectation of miracles, in the ordinary sense of that word, cannot, therefore, be entertained in these days. We know that uniformity in nature is wiser and more beneficent than irregularity; our strongest reason for believing in God is, not the interruption of the natural order, but the natural order itself. There may be divine interpositions in the natural order; but these are *super*-natural, not *anti*-natural. But to any one who believes that behind all the forces of nature there is an intelligent and free Will, and that what we call the laws of nature are simply his ways of acting, it is of course absurd to say that natural law cannot be modified. The proposition that a free, omnipotent Will can act in no other way than the way in which it does act is self-contradictory. If the Author of the universe is a free spirit, he is not imprisoned in the uniformities of natural law.

The difficulty which the theist sometimes finds, then, is not with respect to the possibility, but rather with respect to the probability, of such interference. He sometimes doubts, not that God can modify his way of working, but whether he does or will. Two or three considerations may help to resolve these doubts.

1. The uniformities of natural law do not completely express the power of an infinite Spirit. God is in nature, and he is also above it. Nature is finite, God is infinite. Beyond all manifestations of his power there are infinite energies; and what he may be able to do through these, who can tell?

2. Without varying the uniformities of natural law he may so combine natural laws that they shall produce results that would not otherwise come to pass. We ourselves can do this; and, by modifying the operation of natural laws, can bring about results that in the order of nature would not have come to pass. My child complains of a sore throat. I examine it, and discover the fateful patches which announce diphtheria. By knowing and promptly applying the proper remedies, I succeed in arresting the disease. It was not the order of nature that the child should live. Natural forces, working unmodified, would have destroyed his life. What saved his life was the introduction of a new combination of natural forces: the bringing of the remedy, which was one natural force, into contact and combination with the organs and the tissues of the child's body, which were other natural forces, thus restoring their normal action. This combination of natural forces did not originate in the natural forces themselves, but in my thought. My mind set my hand in motion, prepared the proper remedies, and administered them.

This is no singular phenomenon. The whole framework of civilization, on its natural side, is simply the product of this energy.

Now, if a man can do this because he is a free intelligence, then it must be possible for God, who is a free Intelligence, to do as much as this. And in such operations, whether of man or of God, there is nothing miraculous.

The fundamental reason for all our praying is our unalterable and abiding conviction that the Power behind all nature is a beneficent Power; that his name is Love. Law is mighty, but Love is infinite. Love is supreme in the universe, and must be supreme in its cause. To this Love we make an appeal when law cannot help us. In some way, we know, this Love will find a way to help us, not by destroying, but by fulfilling, the law.

4 But we find certain natural limitations which we do not expect to see Love overpass. For some things we do not pray. A devout soldier who lost a leg on Lookout Mountain prays for many things, but never for a new leg. Why not? A circle of believing souls beseech God to spare the life of a sick friend; but when he dies they cease to pray. Why? Is anything too hard for infinite Power? Is it evidence of faithfulness not to ask for this? I do not think so. They recognize that there are practical limitations to the actions of the Divine Will upon natural laws; that there are certain things which, for wise reasons, he does not do, and which intelligent believers never ask him to do. When the case is foreclosed under natural law, we do not ask God to open it. But there are many cases not foreclosed, in which we may invoke the divine interposition.

I find genuine faith and sound philosophy in the reply of David to his servants: "While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept, for I said, 'Who knoweth

whether the Lord will not be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

"But these," says Professor Fisher, "who do not invoke miracles still find reasons enough for prayer. We find certain fixed arrangements in the constitution of man and of the world; and we meet, in the course of events, with certain plain and decisive indications of what the will of God is for the future. No reverent or reasonable man would pray that the sun might rise at midnight; that an apple tree might bear fruit out of doors in midwinter; that a young child might have at once the mental power and knowledge of a man. There is virtually a declared purpose of God to the contrary, as evident as if it were expressed in words, upon the matter of these petitions. They manifestly call for such a revolution in God's mode of governing the world as we have no right to look for under the ordinary circumstances of human life."

But an objection to prayer is sometimes founded upon the divine omniscience and the divine benevolence. "If God knows my wants and is willing to supply them, what is the need of my asking?" To this the answer is that the posture of mind and heart involved in true prayer may be the condition of your receiving the good thing you ask for. If you pray for the forgiveness of sin, will you say that if God knows that you need forgiveness and is willing to grant it, he can just as well give it whether you ask for it or not? Your asking does not change God's feelings or purposes; but it puts you in a position in which his grace can come to you.

If God is wise and just and good, he will give praying men very different gifts from those which he bestows on those who do not pray, because they are fitted to receive different gifts. The habit and the spirit of prayer make a man receptive of spiritual influence, and prepare him to partake of the gifts which God is pleased to bestow.

Let us bring this discussion to a practical conclusion by asking a few plain questions respecting the uses of prayer. "What shall I pray for?" is a query that men sometimes propose.

In a general way the Apostle answers this question most wisely and comprehensively: "Be anxious for nothing, but in everything, with prayer and thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God." Nothing that concerns you is so small that you may not lay it before him and ask his counsel and his aid.

1. Shall I pray for health if I am sick? Certainly. I ought to desire to be whole and sound, and this request is one that I may rightfully make known unto God. I must not, however, forget that there is something more to be desired than health, even when I am sick. Health is good but patience, fortitude, self-control, are better. Perhaps the suffering may be necessary to teach me the lesson of patience. I cannot be sure, then that he will give me health when I ask for it, but I can be sure that he will give me the grace that I need to bear my sickness in such a way that I shall be made better by it.

2. Shall I pray for the recovery of a sick friend? Assuredly. No impulse is diviner than the love that clings to kindred and friends. Yet even here I have no right to tease or to dictate. How can I be sure that life in this world is the best boon that God can give to this child of mine, this friend of mine? Because I love my child, my friend, I will not set up my will against the divine will. His will is always a good will, and his will be done.

3. Shall I pray for the abatement of a pestilence, like the yellow fever or the cholera? Yes. It is an object of desire, and may well be an object of prayer. Doubtless, pestilences like these are due to violations of the laws of life and are not likely to be abated so long as these laws continue to be violated. But it is certainly wise to pray that those who are studying these plagues should be divinely aided in discovering their causes and the means of preventing as well as arresting them.

4. Shall I pray for rain? Certainly, if I am quite sure that I want it to rain. But it may be well to reflect that the Creator knows when the world needs rain better than I do, and it is much better to leave it all to him.

5. Shall I pray for specific direction in worldly affairs? Yes. If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God. I have no more doubt that God often aids us in the settlement of perplexing questions than I have that you sometimes help your children to get their lessons. On the other hand, I am sure that he sometimes lets us work out these problems of life by the use of our own faculties, just as you sometimes decline to help your children because you want them to exercise their own judgment and their own patience.

6. Shall I pray for prosperity? Certainly, if I will always remember that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth. Prosperity may be good for me; but it is not good for all men; and my character may be harmed by it. I will ask for it, but, as I love my own soul, I dare not demand it. Every such petition must end with "Thy will be done."

7. Shall I pray in war time for victory over the enemies of my country? Yes, if I am confident that my country stands for righteousness and justice. Yet the prayer which includes all others is, "Thy kingdom come." The people that pray at home, on both sides, while the armies are fighting in the field, have no right to offer any prayer but this: "Lord, if it please thee, give our armies victory; nevertheless, not our will, but thine, be done." And if this is their prayer they are really all praying on one side—that is, on the Lord's side.

8. Shall I pray for political victories? Yes; if you belong to a party that is not past praying for.

9. Shall I pray to be made a true Christian disciple? No. That prayer is never answered. God never makes any one a Christian disciple. I prayed that prayer for ten years, and it brought me no benefit. I might as well have prayed that the Lord would make me see while I kept my eyes shut, or satisfy my hunger while I refused to eat. By and by I found that the Lord does not make people good, but that he helps them to be good; and then I found some profit in my prayers.

10. Finally, what shall I pray for most? That question can hardly be answered in a sentence. So far as your own life is concerned, pray always most earnestly for this: that you may be aided to know and do the right, to know what pleasures it is right for you to enjoy, what temper it is right for you to cherish, what service it is right for you to render, what decisions it is right for you to make, what burdens it is right for you to bear, to know the right more clearly and to do it more thoroughly—this is the power that you ought to pray for most.

When you pray for any physical or material good, you cannot know what the answer will be. God may know that the thing you crave is not good for you, that the trouble you seek to avoid is the very discipline you need. Such prayers you have a right to offer; but the one petition that includes and concludes them all must be "Thy will be done."

But when you desire and choose moral and spiritual good, then you know what God's will is, and that he has no other desire for you than that you should be good and true; and you know that when you ask him to help you in this he will surely do it.

In everything, then, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. The heart of the universe is not law, but Love; to that shelter betake yourself in the day of your need; in that blessed refuge let your heart make its home.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT DREAMS.

NINETY-NINE persons out of a hundred, the writer included, would be apt to tell you that they are not interested in psychology. Yet Dr. Joseph Jastrow, of Johns Hopkins, who is a psychologist, has written an article on "The Dreams of the Blind" for the "New Princeton Review" which not one person in a hundred will fail to be interested in. As Dr. Jastrow is a frequent contributor both of signed and unsigned articles to The Christian Union, we take special pleasure in repeating to our readers some of the more curious of the facts which he tells us about our memories, our dreams, and the dreams of those who have lost one or more of their senses.

Beginning with memories, Dr. Jastrow speaks of two distinct types; the one retains what is seen, the other what is heard. He tells of a gentleman who for a long time could accurately call up in full detail all the scenes of his travels and repeat pages of his favorite authors from the mental picture of the printed page. The mere mention of any trivial incident in his life would revive a vivid picture of the scene and every circumstance attending it. This marvelous memory was entirely lost through a siege of nervous prostration; after his sickness he even forgot the appearance of his wife and friends and failed to recognize his own image in a mirror. Yet his eyesight was intact and his intellect unimpaired. In order to remember things he had now to have them read aloud to him, and thus bring into play his undisturbed "auditory center." Of the auditory type of memories Dr. Jastrow mentions the case of "Blind Tom" playing a musical selection after a single hearing, and Beethoven composing symphonies after his deafness. He tells of people who cannot calculate unless they say the figures aloud, and all he describes indicates that when children wish to study aloud it is sometimes something more than fancy or habit which leads them to their preference.

With reference to dreams Dr. Jastrow has collected some interesting statistics. Among 188 persons whom he has questioned regarding their dreams only one per cent. have answered that they never dream; forty-three per cent have said that they dream seldom; and eight per cent. that they dream every night. Women, he says, are better dreamers than men. While among men the percentage who dream rarely is forty-four, among women it is but nineteen. Dr. Jastrow accounts for this by saying that "it is the vividness of the emotional background elaborated by the imagination that furnishes the predominant characteristic and tendency to dreams. It is in the development of just these qualities that women excel men." In the same way he finds that children are much better dreamers than adults. "The lively imagination of childhood and the highly tinged emotional life brings the rich harvest of dreams."

Turning now to what is more specially the subject of Dr. Jastrow's article—"The Dreams of the Blind"—he finds that the distinction must be sharply drawn between those who are born blind and those who have become so. Of twenty persons whom he has examined who had become blind after their seventh year, all retained the faculty of sight in some of their dreams. Of those who had become blind before completing their fifth year not one ever dreamed of seeing anything. Of those whose blindness set in between the fifth and seventh year some still dreamed of seeing with more or less vagueness, but some had lost the faculty. This period, then, from the fifth to the seventh year, is the critical one, and if the faculty of seeing has been retained throughout it, the mind will be able to picture objects for years and years afterward. Dr. Jastrow finds that this "critical period" corresponds to the time at which most people have the earliest recollections. To a great many persons he has put the question, "What is your earliest remembrance of yourself?" The answers have ranged between the third and the sixth years, the average being five years and two months.

In telling of the characteristics of the dreams of the blind, Dr. Jastrow says the dreams of those born blind are entirely in terms of emotion and feeling, and not of sight. The dreams of all the blind are generally characterized by an absence of poetical or imaginative characteristics. "Ghosts, elves, fairies, monsters, and all of the host of strange romance are not nearly so well represented as in the dreams of the sighted. What is almost typical in the dreams of the latter is unusual in the dreams of the blind." When they do dream of ghosts, which is rare, they either hear them or are actually touched by them. Generally the ghost is only heard. "It has a rough voice and its bones rattle, or it pursues the victim, humming and groaning as it runs." Dr. Jastrow says that it is upon the sense of hearing, and not of touch, that the dreams of the blind mainly depend. One of the indications of this is the fact that reading the raised type with the finger almost never occurs in dreams. This indication, however, is by no means a proof, since, if we consider how much of our own time we spend in reading, it is singular how rarely we dream of reading. Almost all of our dreams—at least of those that we remember—are of action or excited conversation. A friend once remarked to the writer that he had never dreamed of his work, and he did not know of any one who had. Somewhat to his surprise, the writer found that the same thing was true of himself, so far as his present work was concerned; but that he still dreamed of his former work—that of teaching—and that in his dreams he was always going before his class unprepared. There undoubtedly are men, however, who not only dream of their work, but actually do good work in their dreams. Coleridge's weird poem, "Kubla Khan," at once suggests itself. A still better example, perhaps, is furnished by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's remarkable "Chapter on Dreams" in the January "Scribner's."

But the most interesting of the dreams of the blind which Dr. Jastrow records are those of Laura Bridgman, and she, as every one knows, was not only blind, but deaf and dumb. All her sensations came through her sense of touch. On this account, when she dreamed of an animal it was not present to her until it touched and terrified her. While asleep she would talk with her fingers with unintelligible rapidity. Whenever she described anything it was in terms of feeling. She would speak of her blood rushing about and her heart beating fast when suddenly waking from a distressing dream. One dream she describes as "hard, heavy, and thick," which terms were as realistic to her as the corresponding terms—vague, dull, and black—would be to us. One of her conversations with Professor Stanley Hall is exceedingly curious, and we record a part of it *verbatim*:

"Question. Do you dream often? Answer. Very often; many things. Q. Did you ever dream to hear? A. Only the angels playing in heaven. Q. How did it sound? A. Very beautiful. Q. Like what? A. Nothing. Q. Was it loud? A. Yes; very. Q. What instruments? A. Piano. Q. How did the angels look? A. Beautiful. Q. Had they wings? A. I could not know. Q. Were they men or women? A. Don't know. Q. Can you describe their dress? A. No. Q. Was the music fast or slow? A. I cannot tell."

One is always tempted to conclude a philosophical article by deducing a doctrine or drawing a moral. But inasmuch as that which compelled us to read with so much interest Dr. Jastrow's article was the absence of generalizations, we will follow his example and make none.

A MIDDLE-CLASS PANIC IN LONDON.

By an American Visitor.

THE remark recently quoted by The Christian Union, that the New York daily papers needed to give more news and less gossip, is well illustrated by the entire failure of these papers, so far as I have observed, to give any account of the events connected with the late disturbances in London which would give their readers a hint of the most interesting facts of the case. The London correspondents of the New York papers have cabled columns of club gossip, theatrical gossip, literary gossip, and small political gossip, hardly any of which was worth reading; but they have given nothing from which their readers could guess at the experience which London has had, and perhaps still has, of a middle-class panic, of petty magisterial tyranny, and of applauded police brutality.

But, in reality, the actual riots have been unimportant and the actual rioters very few. I happened to be in London during the height of the panic on this subject, and saw and heard enough to form a good idea of the facts. Of course there was at first an annoying and somewhat threatening crowd of roughs, pretending to be honest workmen seeking employment. Such a crowd is always ready to gather in London, on the slightest excuse. But their number was never large; and, although their behavior was sometimes offensive, and once even disgusting, they never became dangerous. They were always closely watched by the police; and, this duty being thrown upon the force of a single district, the police became weary and angry. Meetings of the "unemployed" were held daily in Trafalgar Square; from which point a few hundred ragamuffins marched in procession to the heart of the city, followed by the police. This became an undoubted nuisance. Sir Charles Warren, an army general at the head of the police, finally resolved to put an end to the nuisance by forbidding meetings of any kind in Trafalgar Square, although it has been used for this purpose, without objection, for many years. This aroused the indignation of vast numbers of peaceable workingmen, who had no sympathy with the roughs who had been using the Square, but who claimed the right of public meeting in that place, in accordance with long usage. Probably 100 000 persons set out for Trafalgar Square on the next Sunday, to attend a meeting which the Radical Federation announced would take place. Of these, not 5 000 were in any sense disposed to become rioters. Not so many as 5,000 brought sticks with them; and no other weapons were seen in the crowd. A few wagons are said to have carried stones, which were thrown at a few windows, during the day.

The police were ordered to drive back all the crowd; and they executed their orders with the utmost violence. Though they had only clubs, they used these clubs with evident intent to do as much injury as possible. They made no discrimination on account of age or sex. They struck down old women and young girls; and, when one humane policeman stooped to pick up a girl who had been knocked down, his superior officer, with an oath, bade him attend to his business and leave the girl on the ground. They attacked every one whom they met, even at a considerable distance from the Square, and without having any reason to suppose that these persons were attempting to force their way to the Square. Thus, I knew of a respectable young man who, while at a considerable distance from the Square, was hustled by a crowd, retreating before the mounted police, who rode straight over the people, and, in the rush, the young man's hat was knocked off his head. Stooping to pick it up, he was immediately clubbed on the head by a policeman. Young women, who had no idea of going to the Square, but who were struggling to get out of the way of the gathering crowd, were clubbed by the police on foot and run over by the police on horseback. A distinguished Frenchman, M. Andrieux, of the French Parliament, and formerly Ambassador to Spain, was deliberately clubbed by two or three policemen, while just outside of his hotel. A highly respectable and indeed distinguished Scotch Member of Parliament, Mr. Cunninghame-Graham, who was, as a matter of principle, trying to make his way to the Square, but who was entirely unarmed, and did not make the slightest resistance, was furiously clubbed, arrested on the pretense of his having resisted the police, and then, while in actual custody, with both arms held firmly, was repeatedly clubbed over the head and shoulders by policemen following from behind. He was then taken, covered with blood, to the police station, not allowed at first to communicate with his friends, and all bail refused for him, by express order of Sir Charles Warren, although his friends, among whom was a distinguished Tory army officer, offered to give bail in any amount.

The violent clubbing of prisoners while under close arrest was a very common incident. Of this there is no doubt whatever. But it is now charged, on specific evidence, that prisoners in the police cells were actually clubbed into insensibility in the cells. That they were bullied, insulted, and cursed by the police in the cells and the courtyards is well established.

On another day, the Police Superintendent personally arrested Mr. Burleigh, a special representative and war correspondent of the London "Telegraph," a semi-Tory paper, having the largest circulation of any paper in the English language. By special orders from headquarters, he was charged with conspiracy to commit "a felony," and the felony alleged was a project to set London on fire! This was done long after it was well known who he was, and when the falsity of the charge must have been perfectly well known also. When he came before the stupid old magistrate, this Dogberry said he had no time to hear Mr. Burleigh's defense, but would let him go upon his giving bail in $2,500 to behave himself in future! To the utter astonishment of this octogenarian autocrat, Mr. Burleigh refused to accept this privilege, and gave notice of appeal. Dogberry thereupon adjourned the case to a later day; and meantime the "Telegraph" recovered its courage, and thundered a warning to both Dogberry and the Government of which he was the servile tool. The next day Mr. Burleigh appeared in court with counsel and witnesses, prepared with conclusive proof of the infamous nature of the official conspiracy against him. But the public prosecutor anticipated him by unequivocally withdrawing the charge and apologising, on behalf of the Government, for the wrong which had been done to him. But so far was Sir Charles Warren from being willing to acknowledge even a mistake on the part of his tools, that he gave notice that the withdrawal of this utterly baseless charge was not assented to by him! It is only fair to the two English parties to say that it was a Tory Minister who directed the apology, and a so-called Liberal Chief of Police who thus avowed his willingness to prosecute a charge which could only have been sustained by gross perjury, and which, in fact, had not been sustained by any evidence worthy of the name, whether true or false.

Other developments have shown an appalling readiness on the part of the London police to swear their cases through a stone wall, and a shameful willingness on the part of magistrates to support the police in any act of violence or cruelty. The infamous episode known as the Cass case would require a chapter by itself; but it casts a light over many atrocious acts of police despotism and magisterial stupidity, which, but for this famous case, would have remained unsuspected.

More serious than all this, however, is the extraordinary manifestation, in consequence of these events, of the mingled cowardice and ferocity of those who are pleased to call themselves the educated classes of London, and probably of England. All the material facts here stated were proved beyond the possibility of sincere dispute; yet I never met a single well-dressed Englishman who was not wild with rage against the injured and innocent persons and enthusiastic in his commendation of all the brutalities of the police. The only regret expressed was that the police had not actually murdered those whom they injured. The magistrates were fiercely censured for not having inflicted more ferocious sentences upon men whom the police had already clubbed half to death. All society seemed to have fallen into a cowardly panic, in which men and still more women were ready to scream for blood. The precedent of America in dealing with the draft riots of 1863 was cited with applause in public and in private; and regret was generally expressed that the "mob," which had really done nothing worse, in its worst moments, than to break a few windows, had not been swept down in thousands by grapeshot.

But, indeed, the ferocity of well-to-do English men and women, in all political matters of the present day, is thoroughly sickening, from its violence and cowardice. Nearly all "respectable" Londoners are violent Tories; and their hatred for the Irish, for their own "lower classes," and, above all, for Gladstone, as the man who is organizing victory for both, has apparently driven them mad. Their conversation on these subjects is worthy only of African savages; it shows no trace of Christianity or humanity; and it is generally as much below decency as it is beneath common sense. Hanging or shooting is generally spoken of as the mildest fate which is merited by Gladstone; while ladies freely speak of burning alive as his only appropriate destiny.

England, and especially London, is suffering from a severe paroxysm of the disease which Thackeray so cleverly illustrated in his "Book of Snobs." The coarseness and brutality which are too often found under the veneer of English upper-class polish, and especially among the wretchedly educated people who are constantly scrambling for recognition as part of the upper class, have broken through the restraint which a superficial religion and artificial manners generally impose. The fear of being taken for one of the common people operates on many minds; and the fear that life may be made too comfortable for the lower classes, and so draw them away from menial service to the upper classes, operates upon many more.

Meanwhile, it is a comfort to know that the "lower classes" are steadily and irresistibly rising into power, that they are receiving a better education than the majority of those who now rule them ever had, and that a vast majority of the electors of Great Britain are to-day ready to do justice to Ireland, and to put a speedy end, both in Ireland and in England, to the odious tyranny which now oppresses both. I should be sorry if anything here stated should excite unkind feelings toward the English people as a nation. They are the victims of this petty tyranny; and it is the prospect of their liberation which stirs up such hatred and fury among the minority, who see their power slipping away.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB.

A NUMBER of our readers have been interested in the Town and Country Club carried on by Mr. Charles Barnard under the general direction of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Mr. Barnard, in response to our request, has given the following facts regarding the Club, which have been stenographically reported for The Christian Union:

The least expense of the whole course of study for two years is 50 cents per year for fees and $2 25 for books, and nothing more. Unless the pupils should live at a distance, the diplomas would have to be mailed to them, which would cost 10 cents. There are also optional studies that would cost from $1 to $5 per annum for books. These optional studies embrace a very great range; the books are selected by experts, and are thought by teachers to whom the matter has been referred to be among the best books in the country.

The class of '87 numbered 801 pupils, and of these 188 graduated. The next class numbered but one-half as many, for the good reason that, like all new things, many had joined out of mere curiosity. The next year, the curiosity being satisfied, the class was reduced to the earnest workers. The class of '88, which graduates this year, is a much better class than its predecessor, and the number of graduates will be greater in proportion. The class of '89 is better still; though small, it is an honest, hard-working class. The class of '90 is now forming, and numbers about twenty-five.

To join, a person applies to the Secretary, Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., for an application blank. This is filled in and returned to Miss Kimball, with 50 cents for the year's dues. No examination is required other than that the applicant shall be able to read and write, and have a desire to learn. The Secretary then forwards the application to the headquarters of the school at New Rochelle. The name is then enrolled, and a programme of work for that calendar year is sent. Part of the work laid out is obligatory and part optional. There are about one hundred and fifty lessons, extending in time from fourteen days to six months. It is not required that work be done every day during six months, but the complete lesson may extend over that period of time.

The primary object of these lessons is to imbue the pupil with the spirit of inquiry and observation. The required lessons are that he shall observe some phenomena in nature, and these observations are, at the same time, used to show the relation between the weather and the soil, and their action on plants and animals. This required observation goes with the work performed in connection with the plants and animals. For instance, one of the lessons is to observe the temperature, winds, and clouds at seven o'clock every morning for thirty days, and to show the pupil how the variations in the weather affect the growth of plants and animals.

The secondary object is to teach promptness and exactness. It is required that the pupil make the observation at *exactly* seven o'clock each morning. When these are made, so far as practicable, they are reduced to charts by the diagrammatic method, whereby, instead of making mere lists of events or variations in phenomena, you make a diagram, and by a curve the variations in the weather and clouds can be graphically traced for a period extending over from, say, one to two months.

In the care of plants the lessons are arranged so that they shall take the pupil through the entire history and life of the plant under study, from the planting of the seed to the gathering of the crop. Many of the lessons consist of the treatment of the same plant in two different ways, to show the effect of the several treatments. The same as to animals; they are treated in different ways and under different conditions, to ascertain the effect of food and climate upon them, and the effect of work upon them. Some of the lessons are the most careful, thorough, and instructive that can be devised, and some old farmers who belong to the Club say they have learned more of the economy of raising cattle and crops from these lessons than ever obtained from any other source.

We have a great number of letters from teachers, private individuals, and farmers recommending these courses of observation, and stating that they are of the greatest value. Here is the opinion of a school-teacher who made a series of studies of some common annual

flowers like the balsam, extending over four months; the report upon these studies covered twenty-five pages of manuscript: "What I have done I would not give up for a great deal. It will be one of my aims to have as many young people as can be induced to reap the mental, moral, and physical advantages that it insures." He has persuaded about twenty-five young people to join. Another party says (speaking of an optional reading): "I received Professor Stewart's book upon 'The Feeding of Animals,' and have finished reading it It will no doubt be of great value to me, and I thank you for placing such a book before me"

The study and work to be done are entirely by correspondence and at home. Everything in the way of reports and examinations we leave entirely to the honor of the pupil. The great advantage of this course of study is to get the student to observe carefully and with precision; to show him that the very observations he may make of the phenomena of nature have to do with the actual business of raising plants and animals; and after this course of study he will be a far better cultivator than before the studies were begun.

The lessons are all farming processes. The course in agriculture covers a very careful study of the soil and of all the known methods of propagating plants. Then, in the care of animals, comes a course of study from a number of the best works written on this subject, and examinations in the books, and at the same time a series of actual lessons. For instance: if in the dairy, the making of some butter for sixty days, with a complete report of the weight of the cream used, the time of churning, the result, the amount of time spent, and the cost. The same in the care of poultry. One lesson may be to raise from one dozen to two dozen chickens, from the hatching to the broiling stage, with a complete report in regard to them—the weight of the fowls every week, the increase of weight, a table of the cost of feeding, and a comparison with the cost of feeding, to show whether done at a loss or a profit, etc.

Teachers in different parts of the country, particularly in the West, have twice read papers before Teachers' Associations on this method, and private schools have taken this method and introduced it into their studies. One private school in Connecticut has taken the course of the Town and Country Club, and adopted it with some variations, and the teacher has said that no course of study has been of such benefit to her entire school as this.

The school is established, and it costs no more, or but very little, to have 1 000 pupils than 500. The machinery is all there, and it is going right on even if there is but one pupil. The headquarters are at New Rochelle. It is distinctly under the control of Dr. Vincent and his co workers in the Chautauqua field, and the Club diplomas are given by Dr. Vincent, at Chautauqua, on the graduation of each class each year.

A MUSEUM OF RELIGIONS.

By D. J. H. Ward.

A MUSEUM unique to Lyons, France, and which forms the occasion of this article, goes under the name of its founder, M Guimet. It is devoted to a collection of objects, books, and paintings serving for the study of religions, ancient and modern, more especially of the Orient. This is an institution deserving the most careful attention, for it is opening up a field of research, comparison, and thought wholly new to the world, and one which is destined in the near future to work great changes in the religious ideas of Christendom. Its founder, M Emile Guimet, born in 1836, is a man of unusually varied capacity and deep insight, being at the same time business man, musician, author, and cosmopolitan traveler, in all of which he has excelled. He is the son of M Guimet, the inventor of the celebrated ultramarine blue, and has continued to carry on the great industry created by his father, which has accumulated him a fortune of untold millions. His musical compositions are most varied, consisting of oratorios, ballets, songs, quartets, trios, duets, violin airs, etc. Some of his pieces have been performed with success in Paris, London, Lyons, and elsewhere. He has built at Lyons a splendid theater, the Bellecour, which is devoted strictly to the rendering of the best productions of the dramatic and musical arts. As traveler he has made scientific ethnographical tours by turns in Northern Europe, Africa, America, China, Japan, and India; and as author, his numerous works show the care with which he has observed, and the deep interest, aside from personal curiosity and pleasure, with which he has studied. The list of honors which have been awarded him by various institutions and literary bodies in recognition of his service to science would fill a page of themselves.

The Museum of Comparative Religious History is the splendid result of a plan originating with and executed by M Guimet himself. The articles exhibited are of his own collection and purchase; and when I say that a single case (not at all remarkable) was pointed out to me which cost 500 000 francs, and that the exhibition halls number fourteen, some idea may be formed of the immensity of the value represented in the treasures there stored. To attempt any sort of description of them would be futile. I can only say they aim to exhibit everything which came into use as symbol, representative figure, utensil, liturgical aid, and sacred book in the Brahminical, Buddhistic, Confucian, Taoistic, Japanese, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman religions. The library contains many manuscripts in Sanscrit, Tamil, Tibetan, Siamese, Hindu, Persian, Arabian, Chinese, and Japanese, written on leaves of palm, parchment, plates or pieces of ivory or metal, etc. It possesses, moreover, the printed originals and translations of the sacred books of all peoples, besides works written by European authors upon the various religions and religious questions. It numbers something over 13 000 volumes. The splendid and commodious three-story building which houses the whole, together with its entire equipment and management during the six years of its public exhibition, have likewise been at M Guimet's expense.

Some two or three years ago M. Guimet, perceiving the uncertainty of human life and the insecurity of individual enterprises, made a proposition to give this whole grand collection and beautiful building to his native city, Lyons. But the self sufficiency and Catholic bigotry predominating in the city government did not appreciate the munificence. No enthusiasm was stirred, and no active measures were taken; hence Lyons lost forever what might in a few years more have been its greatest pride. The attention of the generous, far-seeing Guimet was directed to the State. The like proposition was made to the Minister of Public Instruction and the Assembly, with the requirement that the State should construct a similar building in Paris, to which all should be removed. Strange and ridiculous as it may seem, the pearls came near being cast before swine again, for it was only after long debate, and after the additional inducement was made by M. Guimet that he would pay 810 000 of the 1 590 000 francs necessary to build the building and cover the expense of transfer, that the offer was accepted. The better spirit has triumphed, and the transfer will take place this year (1887). A special faculty for the history, comparison, and philosophy of religions is being formed in the *École pratique des Hautes Etudes* to work in connection with the Musée Guimet and its publications. The men chosen are among the best recognized scholars in their special fields.

The publications issued in connection with the Museum have possibly thus far been its most important service. These, too, originated with M. Guimet, and, where necessary, have been financially sustained by him. The first to name is the "Annales du Musée Guimet," a large quarto volume appearing annually and containing short treatises by eminent authorities on various topics connected with the history of religions, together with translations of various Oriental religious works. On account of numerous plates and the printing of considerable Sanscrit, Chinese, Hebrew, Coptic, Egyptian, etc, this has been an expensive work, amounting yearly to 20 000 francs, only 6 000 of which is borne by sales. But the publication which is doing most to spread the new point of view is the bi-monthly journal, "Revue de l'Histoire des Religions." This has put forth many valuable contributions during the six years of its career. It now has a good circulation and is self-supporting, although issued at the comparatively high subscription price of twenty five to thirty francs a year, depending on the residence of the subscriber. A glance of five minutes at the collected tables of contents will disclose frequent contributions under most of the following well-known names: A. Barth, C P Tiele, Perrot, Fustel de Coulanges, G Boissier, Revaisson, Dorny, D courdemanche, P. Pierret, D Ecathal, A. Réville, J. Halévy, Beauvois, Maspero, S. Guyard, D charme, Vernes, Welhausen, Kuenen, Van Hamel, Kern, Hookyaas, Oort, Happel, Darmesteter, W D Whitney, etc. Besides several original articles, each number contains a chronicle of religious studies being made, a bibliography of works that have appeared bearing on the history of religions, and an abstract from the periodicals and from pamphlets of various learned societies of whatever they may have contained relative to the study of religions, mythologies, dogmas, rituals, etc. Once a year all the works that have appeared on each individual religion are mentioned in a critical bulletin, each bulletin being prepared by a specialist on the history of the religion to which it refers.

Thus we observe how the magnanimity of this great Frenchman has laid hold of the highest tendency of the age, and has organized and equipped a competent band of workers and set them for the first time scientifically at work on the newest of sciences. We must at the same time observe how little in these latest days of enlightenment, in one of the most enlightened of lands, is the desire and appreciation of the general public for a broad and impartial study of religion. How really little the faith of many is, is shown by the fear with which they permit the foundations of that little to be examined and compared. Yet the fruitful results from this and other such efforts are little by little inspiring confidence and bringing out the enthusiasm of believers in religion in favor of the broader and more impartial method. Already to a goodly number of the faithful is the movement at Paris a doubly welcome one, because they see in it an enlargement of religious ideas, a breaking down of local and ethnical barriers, and a freer flowing of that more humane sympathy and earnestness which it is the office of the unhampered religious nature to inspire.

[A recent article in the "St. James's Gazette" says: "Great progress is being made with the building of a museum near the Trocadero Palace, in Paris, for the exhibition of the magnificent collection formed by M. Guimet at Lyons to illustrate the different religions of the world. M Guimet's collection was started at Lyons, but he has been induced to take it to Paris, and the Græco-Roman edifice which is being built for it will be a very large one, comprising as it will, in addition to the galleries in which the public will be admitted to view the collections themselves, libraries and studies for professors and other scientific men. The total cost of the building is estimated at about £40 000, a third of which will be provided by the Ministry of Public Instruction and the remainder by M. Guimet himself, who has also taken upon himself the expense of moving the collection to Paris, which of itself is estimated at nearly £3 000 In one wing of the museum will be the Japanese divinities and the Mandara, a kind of Japanese Olympus, the Egyptian divinities, and collections of Japanese porcelain, while the galleries which face the Avenue d'Iona will contain the divinities of China, India, Greece, Italy, and Gaul. In another wing not yet built will be exhibited the divinities of Africa, Oceanica, etc, while in another part of the building will be studies for the use of the persons employed to translate Indian, Chinese, and Japanese manuscripts. The museum will, it is hoped, be opened early in 1888."]

DR. JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

By the Rev James Johnston.

THE subject of the birthplaces of eminent Englishmen has recently been examined and tabulated in an interesting manner. Taking the names of sixty notabilities, it was found that eighteen of the number, or nearly one-third, were born in the capital. No city can claim more poets than London. There Milton, Spenser, Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Blake, Pope, and Keats were born, and likewise Defoe, Canning, Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Thomas Cromwell, Strafford, Becket, Turner, Landseer, Gibbon, and Bentham. On the other hand, it is noticeable that such large centers of population as Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, and Norwich have been unusually barren of great men; Bristol, represented by Chatterton, being the exception. It is no less surprising to learn that two districts (one in the middle of England, the other in Wiltshire and its westerly borders) have been prolific of historic names. Shakespeare, Dryden, Samuel Johnson, Macaulay, Latimer, Richardson, Bishop Butler, and Warren Hastings entered into existence within a comparatively limited radius of which Stratford-upon-Avon is the base. The celebrities in and directly west of Wiltshire include Hobbes Chatterton, Wren, Dunstan, Locke, Pym, Fielding, Addison, and Clarendon. The foregoing thirty-five out of sixty of England's greatest characters were born in the metropolis or in one of the two last-named provinces. The six counties north of the Humber are honored with Wordsworth, Stephenson, Arkwright, and possibly Wickliffe. The next most productive regions are the east coast, sheltering Nelson, Robert Walpole, Wolsey, Marlowe, Pitt, and Caxton, and the county of Devonshire, which boasts of Marlborough, Coleridge, Raleigh, Hooker, and Reynolds. Over a widely scattered area are discovered the birthplaces of Wesley, Newton, Chatham, Sir H. Davy, Cowper, Cromwell, Bunyan, Shelley, and Jeremy Taylor.

Lichfield, an ancient episcopal city of Staffordshire, rejoices in Samuel Johnson being its greatest citizen. The notice in the "Times" and elsewhere that the house in which the "Great Cham" of English literature was born would be sold provoked both excitement and controversy. Not a few were afraid that, consequent upon the collapse of the proposal to celebrate the centenary of the Doctor's death on the 13th of December, 1884, a like indifference to his birthplace might result in its annihilation. Mainly to the advocacy of the English press is due the credit of its retention. While preserving the houses of Shakespeare, Knox, and Burns, and even affixing commemorative tablets to lesser lights, another generation might not have forgiven this if it had allowed the memorial of Johnson to sink into oblivion. The qualities which pre-eminently helped him to rise are universally cherished by the Anglo-Saxon race. In the generation that preceded his going to London in 1737 a writer of mark was sure to be splendidly rewarded by Government, but under the second and third Georges literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the influential, and had not yet begun to prosper under that of the public.

This disadvantage, together with those of indigence and physical disabilities, made the heroically waged battle of Dr. Johnson one of the most graphic narratives in England's literary annals His Dictionary, famous as a pyramid of industry and a mine of erudition, though not according to etymological scholarship, suddenly elevated him to the dictatorship in the world of letters, which he continuously exercised with undisputed sway.

For poor Johnson's house Mr. Punch, the "Prophet of Whitefriars," appealed in playful irony to remember one who is "more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries." No apology will be needed for reproducing Mr. Punch's amusing exhortation:

"A LICHFIELD HOUSE OF CALL.

"Shade of Boswell, awake! arise! Know that the Lord Mayor of Lichfield, Mr. A. C Baxter, has announced in the 'Times' that the house Dr. Johnson was born in is put up for sale by auction on the 20th inst. Now, then, is the time for a big brewer who would like to get bigger, or any licensed victualer, with command of a moderate capital, to invest it in the purchase of the premises in which the great Lexicographer and Moralist first saw the light. In the conversion of them into a public-house, to be called and known by the sign of 'The Johnson's Head,' a likeness of Dr Johnson, copied by a competent artist from the best of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits and mounted on the signboard, would be sure to attract multitudes of respectable people, and others, besides forming a decoration of the tavern at Lichfield, and an ornament to that town. A pub. associated with one of the highest names in literature could hardly fail to be frequented by numerous bookmakers The memory of Dr. Johnson might, however, be honored by the preservation of his house for what many may consider a nobler purpose than that of a liquor-shop; and those who are of that opinion should look sharp and secure his birthplace by coming forward, and taking care that, when under the hammer, it shall be knocked down on their own account to the highest bidder. 'The man who could make a pun would pick a pocket;' true, but he might prefer putting his hand in his own to commemorate the name of the great Samuel by helping to stand Sam."

In connection with the late inevitable disposal of the old mansion in which Michael Johnson sold books and his famous son was nurtured, some valuable documents have been produced in confirmation of its identity, and also with respect to incidents in the Doctor's life-story which will be serviceable to future chroniclers and biographers. In response to the Mayor's solicitation to keep the house in its present form, a gentleman belonging to Berkshire wrote, in a skeptical vein, that on the occasion of his visiting Lichfield about fifty years ago, the house referred to by the Mayor was pointed out as being erected on the site of the original structure. The Mayor courteously replied that the statement of the writer was, in his own firm belief and that of his fellow-citizens, destitute of foundation. A fire had at one time raged a quarter of a mile distant, but, as in the case of the charmed crucifix we once saw in the miniature convent adjoining the orchard of Hougomont on the field of Waterloo, which had been spared amid scenes of carnage and devastation, the house of England's most unique figure was reverently left uninjured This was further substantiated by the Mayor having been in conversation with a gentleman whose father was born in 1772 and who lived until he was almost a centenarian. He had a distinct recollection of the Doctor, and he invariably remarked that the house in question was his birthplace. Circumstantial evidence carried stronger conclusions. The style and character of the building indicated unmistakably the period of its erection, and the engravings in Shaw's "Staffordshire," Jackson's "Lichfield," and other authorities represent it, with but little alteration, as it now stands.

A more formidable antagonist, in addressing the "Times," nevertheless seemed to vitiate the Mayor's proofs. He quoted the following passages contained in the centenary edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," 1884 published by the late Rev. Alex. Napier: "Mr Simpson has now before him a record of the respect and veneration which the corporation of Lichfield, in the year 1767, had for the merits and learning of Dr Johnson. His father built the corner house in the market place, the two fronts of which, toward Market and Broad-Market Street, stood upon waste land of the corporation under a forty years' lease, which was then expired. On the 15th of August, 1767, at a common hall of the bailiffs and citizens, it was ordered (and that without any solicitation) that a lease should be granted to Samuel Johnson, Doctor of Laws, of the encroachment at his house for the term of ninety-nine years, at the old rent, which was five shillings, of which, as Town Clerk, Mr. Simpson had the honor and pleasure of informing him, and that he was desired to accept it without paying any fine on the occasion; which lease was afterwards granted, and the Doctor died possessed of this property." Mr. Napier added to the above these words: "The Corporation of Lichfield renewed the lease March 6 1866, 'the tenant covenanting to keep the premises in the present state, in remembrance of Dr. Johnson.' I gladly record that I owe this information to Charles Simpson, Esq., now (1882) Town Clerk of Lichfield, and grandson of Mr. Charles Simpson, who held the same office in the corporation of the city when, as we see above, a lease was granted Aug. 15 1767." Upon these quotations the writer to the "Times" attempted to establish the theories that the well-known "corner house" in the market-place at Lichfield was not Johnson's birthplace, simply because it was built by his father forty years before 1764—*i. e.*, in 1724 when Johnson was fifteen years old; and, similarly, that Johnson could not have been born in a house on the site of the old corner house is also apparent from the statement that the land on which it was built was previously "waste land."

These unwarrantable assertions and fallacious inferences were upon irrefutable testimony effectively disposed of by the representatives of the property. They were in possession of all the original and authentic documents connected with the title to the house in question, including the earliest of the papers, consisting of a will, dated June 3 1689 of Sarah Barton of Coventry, widow, who devised the house to her son, "Nathaniell Barton, of the Citty of London, Silkeman, and to his heires and assignes for ever." Next, by a conveyance (lease and re-lease), dated respectively 27th and 28th of March, 1707 this house was conveyed on sale by Nathaniel Barton to Michael Johnson, of Lichfield, stationer, the house being described as situate in "Sadlers Street, *alias* Markett Street," and "in the corner over against the Markett Crosse," "together with the seite, soyle, and plott of ground upon which the said messuage, house, or tenement now standeth." The third original testament was dated the 11th of June, 1706 and signed by "Michael Johnson," being articles of agreement between "Michael Johnson, of the City of Lichfield, Bookseller, of the first part; Cornelius Ford, of Packwood, in the County of Warwick, Gent, of the second part; Richard Pyott, of Streethay, Esq, and Joseph Ford, of Stourbridge, in the County of Worcester, Gent., of the third part; and Sarah Ford, Spinster, daughter of the said Cornelius Ford, of the fourth part," "concerning a marriage by God's permission shortly to bee had and solemnized between the said Michaell Johnson and Sarah Ford." The document contains a clause that the articles were to be "voyd" if the marriage should not be "solempnized within the space of two months next ensueing;" and history testifies that Dr. Johnson was born at Lichfield in the month of September, 1709. The muniments further disclose that Michael Johnson had encroached and built upon "parts and parcells of land" belonging to the "bailiffs and citizens," and that by lease, dated 24th of June, 1708 the bailiffs and citizens had granted a lease to Michael Johnson for forty years of the encroachments, which are minutely described.

The writer to the "Times" committed a grave error in surmising that the house was built in 1724, when Johnson was fifteen years old, because the title deeds show that in 1708 the corporation granted a lease to Michael Johnson, after the encroachment had been made. This was nearly fifteen months before the Doctor was born—recollecting that the marriage articles are dated June 11, 1706 and that the marriage was to be performed within two months. There is no statement in any of the writings that the house had been built upon "waste land." The documents relate only to "part of the dwelling-house" and then the encroachments are particularly described as frontages.

The Corporation desire that the encroachment in front of and part of the Doctor's place of birth which is held from them shall remain in its present ancient state in remembrance of Dr. Johnson, and in addition that the lessee will keep the said demised premises in good repair and without any material alteration in the structure or appearance. The correspondence has confirmed the tradition—not hitherto contested—that the renowned Dr. Johnson was born in the old house in Lichfield market-place, and elicited the covenants contained in the existing lease.

The house consists of an entrance hall, sitting room, and shop with double front. The upper stories are approached by an antique oak staircase, with floors made of fine old oak. Besides a spacious drawing-room there are nine other rooms. The building is freehold except a small abutment on the street granted by the Corporation by leases from time to time to the Johnson family at the annual rent of two shillings. Under the very shade of Johnson, whose monument stood outside, and his time-worn house adjoining it, the sale was effected on the 20th of October, 1887, in the smoking-room of the Three Crowns Hotel, which Johnson himself frequented. Johnson's chair was exhibited, above which the bust of the "sage" looked down on the large attendance, comprising under-sheriffs, aldermen, councillors, town clerk, and citizens. In witnessing the disposal of one of the most ancient buildings of the kind in the Kingdom, the company were invited to think of "the text of the night," which had been honored by the visit of "every respectable person in Great Britain and in America." Their American cousins in particular appreciated such historic places as Kenilworth, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Lichfield, far more than Englishmen themselves. In the history of the Doctor's reputation the saying that "a good man was not thought much of until he was gone" had been verified in the ascending fame of Boswell's "Hero." The Corporation lease of the premises would doubtless be renewed, and in perpetuity. The bidding commenced at £500, followed by tens until the sum of £600 was offered. At this point there was a lull, the auctioneer reclining in Johnson's chair, and sherry being passed round to the flagging Johnsonians. Another panegyric was pronounced, including the incitement to those who were avid of gold that the possessor might make a fortune by charging visitors to the house a shilling each. Notwithstanding the remark that the house was situated in a favorable business locality, the bidding only rose slowly by fives and tens. At £690 there was a wave of enthusiasm and some rivalry, which finally subsided when £800 was advanced by Mr. J. H. Johnson, of West Lindeth, Silverdale, a gentleman of philanthropic liberality—although in nowise a relative of the Doctor's—who wished to save the property from the hands of spoilers. It was noted that the abstract of the title was presented, which is reputed to be a cubit in length, and that on the title deeds was an autograph of the Doctor's, along with those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell.

The voluntary penance of the Doctor has been recognized as a characteristic feature of his personality which is repeatedly and erroneously reported to have occurred at Lichfield Despite Southey's words to Scott that "no man of real genius was ever a puritan stickler for correctness," the Vicar of Uttoxeter wrote as follows to the press concerning the localization of this event: "The penance of Dr. Johnson for disobedience to his father's wishes took place in Uttoxeter market-place, as witnessed by one of the bas-reliefs in Dr. Johnson's statue in Lichfield. Some years ago Hawthorne, the great American novelist, visited Uttoxeter to see the place of the occurrence, and in order to perpetuate it I had a cast made from the Lichfield bas-relief, and had it inserted into the conduit in the middle of the market-place." "A few years ago Mr. A. Stokes painted a picture on the subject, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and I have an engraving from it hanging in my hall." In recounting this circumstance to Mr. Henry White, Johnson said: "Once, indeed. I was disobedient. I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

Of Johnson's erratic youth; his acutely wretched though distinguished career at Oxford; his overwhelming scholastic failures; his tuition of Garrick; his journey to London together with his celebrated pupil; his romantic and extraordinary life in the metropolis, which seemed to begin, continue, and end in and about Fleet Street, students of Birkbeck Hill's recently issued magnificent "Boswell's Life of Johnson," in six volumes—the product of eighteen years of unwearied toil—will find treasures of fascinating biography. It is superfluous to write of Johnson's fondness for the taverns and clubs in the city. He is credited with saying that "the great chair at a club is the throne of human felicity." As a second Pepys he went everywhere. The coffee-room of the Jerusalem Tavern, Clerkenwell, still holds his chair, but his favorite lounge was the Turk's Head Coffee-House, of which he said to Boswell encourage this house, for the mistress of it is a good, civil woman, and has not much business." In later days it became notable as the first London home of George Eliot.

Whatever the greatness of Johnson as the author of the "Dictionary," the "Rambler," the "Idler," "Rasselas," and the "Lives of the Poets," posterity has assuredly not ratified Garrick's judgment that "Rabelais and all the other wits are nothing compared to him;" but, on the other hand, it has reversed Adam Smith's verdict, "He's a brute." Carlyle called him "a mass of genuine manhood," while Goldsmith truly depicts him as having "a rough manner, but no man alive had a better heart. He had nothing of the bear but the skin."

The humanity of Johnson's nature is revealed in his feeding his cats, relieving beggars, putting pennies in the hands of sleeping outcast children, weeping at the bedside of his nurse, writing to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and mourning at the graves of his friends.

Passcot, England.

The Home

THE POWER OF SAYING NOTHING.

By Amelia E. Barr.

A FOOLISH wit once entered a Friends' meeting-house, and, taking a raspberry tart from his pocket, cried out, "This is for the one who speaks first." "Young man," began a venerable Quaker—"Ah! the tart is yours, sir," was the instant reply. This is a good example of the value of saying nothing; for if no one had answered the impertinence, the congregation would not have been made to look foolish, and the tables would have been completely turned upon the intruding buffoon.

The capacity for saying nothing is a great power. Solomon estimates the man who "uttereth all his mind" as a fool; and there is no doubt that the man who cannot keep his own counsel will let everything else slip through his fingers. It is this power which gives the Scotch their national reputation for being "cannie" and cautious. "They willna tell a lee;" but they will render it next to impossible to discover anything they wish to conceal; and thus they make of their ability to keep quiet a positive shield to their every-day life.

In the household this power is better than the gift of tongues in all those little domestic disputes in which not even the soft answer is so good as no answer at all. Again, how gracious is that silence which understands times and seasons, which knows that early in the morning, when all the load of the day lies on the husband's shoulders, even a kind and cheerful man is apt to be preoccupied and quiet. Then even words of endearment do not always "fit the mood;" and a wise wife will know how to refrain from her own little anxieties and worries, will let the breadwinner gather himself together in peace and quietness for the day's struggle, quite sure that as the burden of the day lifts he will remember her forbearance and her peculiar wants in the kindliest manner.

Often, too, there will be days when the burden does not lift; when he will come home at night weary and heavy laden with business cares and anxieties. Then to compel him to "talk over" silly trifles, or even household plans, the carrying out of which appears to him almost impossible, while grave interests are hanging on the slenderest hopes, is a kind of slow torture which no wife not thoroughly selfish and unreasonable will inflict.

One of the hardest and bitterest trials of domestic silence is keeping quiet and saying nothing under injustice and misapprehension because the good of others demands it. Nevertheless, we may remember that God rights those who keep silence, and brings out their righteousness as the light and their judgment as the noonday.

There is such a thing in domestic life as holding the tongue out of pure spite; preserving day after day a dogged, sullen silence, impervious to all offers of reconciliation or regret or kindness. Such a condition is one of the gravest spiritual danger; for the soul is subject to malignant diseases as well as the body, and this is one of them. The man or woman capable of such endurance in evil is possessed by some dumb devil which can only be driven out by the grace of God.

The power of saying nothing in our business life is one whose value it is hard to estimate. We have all heard what Lord Thurlow's awful nod did for his advancement. How many medical reputations have been built up on the ability to look wise and say nothing! The same is true in all professions, for people are sure to give the silent people credit for far more intelligence than they really possess.

On the contrary, many a life is ruined by an open mouth. Pope Pius the Ninth is an example; according to himself, "he never ceased to speak"—lamenting, reproving, complaining he could neither keep his peace nor his pontificate. In this he was the more remarkable because his predecessors won so much from their ability to say nothing and to bide their time; understanding what he failed to understand—that silence may even go with infallibility. A man can hold anything who can hold his tongue, as a general rule. And there will occur to most memories the example of a living great man who has held diverse high offices by a wise exertion of this same power—justly so, for its very existence in any public man implies a quiet confidence in his own strength.

Even the Bible teaches us, by example as well as precept, the value of this reserve. It has its silences, and they are evidently the result of a divine foresight which foreknew the end from the beginning. Why are we not informed of the exact dates in the great events of Christ's life and of the rise of Christianity? Not because the Apostles were either ignorant or indifferent, but because God knew the tendency in the heart of man to "observe times," and the new dispensation was to be a spiritual, not a ritualistic, one. Why are the first thirty years of Christ's life sealed up in the divine heart? Go into Catholic churches and houses and see the idolatrous reverence given to the mother and the babe, and we shall understand *why* the cradle was hid behind the cross. The Gospels abound in such thoughtful, touching silences: evidences for our faith that commend themselves with great power to some hearts.

Then, by precept and example, and by our own experience and observation, we are continually taught the power of saying nothing; the power of controlling our impatient lips and remembering that in all the strife of life "he that refraineth his lips is wise."

"The age is full of talkers. Thou
Be silent for a season,
Till slowly ripening facts shall grow
Into a stable reason."

HOW I WOULD MANAGE MY CHILDREN.

By a Spinster.

NUMBER IV.—MEDDLING.

TO those who exclaim, "Well, I am glad that she would not let her children meddle, for of all annoying," etc., etc., I am forced to confess that it is not now of meddlesome children, but of meddlesome parents, that I propose to speak.

Your child's meddlesomeness is often trying enough, but it is of little moment as compared with your own. He must be restrained and strictly taught the rights of others; but his meddling springs largely from a spirit of investigation, through which he discovers what sort of a world he inhabits and the nature of the objects which it contains, and is not at root a wholly undesirable thing, while yours does not so much confine itself to the comparatively harmless sphere of material things, and is without any admirable features.

The opinion I now advance is a product of evolution, and has been developed by the observation of those parents referred to in a former paper, both wise and otherwise—chiefly the latter—together with some reflection on my own mistakes in the past, and is as follows: I should try to make the machinery of government as simple and light-running as possible consistent with a real governing power which commands the respect of the governed. To this end I should study to avoid an unnecessary multiplying of warnings and commands, and should reduce the obnoxious "don't" to the minimum consistent with expediency. I think it might even dawn on my mind faintly that the children were separate individual souls, having some rights which even parents were bound to respect, and that there might be certain provinces of their lives where I should not intrude my authority, even if I ought to bring to bear my influence and advice. Some one here says, "Haven't I a right to govern my own child?" Certainly, my dear sir, or madam, you not only have a right, but a sacred duty, to do so; but you have a prior duty to govern yourself, and when even you, because of being in authority and "the biggest," bring to bear on the actions of another, even your own child, a control which has no reason for being, you are no longer governing, but trespassing.

I know those will not agree with me who argue that if some is good, more must be better; who feel that a child is not well governed unless he is incessantly governed, and consider that there is an insidious danger in the mere fact of a child's having a wish uncrossed. Those who are spoiling for a fight, and feel that they are not fulfilling their whole duty if they let slip an occasion on which they might exercise their authority, will now lay aside this paper for more congenial matters.

But I am persuaded that most of us, unless we go to the other extreme and are negligent, meddle too much, if not through arbitrariness, then—which is much more common—through affectionate solicitude.

We multiply our interferences; hamper, restrain—not too vigorously, but too frequently; assume children to be incapable of any self-direction or judgment, and hinder and badger the poor little souls, trying to conform them to our own ideas; making them follow us, putting their small feet in our great tracks, and ten or twenty times a day imposing on them our preferences, saying, "I wouldn't do so if I were you," meaning, more truly, "You wouldn't do so if you were I."

In some families I am persuaded that children otherwise well managed are spoken to nine times out of ten when they would have done the same without being told, or when their way would really have been the better (and they know it), or when the elder had no right to impose his preference or will on the younger. In the tenth case there might be need for a firm interference and final authority—a different and more desirable thing than a half-way authority on a dozen points.

An instance or two of what I mean by meddling.

Mamma, moved by politeness and vanity, wants Baby to show off prettily and kiss the one who hastily demands it. Baby, not keeping her affections on tap, sees no reason for bestowing a mark of love on the strange face suddenly thrust upon her, and declines. I submit that no one has more right to compel Miss Toddlekins, aged eighteen months, to grant a kiss when she is not inclined, than to compel Miss Sophia, aged eighteen years, to do the same. She has a *right* to her own individuality and her own preference in the matter, and the right to be protected from the trespassing of strangers or others who think that because she is little she has no mind of her own.

Another: Papa passes through the room where Mamma has been shut in with the restless flock through a long, rainy day. She has reached the point where she is glad to see them innocently happy even if their fertile schemes for amusement issue in some temporary irregularities in the interior arrangements of the house, and such illegitimate uses of the furniture as impressing it into service as railway trains and bears' dens. Papa, however, only takes note of the disorder, and says, "No, no; chairs were made to stand on four legs. Set them right up nicely in their places." He then goes sweetly on to his study, leaving the blank group to provide itself with entertainment as best it may. He has contributed his share to the family management by the exercise of the veto power.

When a boy likes to keep his *innocent* schemes, or a girl her girlish affairs, from Papa and Mamma, it would be well for the latter to ask themselves if they have not been meddlesome parents, teaching their children to expect interference whether it is called for or not.

There is planted deep within us, and dating back to the time when Eve chose to have her own way about her diet, a something we call human nature which causes us to prefer to do as we please and to disrelish the opinions of others when too liberally furnished us. Even the children have participated in the effects of the fall to the extent of also liking to do as they please. But, alas! we have another root of depravity, dating back to the same time, which leads us to desire to have other people also do as we please. In view of the confusion arising from these conflicting desires, I can scarcely hope that any eloquence of mine will prevail upon friends in this fallen world to refrain from offering to each other too much gratuitous advice, nor upon parents to reduce their interference to a judicious minimum. But, however it be with other people's children, I am resolved that, as for mine, I shall give as much thought and care to their wise letting alone as to their wise restraint; refrain from forcing confidence which ought to be won; learn to respect their ways when they happen to be better than mine; exercise over my hasty tongue, too ready to leap forth with a prohibition or command, some of that control and deliberation which I fret at the children for not exhibiting, and *stop meddling*.

MRS. WIDGERY REPORTED.

PART I.

By W. B. S.

"WE had a good many talks, Maria and I, with Oliver a-puttin' in his word occasional"—Mrs. Widgery was evidently endeavoring to recommence, as nearly as she could remember, where she left off—"but they didn't seem to amount to much—didn't straighten or settle nothin', I mean to say—after all. At least not immejiate. I can see now that they was really and slowly a-permeatin' and workin' through my system—medicines can't work no other way, you know, when a complaint has been of long standin'—but for the time bein' I wa'n't sensible of no particular change in my feelin's or convictions. Old habits and associations was too strong for me, and first I'd know I'd be a-reasonin' round and round, mixin' things all up ag'in, and gittin' lost in a maze as bad as ever.

"One day Ollie was a-leanin' in my lap, showin' me the pictures in his Sunday-school book, and, seein' he looked a little pale—he is ruther a delicate child, and I'm afraid they ain't a-goin' to raise him—I said to him, very solemn, I suppose, for that was the way I felt, 'Ollie, I want you to begin to love and serve God now, when you are young, because'—'you may not live to grow up,' I was a-goin' to say, but here Maria, who just then happened to be comin' into the room, give me a warnin' glance, and Ollie looked up so innocent and surprised, and says he, 'Why, grandma, I do love Him; don't everybody?' It give me a dreadful queer feelin'—struck me all of a heap, so to speak. His mother put her hand under his chin, turnin' up his sweet face as she stooped down to kiss it, and says she, 'We love our best Friend better than any other, of course, don't we, Ollie?' The next minute he run, laughin', out of the room at the sound of Mollie's voice in the hall, and Maria told me that she wanted the children to grow up into the love of God just as they did into the love of father and mother, and she believed it would come just as easy and natural to them if they was rightly taught. She was tryin' to bring up her children that way from the beginnin', and so fur the plan had succeeded well.

"'Then,' says I, 'I wish to goodness I'd had you to bring me up, for it didn't come a bit natural to me, nor to no children that ever I heard on. It was the last thing we ever wanted to hear about, and we never listened to no religious conversation if we could help it. Why, I couldn't have been more than six years old when I run and hid because I see the minister a-comin'—he was a-stayin' round for two or three weeks, and had been to our house once before; actually I hid away in a barrel in the barn, and wouldn't answer when my oldest sister come and called me to come in to prayers, for I knew just how he'd look at me, and scare me to death a-talkin' to me before everybody. I felt dreadful guilty and wicked when I stole in after he was gone, and my heart was terrible heavy. Nobody knows, I guess, or remembers how much such children suffer sometimes. Mother asked me if I didn't hear Martha call me; I had to own up that I did—I had heard the story of Annanias and Sapphira too often to dare to tell a lie—and mother sent me to bed without my supper for not doin' as I was bid.'

"'Father wouldn't have let you punish me for such an offense,' said Maria, laughin'. 'He would ha' said it was the minister's fault, and served him right. I think so too. Children don't feel that way and git such prejudices ag'inst anything that is talked about in a natural, cheerful tone of voice, and made to look pleasant and attractive. But it's no wonder that they so seldom j'ined the church in your day, and was hardly expected to become Christians until they was older. I think it was dreadful.'

"'But, Maria,' says I, 'it wa'n't so very different in your young days, neither. I don't exactly see where you got all your notions, or how you come to feel so different.'

"Maria give me ruther a queer look, and said, kind of playful-like, 'Why, mother, you know father's influence, as a general thing, more than counterbalanced yours, and the prevailin' sentiment of the hull community besides. I inherited much of his temperament and disposition, anyway, and I have heard you say you wished I had been still more like him. So, as it happened, the "miasma" in the atmosphere had surprisingly little effect upon me, and that little was soon eliminated'—it beats all how many of her big words I do remember—'from my system in the larger life and more varied experiences I was so early subjected to. So much intercourse with childhood had as much to do with it as anything, perhaps, and opened my eyes to many things I might never have found out otherwise. I never had any success in teachin' anything to children unless I first come down to their standp'int, and see it as they did. Paul knew what he was a-talking about when he said that when he was a child he "thought as a child, he spake as a child, he understood as a child;" and the little girl I have read of somewhere who objected to the catechism, and wondered why there couldn't be a "kitty-chism," spoke my mind exactly. Especially in religion, I like to see a child childlike, not to mention that this is the highest form of it even in the adult mind, accordin' to Christ's teachin's.'

"Maria looked very thoughtful for a minute, then she burst out a-laughin'. 'Mother,' says she, 'did I ever tell you about the first class I had in Sunday-school—them six little boys that I was so proud of? Once I remember I wanted to vary the exercises a little, and so I told 'em, foolishly enough, I dare say, that they might each learn a little hymn to repeat to me the next Sunday. They was the brightest little fellows you ever see, every one of 'em, but little Georgie Talbot in particular had such a smilin', happy face that I used to call him "Little Sunshine." He come with his hymn among the rest, and what do you suppose it was?

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!"

There was such a contrast between his merry, sparkling countenance and the sentiment of the hymn that I had great ado to keep my face straight, and I never think of it now without laughin'. His good old grandmother had selected it for him, never thinkin' to notice the impropriety or the incongruity that struck me so comically. It didn't hurt Georgie any; it rolled off his sunny nature like so much water; but with a timid, thoughtful, sensitive child the effect might have been quite different. And I do think it was so cruel and unnecessary to be puttin' ideas into children's heads which could do 'em no manner of good and might do a great deal of hurt.'

"Well, it had been a very good thing, it seemed, for Maria to be a teacher, and I told her I thought she had been more fortunate than most parents were, in havin' had a chance to learn so much wisdom a-tryin' her experiments and makin' her mistakes with other folks's children before she had any of her own to manage. Though I didn't know as she would allow that she ever had made any mistakes to speak of.

"I spoke kind of hasty, and ought to have been ashamed of it, but you see I was gittin' most provoked to have my own daughter a-settin' up to be so much wiser than her mother or anybody that had ever come before her. Maria took my spiteful little fling all in good part, and answered pleasant as you please:

"'Oh, no, mother, I have made lots of mistakes—I'm makin' them all the time—but I hope to go on improvin' always. You never see our oldest child, our little Bertie that we lost. Sometimes I think there never was any child quite like him. We commenced with him to have him keep the Sabbath accordin' to the fashion of olden times, supposin' that that was the right way. He was only two years and a half old when he had learned to pack up his blocks with all his other playthings Saturday night, and not have 'em ag'in till Monday mornin'. He was a precocious child, very obedient and docile, very fond of bein' read to, and often he would take a book himself and pretend to read, makin' it all up as he went along. He spoke very correct, and very distinct, too, only he would always say "my" when it should have been "I." One Sunday he had become very tired of the quiet and the monotony of the day, and, takin' up a book that his father had just laid down, he turned over the leaves as if to find the place where he left off, and begun in his little slow, soft voice, "To-day is Sunday. My mustn't play. My hopes it will be Monday." That was enough for me. I knew right away that I was on the wrong track. The Sabbath is not bein' kept rightly when it becomes a weariness and a burden, and if "My hopes it will be Monday" there is a mistake somewhere. Anything that tends to check altogether the buoyancy and brightness of childhood is not only contrary to nature but to God's intention concernin' it, I do believe. And a religion that can be addressed to the faculties children have, not to those they have not, is the only one that has any chance of success. They can be just as bright and lively and animated in religion as in anything else if their hearts are only in it."

"'That's the very p'int,' says I—'will their hearts be in it, just of themselves, and because you want to have it so? There used to be a good deal of talk when I was young about the need of a *change* of heart; a great insistin' on bein' born ag'in—converted—turned right about from the way we was naturally inclined to go. You seem to leave all that out, and do away with any such necessity. I don't quite see where you git your authority for it, I don't really. But if there is any other access to the kingdom—a easier, shorter cut than through the straight and narrer way, I should be very glad to know it.'

"I meant this quite sarcastic, for I was gittin' a little heated with my argufyin', though I certing thought I had the best of her; but Maria answered just as cool and smilin' as ever—if Maria was a dyin', I should expect to see her smilin' as if it was somethin' pleasant—'Supposin' we change the figur', mother? Can't we sow the seed so early in these tender, lovin' little hearts, and water it so carefully and so prayerfully, that it will germinate and grow, without no visible, conscious beginnin', to be sure, but showin' life little by little, and more and more, till it bursts into the beautiful bud and blossom, and the full, ripe fruit at last? Ain't that a great deal better for children than to let them grow up to maturity without God and without hope in the world, waitin' for the earthquake shock and the convulsion that will be needed then for the complete overturnin' of the hull inner nature, and the uprootin' of feelin's and habits that ought never to have been allowed to git a start at all? That is the way I've learned to look at it, mother, and I've give a good deal of consideration to the subject, too.'

"Yes, Maria had done considerable more thinkin', first and last, than ever I did, that was plain. Besides, right or wrong, she had the facts to show on her side, and I could not dispute 'em. The children did all seem to be little Christians—not talkin' about it, but kind of livin' of it in a way that I never see in any family before. Kittie and Tom was members of the church already, and the little ones was follerin' right on, as I couldn't doubt, when I come to think how gentle and lovin' and unselfish they seemed to be in the midst of all their plays and frolics. And if that ain't showin' forth the 'fruits of the Spirit,' that Paul talks so much about, I don't know what is; though it ain't just the way we used to look at it, either.

"Well, as I didn't seem to have no answer ready for Maria, I blundered into the very worst thing I could have said, before I thought. For, says I, 'Maria, what do you suppose Aunt Twichell would say if she could hear you talk?'

"'Oh, mother,' said Maria, with just such a wry face as she used to make when she was a child, 'I thought Aunt Twichell was dead and buried fifteen or twenty years ago! Hadn't you better let her rest peaceful in her grave? It's the only place that was ever gloomy enough to suit her when she was livin'"—with another wry face, though she was half laughin', too. The next minute she changed her tone, answerin' to somethin' she see in my face, I suppose, for I hadn't spoke a word: 'Oh, yes, she was a dreadful good woman, mother, no doubt of that. All the same I can't really and truly think of her only as castin' kind of a shadder round her even in heaven; and I know she must have been afraid at first that the angels was a little too happy.'

"I was half scart when I heard Maria a-talkin' this way, and I wondered what under the canopy possessed me to mention Aunt Twichell's name at all, when I knew how Maria always felt about her. I was afraid she would go to reminiscin', and rakin' up things that wouldn't be very pleasant for either of us to remember; though I don't hardly think she would have done it either. Fortunately Tom come a-rushin' in from school just then, interruptin' of us with his merry smiles and kisses, and givin' both of us plenty else to talk about. I don't suppose Maria really thinks any more of Tom than of any of the other children, but Oliver makes such a pet and companion of Kittie—her bein' the oldest daughter and such a beauty—that Maria and Tom pair off a deal together, too, and are special friends and confidants always. Anyhow, Maria is nothin' if not a mother, and I do expect the very warmest place in my old heart will always be for Tom.

"'Poor Aunt Twichell didn't have no children; perhaps that was partly what was the matter,' said Maria, her voice all softened down ag'in; and she give me a lovin' look as she turned to go out of the room with her arm around her boy."

A NOVEL COUNTERPANE.

By Katherine Armstrong.

TO make a beautiful bedspread with very little expense and not much labor, buy two and three-quarter yards of ten-quarter sheeting, unbleached and fine; fasten in quilting frames, the same as bedquilts were fastened in former days; or, if that is impracticable, do it by sections in smaller frames, having first drawn the design upon the whole piece with a lead pencil. Then, with a coarse yarn needle, sew candle-wicking through the cloth, following the pattern, using the wicking in a continuous thread, and having the stitches a quarter of an inch apart. The designs may be in flowers, wheels, stars, crosses, triangles, and any and all conventional patterns. Leave the stitches quite loose on the upper side of the cloth, in little, uniform loops. When the design has all been traced by these stitches with the wicking, cut all the loops on the upper side with sharp scissors. The spread looks very unpromising now, but take it from the frames and shake it well, and the change will be marvelous. The wicking will form itself into little fluffy tassels, which, however, may need a little trimming with the scissors to make them even and true, especially if this is the first attempt. Now lay the counterpane on the snow or grass to bleach, keeping it in the sun, and wet with cold water. In forty-eight hours the goods will be as white as snow itself, will be firm in texture, and the work as regular as any embroidery. If the stitches are put in double, and at a distance of an inch and a half apart, alike all over the cloth, it has a pleasing effect when finished, and it is well for inexperienced persons to try this way at first and the more complicated patterns afterward.

Those who do not know how these counterpanes are made express great wonder and admiration, and never suspect from what ordinary materials they are put together. Inexpensive, too, as a dollar and a quarter will cover the entire cost of one spread.

A WALL SCREEN.

White enamel cloth can be made into a screen to protect the wall above the washstand with good effect. Cut the length of the stand and half a yard wide; round off the corners, and "pink" or scallop the edges; now put on some graceful sprays in spatter-work, or, better still, some long branches of flowers and grasses in oil painting in bright designs, yet not gaudy in color. Then, when dry, varnish with transparent varnish, and put a neat bow of ribbon at the upper left corner. Another simple protection for the wall is made of pink or blue cambric, covered with a full curtain of dotted Swiss, drawn and fastened at both upper and lower edges, the corners finished with ribbon bows. It can be washed and replaced when necessary.

A very simple and pretty fire screen is made of pressed flowers laid in artistic shape between two large panes of glass, and these set in a fire-screen frame. It has the merit, too, of not being delicate, for, if properly secured in the frame, the double glass will endure a good deal of careless usage, and the flowers between the glass, being excluded from the air, will retain their beauty and color indefinitely. But the process of preparing the flowers is not well understood. It is important to bring out gradually, but surely, every particle of moisture if we expect a perfect success, and the beautiful hues of most blossoms will remain unchanged if the work is carefully done. The flowers should be gathered at noonday, when there is no dew upon them, and pressed at once before they have a moment to wither and droop. Use for this purpose a large, old book, where the texture of the paper is coarse and loose, so as readily to absorb the natural moisture of the blos-

soms. Lay in, for instance, a rose on its stem, with leaves and buds, in natural and graceful position, holding it with the left hand, while with the right a torn piece of the coarse paper is introduced between each and every petal, till all are covered. Over all lay one large piece, dispose the leaves and buds, and cover with other pieces; close the book, and lay it under a heavy weight, not disturbing it for twenty-four hours, when carefully change the papers for dry ones, repeating this each day till the flowers are perfectly dry. The color of most blosoms will be retained, but double pieces of paper should be used for lilies and flowers of unusual weight and moisture. Grasses and foliage can be done with less trouble, and all kinds can be combined to make an attractive bunch for the fire screen We prepared, several years ago, an herbarium of over a thousand different kinds of flowers, all arranged in botanical order, and the colors of many of them are as bright to-day as when they were growing.

Another ornament for a fire screen is made of a pane of glass twenty-four by twenty-six inches; on this with "stratena," we placed miscellaneous pieces and colors and shapes of stained glass which we happened to possess. They were laid on in reference to harmony of color as a whole, and when the screen is set against the light the effect is very pleasing. The narrow spaces between the pieces of glass we smoothly filled with putty, silvering it when it was perfectly dry. The result was very satisfactory, unique, and beautiful, although an experiment.

Quite a novel way of ornamenting boxes, brackets, picture frames, and the like, is to use the shells of butternuts, cut around, across the nut, one-eighth of an inch thick, the "meat" all picked out, and the shells dried. These, applied to wooden articles and stained, give the effect of fine carved work. First, stain the wood with burnt umber and boiled linseed oil (procured at a painters' supply store at a cost of five cents each) Pour a little oil in a shallow dish, take a piece of flannel and dip it first in the oil and then in the umber and rub well into the wood. Go over all the surface once in this way, and, when dry, apply, with prepared glue, the pieces of nutshell in regular order. The next day stain all over again with the oil and umber, and allow to dry for twenty-four hours. Then rub over with clear oil. It well repays the trouble, for it well imitates choice wood and fine work. Should the color of rosewood be desired, take five cents' worth of extract logwood, dissolve in one pint of water; add pulverized alum, a little at a time, stirring well till the solution is a dark brown (too much alum spoils the stain); apply to the wood with a cloth; if too dark, add more water; when dry, give one coat of oil, or varnish if preferred.

Our Young Folks.

THE DANGER-SIGNAL NEAR ROCKY CHANNEL.

By Edward A. Rand

"YOU see, Ted, this means, 'Want immediate assistance.' Put it short and it is, 'Help, now!'"

"Pretty, father!"

The colors of the pieces of cloth with which Ted Lamprey was playing were indeed pretty. They were the colors of small signal flags which John Lamprey had cut out for his boy. As a surfman, once, in the employ of the United States Life-Saving Service, he had become familiar with the signal flags kept at the life-saving station and adopted by the International Commercial Code. He had cut out a number of signals for Ted, and Mrs. Lamprey had with her ready needle worked them up into permanent shape. The ex-surfman was now explaining them to Ted. "You see, Ted, every signal has its meaning, and each is known by a certain letter. Now, a vessel is supposed to have them (every vessel ought to have them, of course). The International Commercial Code is for the use of all nations. What if I was a surfman again, Ted, and it was my watch some day, and I was up in the lookout on the roof of the station, watching the sea for any sign of distress? There I am, looking away, and suddenly I see a vessel just off shore, flying the two flags you have been handling. They are lettered 'H' and 'B.' 'Trouble!' I say. 'Those signals mean, "Want immediate assistance!" That is a case of distress,' I say to myself. 'I will send them back an answer at once, and tell the keeper of the station, and he will send a boat.' So I pick out the two signals—let me see if mother did not make them for you! I think I cut them out. Oh, yes; one is 'H,' same as before, and the other is 'F,' and it is red, shaped like a triangle, as they say, and it has a white circle in it. 'H,' you see, is a square flag, half white and half red. I run up the little flagstaff—there on the lookout of the station—this flag 'H,' and 'F' under it. That means, 'We are coming to your assistance.' How glad that will make the poor fellows we imagine off on the water, when, looking ashore, they see those flags 'H' and 'F'! Now, what if they get sort of impatient and they say, 'Oh, we can't wait for those folks on the land!' The keeper of our station, who is doing his best to get the surf-boat down to the water, sees those people—through his glass, you know—trying to launch their boat. He sends me up to the lookout to run up to the masthead the signal flags 'H' and 'L,' and those mean, 'Do not attempt to land in your own boats.' They stop where they are, and soon we get off in our boat to them. Now, isn't that a nice way?"

"Yes, father, but—but," said Ted, eagerly, "s'posin'—just s'posin', you know—they didn't want a boat, but might be sick and—"

"Oh, want a doctor and medicine? They might have ship fever on board, and the crew be weak and want to get word to the shore. Well, they show 'P' and 'D,' two blue flags, one having a white square in it and the other having in it a white circle. That would fetch us pretty quick; a doctor, too."

Ted was exceedingly interested in his signals. Out of his chamber window, facing the swift, deep river running to the sea, he threw a line and there hung his signals. Several times, when his father, at work in an adjoining field, was needed by his mother, Ted ran up stairs and threw out the signals "H" and "B"—"Want immediate assistance." Ted was delighted when his father came up the field at a rapid run and then bounded over the stone wall into the garden, reporting speedily at the kitchen door. Ted's happy time with the signals; his father's delight in gratifying his only child's desire to know about the pretty flags of red, blue, yellow, green; the mother's equal joy in making the signals—was not all this a suggestion of the happiness reigning always in John Lamprey's home by the mouth of the river? Ah! the current of life in that home was something like the sweep of the river. When the tide was in, when the winds of the day, as if tired, sought repose at sunset, then the river was only a glassy lake, almost without a ripple—the image of peace, a mirror in which the evening star could shine, its disk unbroken, a flower of paradise blooming with unbroken petals. Sometimes John Lamprey's home was very peaceful. Life was a placid current. When the tide was low, running fiercely toward the ocean, running, too, against a rough wind from the sea, running through Rocky Channel, out of which protruded black, ugly ledges, then the river was a very different thing; and this turbulent Rocky Channel was sometimes an exact image of John Lamprey's home. Drink, drink, drink—this was the Rocky Channel in that home. Drink, drink, drink—this seemed to be written on the black, ugly ledges making the stream of the home life a Rocky Channel.

And yet John Lamprey did not think he was in danger. Had he not distinctly said to Jane Lamprey, his wife, "When liquor gets me into trouble that I can *see*, then I will quit"?

"I can see danger, John."

John, though, refused to say anything more than this looking at all like the hope of a reformation.

One day, when Jane Lamprey was away from the home, Ted was amusing himself up in his little chamber with the signal flags his father and mother had made for him.

"I will tie some on a line, and throw the line out of the window," thought the boy. "I will make believe somebody out on the river wants help, and I'll show 'em this flag."

It read, "We are coming to your assistance."

It was tiresome work at last to throw out and draw in this signal (no matter how brightly colored it was), since no one made a response to it.

"I'll pull it in," thought Ted, "and perhaps father will play with me."

To his proposition that the father should go off in the boat, and, from the river, signal while Ted operated the chamber end of this circuit of communication, John Lamprey assented.

"Only," he added, "let me finish my work."

When his work was over he dragged his boat to the water's edge, and called out, "Here, Ted, I have got my signal in here. I am going to be the shipwrecked man, you know, off in the boat, wanting assistance, and you are to be up in your chamber. But I want my oars, of course, up in the woodshed, and you just stay in the boat till I get back."

He turned, after starting, and muttered, "Boat isn't tied, but she won't stir while I am gone."

If John Lamprey had told all that was in his heart, he would have confessed that he kept Ted in the boat, and did not now take him to the chamber where he would operate his signal flags, because in the next room was a closet. In the closet was a brandy bottle. John Lamprey purposed to tip that bottle.

"I don't want my child to see me drink," he reflected. "That is good temperance caution, as they say. Guess I'm not the worst of men; I look after my example."

For one who was fearful of setting a bad example he lingered a long time over that bottle.

"Now I'll go," he finally declared—this cautious father. He stopped one moment to look out of the window of his child's chamber.

"I want to keep that boy under my eye," said this pattern of parental prudence. He gave one look, and then started back in alarm. The boat was adrift! The rising tide had set it at liberty, and there it was, drifting toward the dreaded Rocky Channel! Ted had already thrown out the danger signal. It plainly read, "Want immediate assistance." It meant something now!

"Hark! he is screaming!" thought the affrighted father.

By this time he had thrown out a signal that also meant something—"We are coming to your assistance"—and then rushed for outdoors He knew if the boat actually were swept inside of the rocks where the frightful channel began its violent course, he would be powerless, in all probability, to arrest the boat. There was a point this side of the Channel where a drifting boat might come within ten feet of the shore.

John was thinking and running at the same time. "If I only had a pole long enough to reach the boat just there!"

As he rushed on, he saw by the well-curb the long pole for drawing water, and carrying a hook on its end.

He seized it—almost without stopping—and flew on, rather than ran. He dared not look up and off. Without a glance he could seem to see that drifting boat. If he had thrust his fingers in his ears it seemed as if he still must have heard his boy's shouts. As long as he did not look off on the river he was at liberty to think the boat was at any distance this side of Rocky Channel. How he dashed along the water's edge and down to the point where he was to make that experimental thrust with the pole!

"Quick, quick!" screamed Ted. The turbulent waters of Rocky Channel could be heard angrily struggling with the rocks that would confine them, savagely threatening death to any child or voyager that might come that way. John Lamprey thrust out the well-pole, and it gripped the rail of the boat! Yes, and then he lost it.

Oh, what an agonizing length of time seemed to elapse between that grip and the next clutch with the hook on the end of the pole! But that hold he lost! Drink made his hand unsteady. In agony he saw the boat drifting away again, when he heard a swift, light step behind him. He heard next a voice, "Here, Ted, take hold of this!" A mother's hand was throwing to her boy a rope, which he grasped at once, to which he clung, and the boat was drawn ashore!

"Oh, thank God, thank God!" said the mother, folding in her arms her precious boy. She only looked once at her husband, but that look seemed to say, "John, you have been drinking!"

She had seen in the house the brandy bottle and its companion tumbler, and she had also noticed his breath. The father dragged the boat back to its mooring grounds while Ted went home in the arms of his mother. It seemed to John Lamprey as if a more wretched man never went to his home than he. Ted and his mother reached the house first, for John must moor his boat (like a prudent father now) and return well-pole and rope to their places.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Ted's mother as she put bottle and tumbler back in their haunts.

Ted saw everything. He knew now what had kept his father in the house when he returned to it. He saw, too, when his father, a wretched man, crept upstairs, and there in Ted's room threw himself down on the floor beside his boy's bed.

"Father!" whispered a voice, while a boy's clinging arms went round the man's neck.

"What Ted? I ought not to do so. I ought not to drink," groaned the father.

Again came a boy's whisper.

"Father, hadn't you better signal for immediate assistance?"

"What, Ted?'

"Hadn't you better pray?'

And John Lamprey prayed; and God heard.

HOUSE-BUILDING AND HOUSE-KEEPING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

II.—THE FRAME.

By Mary Taylor Bissell, M.D.

THERE are two hundred bones in a grown man, and children have a few more, because with them a few pairs of bone become one as they grow older. These bones form the skeleton which is the frame of our house. The word skeleton has an ugly sound, perhaps, to children, but when you remember that skeleton only means these two hundred curiously shaped bones which are jointed together to make the solid frame of the body, and that without them we would be soft and shapeless and unable to stand erect, you will soon forget your dislike of the word.

The plan of our human building is somewhat like this: It has a strong bony column running up through the center of it, which we call the backbone; it is also called the spinal column. Then it has three compartments (like rooms) in which is stowed away very important machinery of which I shall tell you later, and attached to all this are the long levers and supports which we call our arms and legs.

If this backbone were one solid piece, you would be very stiff children, for you could not stoop to pick up a pin, or turn your heads, or even bend at all.

But it is made of thirty-three separate bones, joined together by natural hinges which are formed by the bones fitting accurately into one another, and held in place by strong elastic bands called cartilage. An elastic cushion of cartilage is placed between each pair of bones, and adds immensely to our ease and comfort. If it were not for this little cushion, every time we jumped or danced, or even took a step in walking, these thirty-three bones would strike one against the other, and give us a painful shock; but as they strike against this cushion instead, we are protected.

The head, at the top of the column, is really a bony box, composed of seven different pieces which are dovetailed tightly together. Its Latin name is *cranium*. There is the best of reasons why this box should be strong and unyielding, since it contains the brain, which is the most important piece of machinery we own. It cannot be seriously jarred or struck without danger to our lives, and therefore it is safely boxed in.

The tiny bones that support the face (the nose and cheeks and eye-sockets), as you know, are outside of this bony box.

The second compartment is a bony cage. We commonly call it the chest, but its Greek name is *thorax* which means a coat of mail. It is made of ribs, which are narrow, flat bones, something like slats. There are twelve pairs of these slats. They are all fastened tightly behind to the backbone, and the upper ones are also attached in front to the breastbone. The lowest ribs, however, are not fastened in front, but float without a mooring at about the level of the waist. So that, while you cannot compress the upper part of the chest, it is possible to squeeze in the lower part of the waist. This cage has been made strong and roomy because it lodges our next most important machinery, the heart and lungs. A few ignorant people, who neither know the structure of the body nor how necessary space is in order that this machinery may work well, fancy that they make themselves more beautiful by squeezing their waists into tight clothing, just as the Chinese fancy their poor feet are handsome when they are forced into short shoes.

No one can help pitying these sufferers. The third compartment is called the pelvis, which means basin; so named because it was supposed to resemble an ancient basin in shape. It is formed by two flaring bones, which we call the hip bones. They support the spinal column behind, and rest upon the thigh (or upper leg) bones in front. They contain some of the abdominal organs.

The bones of the arm and leg are attached to this central portion of the skeleton by means of joints, of which we shall presently speak.

The upper arm is formed of one long bone called the humerus, while the lower arm has two smaller bones called the radius and the ulna. These, fitting into the humerus and into one another, form the elbow joint. Then comes the wrist, with its eight small, compact little bones, something like jackstones, whose sides fit into and roll upon one another, making the wrist both strong and flexible. It is by means of these jointed bones that you can give a twist to your ball, or twirl an Indian club.

The hand, with its nineteen bones (five in the hand, three in each finger, and two in the thumb), is a wonderful little piece of machinery. All of these nineteen little bones are hinged together, so that by the aid of our muscles we have a quick, graceful, skillful machine, always at our bidding, which can be taught to do the finest work with a pen or a needle, can catch a ball, or wield a club, or play the piano, all equally well.

If you think a moment, you will see how much the arm and the leg resemble one another. The longest bone in the body is the thigh (or upper leg) bone. It is called the femur, and it is very much like a boy's shinny-stick. This bone answers to the long bone in the upper arm; then comes the knee joint, which answers to the elbow; then the two bones of the leg, which remind you of the two in the lower arm.

The ankle has seven bones, instead of eight as in the wrist, and the foot nineteen, like the hand, and arranged in the same order. The fingers, of course, are more pliable than the toes, as well as longer, but the toes have been used for painting and playing the piano by people who have lost the use of their arms and hands.

The hinges and joints on which all of these bones move are wonderfully fine. Children have a toy they call cup and ball, which is made on the same principle as the joints of our arms and legs. For instance, the upper end of the humerus is rounded and smooth like a ball, and the shoulder offers it a socket or cup into which it fits and can roll, and this ball-and-socket joint makes it possible for you to move your arm in a circle, as well as in other directions. The hip joint is another ball and-socket joint. The thigh bone has a finely rounded extremity like a ball, and the hip a deep, smooth socket to receive it. Surgeons consider the hip joint one of the finest in the body.

The knee is a hinge joint, moving mainly in one direction, like the hinge of a door, and the joints of the fingers are the same kind.

Tiny sacs of fluid line these joints and serve to keep them moistened, so that in health they move as easily as well oiled machinery.

Children's bones are quite soft, as they contain more gelatine and less lime salts than those of adults, and so are easily bent out of shape if they are kept in bad positions. Then, as these bones grow older and harder, they are apt to preserve those bad shapes, so that a child may become almost deformed from constant habits of stooping or other faulty positions which it takes.

In aged persons, on the contrary, the gelatine and like substances have disappeared from the bones, leaving the lime salts in abundance, so that their bones are very brittle and break easily from slight injuries.

These beautiful joints and hard bones would be useless, however, without some means of moving them. We move them by muscles. Muscle is the flesh of the body. It is arranged all around the bones, not in one solid sheet, but cut up into long and short, stout and thin pieces, and fastened from one bone to another.

Some of these muscles pull up the arms and legs, others draw them down; some move our fingers over the pianoforte, while still others bend the head, and so on. There are tiny, delicate muscles, less than an inch long, that pull up the wings of your nose or the covers of your mouth, and there are broad bands of muscle, over three quarters of a yard long, that we use in moving our legs.

Then there is a little extra padding in the walls of our house, which keeps it warm, and makes it generally more comfortable. This padding is the fat—quite another thing from muscle, which is flesh. You can discover the difference by examining a chicken's leg in the kitchen. Fat fills in the odd corners, and makes the round cheeks and arms that we like to see in children.

IN ODD MINUTES.

By Anna E. Breath.

THERE are apt to be some odds and ends of time, even in the lives filled with school and lessons skating and sledding, and all the other cheery cold-weather happenings, and when we find one of these margins on some rainy afternoon or long evening, the cry comes, What shall we do to make the most of it?

Let me suggest to you to call in the other girls and boys, and see if a bubble range won't be a sufficient trial of skill and patience to prove amusing.

You will need a board—a good long board; two or three leaves from the extension table placed lengthwise might answer; but, whichever you use, it must be smooth and level, and raised so that it will be about the height of the blowing apparatus of the little folks—the wee ones can stand on the bench, and it will not hurt the longer backs to bend a little.

Cover the range with a piece of flannel, or hang over it an old blanket or long shawl; then, about six inches from the end, insert two pegs, one on each edge of the board.

It seems unnecessary nowadays to tell anybody how to blow bubbles: all you want is a clay pipe and a bowl of strong soapsuds. Glycerine adds to the beautiful prismatic glimmer of the airy, fairy balls; but, alas! it also detracts from the color of whatever it touches, and is apt to leave its mark on clothing or woolen goods wherever the bubbles "dissolve and disappear." Now blow your bubble and toss it out on the board, at the same time puffing it gently and skillfully along the flannel surface. To be completely successful one must coax one's bubble to bound or roll between the pegs; it is not an easy thing to do, and on this account all the more interesting and exciting. Each player must have the same number of trials, and every time the bubble glides or bounces between the pegs it should count him one. The game may be simple or otherwise, and will be all the more exciting if some little cheap trinket is offered as a prize to the winner. Such an attraction might be added if the range were used as a feature at a children's party.

Another variation of this old-time amusement is the use of rackets wherewith to bound the balls. They are about the size of an ordinary tennis racket, and serve their purpose right well. Any little girl with skillful fingers can make one. Ask the tinman for a piece of wire about as heavy as that used for binding the edge of a two-quart pail. It needs to be about fifty inches long, the two ends about twelve inches in length caught together tightly with solder, and the middle bent into an oval, or square or triangle if more convenient. Take cheap flannel and cut out two pieces the size of the hoop or oval, sewing them neatly around the wire edge. Finish it, if you like a fancy touch, with a coarse buttonholing of worsted of a color contrasting well with the flannel. The handle can be closely wound with the worsted; it looks pretty, and is pleasanter than the wire to grasp. With one of these rackets a bubble can be bounded many times like a ball, and can actually be "scooped up" from the floor by a careful touch.

Wide-awake brains and active hands will soon devise many little ways of using them to advantage, adding variety to an old sport.

Bean-bags, those faithful old friends of our childhood, can likewise be made a little more exciting by tossing them at some definite point. An aim is good under any circumstances, be it in bean-bags or a life work. Mark off squares on a piece of muslin or on a great sheet of brown wrapping paper, and hang it up on a wall or fence. Then batter away with your missiles, counting each throw according to the number which it hits. Try how large a count you can make in a given number of minutes; it will work better than just tossing the bags aimlessly, particularly if you are alone and practicing for exercise.

One more suggestion!

Perhaps everybody hasn't heard of retailing the donkey. It is old, but it makes fun, and it raises a hearty laugh, which is good for everybody, and a better piece of work than is accomplished by many a one claiming to be wiser than a donkey. As in most recipes, we begin this with, "First, catch your donkey." No lasso, rein, or whip is needed. Let some one clever with a pencil sketch in crayon on heavy paper a donkey about as big as a mastiff dog. His anatomy need not be perfect, so don't fear criticism; but make him as nearly like the real article as possible with the single exception that he is to have no tail. From this outline you can cut him in cloth and baste him on a sheet, or you can simply make him on the spur of the moment, cut him out from the paper, and hang him on the wall. Now for the tails. Cut strips of cloth or paper—whichever you have used for the body—and give one, with a pin, to each person who proposes to play. Then blindfold the victim, turn him around, and watch while he tries to pin the tail on the donkey in the right place; it will quite as likely adorn his ear or dangle from a hoof. As each player takes his turn the poor beast seems to illustrate a new order of quadruped, one to be supremely happy in fly-time. This sort of nonsense causes a great deal of merriment among the little folks, and even children of a larger growth enjoy the sport.

OVERGROWN SPIDERS.

A GREAT many plants, animals, and insects which are familiar within our more temperate climate attain much larger size in the hot, tropical regions of the globe, and none, perhaps, are more remarkable in this respect than the different classes of spiders.

You have been told of the huge, black, hairy-legged tarantula, with his great staring, bead-like eyes, and long, cruel forceps or nippers, who lurks in dark corners and stows himself in the toes of your boots and other unexpected places; but, as a general rule, he can be avoided, and the web he spins interferes but little with any one. But there are other spiders, equally large and formidable, that spread their nets across roads and paths, much to the occasional discomfort of unwary horsemen or short-sighted folk on foot.

Up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a fellow of this kind that spins a web like bright yellow silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet long; and riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining round your face like a lace veil; while as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you do forget yourself, and try to catch him, bite he will, and, though not venomous, as his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim.

Often have I sat and watched the yellow or scarlet monster, measuring—when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out—fully six inches, striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive. He unusually throws the coils about the head, till the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked.

In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across almost perfect skeletons of small birds, caught in these terrible snares, the strong folds of which prevent the delicate bones from falling to the ground after the wind and weather have dispersed the flesh and feathers.—[Little Folks.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.[1]

By Lyman Abbott.

THE notion that the story of the Transfiguration is the story of a dream may be dismissed without much argument at the outset. If it was dreamed by one of these witnesses, and afterward narrated by him, it is hardly credible that the narrative would have been received against the testimony of the other two. And a concurrent dream is as much out of the order of nature as a supernatural visitation. Like some other hypotheses that assume the honorable title of "rational,' this one is peculiarly contrary to reason.

If, however, we accept what is certainly a common view of the spirit world, I know not how this episode can be interpreted at all; it can only be regarded as an event wholly miraculous, equally out of the order of nature and of the supernatural. That common view of the spirit world is nebulous at best, but it may be briefly stated thus: Death is a sleep; at death the soul goes into a semi-conscious condition, and lives in some far-off lotus land of dreams; the body waits in the grave the summons of the last trump; in a thousand years or a thousand centuries, whenever time shall have finished its cycle and the end shall have come, the body will rise from its resting-place and become that soul's future habitation; the scattered portions of human bodies taken up by grass and grain and incorporated in infinite forms of vegetable and animal life will be brought together by the command of God—for nothing is too difficult for the Almighty—and then the long-broken current of life will begin again.

"These ashes, too, this little dust,
A Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep."

On this notion of death and resurrection we must imagine that Moses and Elijah were especially called from their long sleep in death for this special interview; what became of them after their premature resurrection, whether they waited in loneliness for their companions or whether they went back to their long sleep, I shall leave those to guess who adopt an hypothesis so crowded with difficulties—rational, interpretative, and moral—as this heart-breaking and wholly unscriptural hypothesis seems to me to be.

As I read the New Testament, there is to the believer no break in the continuity of life; no "long and dreary sleep;" no waiting for a future and far-off resurrection; no "happy land, far, far away;" no further use for this lame, blind, deaf, ailing, sick body after it is laid away in the grave; no conceivable use in preserving it by embalming, or stone sarcophagus, or iron casket, or closed tomb. It is the soldier's tent: his campaign is over; he is at home; and the sooner it is made over into some new and valuable thing the better. It is the emigrant's wagon: he has reached his destination; the wagon has served its purpose, but its journeys have come to an end; knock it to pieces and turn its material to good account. Of the resurrection of this body, corrupt, decaying, evanescent, the Bible gives no hint; on the contrary, repudiates it in strongest terms. When the death-angel appears to the disciples, saying, Follow me, the chains fall off from the long-fettered soul; he carries not a link of them away to encumber his future freedom. Whether Swedenborg's fancy of a spiritual body be true I know not. Having no faith in him as a prophet, his revelations seem to be but the imaginings of a fine and poetic soul. But, true or false, the resurrection is accomplished when life is ended, and the soul and the breath leave the body forever at the same moment. Thank God it is so. Thank God my mind is not to be forever fettered by the conditions imposed upon it by an easily wearied brain, nor my heart checked in its aspirations by a body gross and sensual and earthy.

As little authority is there for the notion of the happy land "far, far away." The Bible never so represents it. The heavenly Jerusalem is a holy city *let down to the earth*. Heaven is at hand. If it has geographical limits of any sort, earth is not beyond them. What powers of soul-flight to the other and far-off worlds the soul may possess, who can tell? What explorations it may make into secrets of the universe into which telescope and spectroscope pry in vain, who dare guess? The stars may be other continents whither the emancipated wander, as here we travel through foreign countries, carrying our bodies like heavy and cumbersome baggage. But whatever other lands may be opened to the winged spirits, the earth is not closed to them Whatever other companionship may be theirs, the companionship of earth is not denied them. They are all ministering spirits; we live and walk in the midst of them. If our ears were adjusted to such delicate music, we might hear their songs; if our eyes were not so gross and sensuous, we might perceive their now invisible forms. When the prophet touched the eyes of the young man, and he looked up, he saw the horizon full of the horses and chariots of the Lord encamped around Elisha; they were not then summoned from a far-off land for his protection. When Elisha recalled the wandering spirit of the boy to the dead body, it had not far to travel to return to its earthly tent. When Christ called with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth,' the spirit was within the hearing and could obey. When Christ hung on the cross, with the dying thief beside him, he was able to say, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." No long interval of weary centuries was to be first wasted in useless sleep. When Paul, imprisoned at Rome, looked forward with longing to the hour of his liberation, it was not that he might find Job's couch, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, but that he might depart and be with Christ, which is far better.[1] That there are passages in the Bible which seem to point to a great and universal resurrection at some far-off period, I frankly concede. But that this is its general teaching I vigorously and earnestly deny. All its teaching is pictorial. It all speaks of that which is to us incomprehensible. Any clear, definite, and accurate conception of the spirit world is impossible. But the picture of a long rest, a soul living unclad or asleep, or waiting in some reception-room of heaven for its habiliments, presents far more difficulties to the reverent student of Scripture than the view which holds that the judgment day has already dawned; that the dead are passing in a continuous procession from earth to God's judgment bar; that death and resurrection are simultaneous: that the separation between earth and heaven is a narrow partition, and death is but the swinging of the door; and that the dead are living, more truly living than we, and living often close at hand, so close that we are surrounded by them as by a cloud of witnesses, so close that the evil spirits breathe into our souls pestiferous imaginations and blasphemous thoughts, so close that we have need to arm ourselves to fight, not merely against flesh and blood, but also against the Prince of the power of the air, against wicked spirits in high places.[2] So close, too, that mothers still keep watch and ward over their children, and the friend still serves by subtle influences as guide and inspiration of his friend. O mother! laying down at last your weary burden, and only too glad to lay it down, but that you cannot bear to be separated from the children whose strength is so small and whose need is so great, who has ever told you that you are to be separated from them? They shall be separated from you; but you shall not be separated from them.

If you ask on what do I base this belief, how do I know that it is but a fancy, I answer, partly on intimations and suggestions of Scripture, partly on the all but universal belief of the world in spirits and spirit communications. Much of this may be superstition; more of it may be fraud; but neither superstitions nor frauds grow without root out of nothing; and the universality of the superstitions and the success of the frauds are themselves illustrations of the reality on which the superstition feeds and which the fraud simulates.

This may seem a long introduction; yet I know not how I could make it shorter. Accepting this conception of the spirit world, as a world all about us, as a world in which we live, as a world from which we are separated only by our own dullness of sense and heaviness of vision, the story of the Transfiguration ceases to be a strange episode, a breaking in upon the order of nature and the supernatural. It will seem rather strange that many a follower of Christ has not known a like experience of communion with the sainted and the risen dead.

Christ was accustomed to retire from the haunts of men, from even the companionship of his own disciples, and spend all night in prayer among the hills of Galilee. Of these secret and sacred communings this story of the Transfiguration gives us our only glimpse. On this occasion he took his three most intimate friends with him, and they saw, and they have recorded for us, the story of his night watchings. We are not to think of his praying as a Jacob-like wrestling with God. The spirit of his only recorded prayers forbids such a conception of his night communings. The Lord's prayer is the language of petition, but also of quiet and calm assurance. His intercessory prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John is a thanksgiving, but the thanksgiving of one to whom intimacy with the Father is no rare experience, but a perpetual joy. Even the agony in Gethsemane, so far as the very brief account gives us any true knowledge of it, was a wrestling with his own bodily nature, not a wrestling with God, and his prayer was ever the same in its triumphant refrain, "Thy will, not mine, be done." These nights of prayer were nights of communion; nights in which the obscurity of sense was cleared away, and the half-enfranchised soul saw and communed with the souls that were wholly freed from the dimness and the darkness of the flesh, and most of all with the Father, whom no eye of flesh ever has seen or ever can see. And on the one occasion when his three friends were permitted to share his place of prayer with them, they caught also the inspiration of his spirit, and beheld two of the cloud of witnesses that were watching over them, that are ever watching over us.

If, however, this incident, thus interpreted, affords us a new sense of the reality and the presence of the spirit world, it also guards us against going out of the activities of an earthly existence to indulge in revories and dreams concerning the invisible. Their presence may well serve as an inspiration; their ministry may be real and helpful; but we may not turn aside from present duty for converse with them. If ever any of us are inclined to listen to the voices of the voiceless dead, the one voice that speaks to us out of the cloud, and the *only* voice, is, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye *him*." If we are ever inclined to turn our longing eyes toward this impalpable world and seek for some materialized form of the invisible dead, we may well remember that the glimpse of the law-giver and the prophet was but a glimpse, and that when the disciples' eyes were open they saw no one save *Jesus only*. If we are inclined to abide on the mount of vision and substitute spiritual ecstasy for practical duty, we shall do well to recall the throng that waited at the foot of the Mount for Jesus's return, bringing power of healing for the poor demoniac boy, and to remember that the poor we have always with us, and that the hours of inspiration are meant only to equip us with a larger sympathy, a broader human love, and a profounder curative and healing faith as a preparation for the work of casting the devil out of those that abide in the valley.

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for February , 1886.—Matt. xvii., 1-13.

[1] 2 Kings vi., 17; iv., 34, 35; John xi, 43, 44; Luke xxiii., 43; Phil. i, 23.

[2] Ephes. vi., 12.

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

IT was a cold, wet morning in February. Two ladies, a mother and daughter, sat at breakfast in a dining-room having windows that overlooked the road for some distance. Suddenly the younger of the two women said, "Mother, there is a man and woman coming down the road. I really believe they are tramps," and she hurried to see if the outside doors were fastened, for they were alone in the big house, except for an old grandmother and aunt. As the man and woman came nearer, it was discovered a little boy of about four years was walking between them. They entered the drive and came round the house, and then it was seen that the little boy was walking lame, and that big tears were rolling down his cheeks, though he made no noise. The tramp family were given hot coffee and a good breakfast, and from a window that overlooked the porch it was seen that the little boy tried but could not eat, bending every minute to lay his hand on his feet. The door was opened and the little boy invited into the kitchen; he refused to come without his mother. Both were soon before the fire, and then the cause of the little boy's tears brought tears to the eyes of four women. His shoes were soaking wet, and fully two sizes too small; instead of stockings, narrow strips of black alpaca were wrapped about his feet, which were swollen and purple. As the shoes were taken from his feet a sharp, quick cry of pain came from the child's purple lips. He had walked over two miles through the wet and snow that morning. Poor baby! He gave little moans as his feet were gently rubbed, saying in tones of pity, "My poor foots!"

Suddenly there broke through the room the song of a canary. The tiny boy sprang from his mother's lap, and, clasping his hands in front of him, his whole appearance one of delight and intense enjoyment, entirely forgetful of the tiny purple feet, he tottered—for he could not walk—to the door into the dining-room, saying, in tones ringing with joy, "A bird! a bird that sings!' His feet were so sore he could not stand, but sank on to a rug, and, with face transfigured by his intense pleasure, gazed at the bird. He could not be persuaded to go back to the kitchen; so he was bundled up in the corner of the sofa, where he could watch the bird whose song had made him forget his pain.

Can you not imagine the change in that little boy from suffering so great as to make him forget hunger to joy so great as to make him forget even that pain? He was transfigured or transformed by his emotions. It was the same little boy, but how different! You see a boy or girl puzzling over a sum. They cannot find the right answer. The teacher comes behind them, points out the mistake; instantly a light shines in the puzzled face that transforms it.

A child is lost in a crowd. What a terrified, anxious face looks into the faces of the strangers about! Suddenly the loved one is seen in the crowd, and the child's face is transformed. The same child, but how different!

A boy is taken from the street to a home where cleanliness, order, plenty, kindliness, love, rule. When he is brought there he is awkward, sly, daring in appearance, does not regard truth, has no idea of giving and receiving love. A year afterward he meets you eye to eye; his "yes" or "no" has the ring of truth; he knows what it is to be and to have a friend; above all, he has learned of his Elder Brother. The same boy, but transformed; a new spirit shines through his face!

Do you not know something of this transforming power?

You are tempted to copy a lesson from a companion; you think you will do it; but there comes to you an inward friend holding you back from that sin; you struggle, and your best self conquers: do you not feel the transforming power? You have done a thing you know to be wrong, or a thing you have been forbidden to do. No one knows it but yourself. You carry the knowledge for weeks; it weighs you down; nothing seems just the same to you. Finally you confess your sin to God and feel his forgiveness, acknowledge what you have done to your father and mother: do you not know the change that comes when you have conquered evil? The transforming power is wrought by God's love and forgiveness. Every act of love, every self-sacrifice, every reaching after better things, is part of that transforming power that brings a likeness of the Son of God into our hearts, and will finally shine through so that when in our company men will say, "It is good for us to be here."

Christ went into the mountain to pray, and the inward glory of his love and self-sacrifice glowed through his whole being. Moses, the leader of the children of Israel, who had given up place and power to lead his own people in the way God wanted them to go; Elijah, the man of God, who feared not kings when it was time to declare the word of God, came from heaven to talk, to minister, to Jesus in this his glad hour. The voice of the Father like a benediction comes: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." A command that comes to us if we would grow transfigured into his likeness, so that men when they looked in our faces would say in their hearts, "This is a child of God."

THE PRIDE OF JESUS.[1]

By the Rev. C. H. Oliphant.

"Now Jesus stood before the governor, and the governor asked him saying, Art thou the king of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest. And when he was accused by the chief priests and elders he answered nothing. Then saith Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he gave him no answer, not even to one word, insomuch that the governor marveled greatly."—Matt. xxvii., 11-15.

THERE had been nothing to marvel at if Pilate had been in sympathy with Jesus and known something of that regard in which he held himself. What could he say to the villainous hypocrisy of those accusations? That they were false and his accusers hypocrites? Every defendant is supposed to mean as much as that by the very fact that he is a defendant. But where was the corroboration? His friends had all forsaken him It was too late now to explain the spirit in which he had taught among the people. Whoever was disposed to weigh evidence had already opportunity to do so.

There are times when repetition weakens the truth. This was one of those times. There are occasions when further protestations of innocence impair one's self-respect; when any protestation of innocence, in fact, places a great spirit in a false attitude. What would the establishment of Jesus's innocence have amounted to in his own regard? Was his a soul that would accept a verdict of "inoffensive"? On the contrary, he had been bent and still was bent on something so much beyond the mere preservation or the proof of innocence that it had been almost an affront to him to say that he had done no one any harm. He meant to do harm; for that cause came he into the world—that he might bruise the serpent's head. And now was he to endeavor to wrest from the serpent an acquittal? Rather said he, "If I have done evil, bear witness of the evil." I am that I am. I make no apologies for doing right. Mighty is the strength which comes to a man when he can realize the secret of Jesus's conduct on this occasion; when it is given him to see that the greate triumph of a soul and of a cause is often accomplished in the seeming triumph of its foes. The marveling of the Roman deputy was at the willingness of Jesus to suffer the grave consequences of his apparent contempt of court, which was really contempt of cant. There was mixed with this wonder, I think, some appreciation of a singular majesty of character. Here was a voluntary helplessness which mounted to heroism, yet his sacrifice on this occasion did not consist in choosing to be weak, but in choosing to be strong. That was a time when it would have been weak to accept help. There is something in all of us, I hope, which responds to this attitude of the Master, who sought more than immunity from the harm with which his haters threatened him. The truth must have its witness, and that witness must be (like the truth) uncompromising and unchangeable. A suspension of hostilities so far as he was concerned would have done no one any good.

The terms which he proposed were unconditional surrender. With *him* they could do what they pleased. But there was that living within him which was greater than he: the eternal principles of an eternal life; these he would not barter with apologies—he was too proud. The world, like Pilate of old, wonders greatly that some people do not get over their pride. *Some* people cannot get over their pride, and God forbid that they ever should! Pride of a certain kind evinces a kinship with the Divine himself. Let us, however, be very careful that we do not mistake the kind.

There are many attributes of Christian character for which there were, at the time the records of Christianity were written, no words. One of these was Christian love. The Apostles had to coin a word to express it. Certain kinds of love they knew in ancient times, but not Christian love. Christian faith has also no single word to express its essential meaning—not "belief," not "trust," not "content," but all these combined, and more. For pride, likewise, as it enters into Christian character, the Scriptures offer us no descriptive word. Everywhere in Old and New Testaments the word is used in a bad sense. Its equivalents are "haughtiness," "boasting," "vanity," "self-conceit." Succeeding centuries, however, have made the word cover another characteristic of Christian character, bearing only superficial resemblance to these baser attributes. Yet, as the heavens are high above the earth, so high is Christian pride above the vanity and vainglory which masquerade in its holy attire. Verbal definition is of little use when we have the thing defined so clearly in view as it is in the scene before us. Jesus on this occasion exhibits what we may call pride. No character is strong without it. Yet nothing is oftener misjudged, nothing seems more marvelous to a certain class of persons, than this self-same thing.

The afflicted says, I cannot bear to be commiserated. Why can you not bear to be commiserated? Because, he replies, I am not miserable, and thus there is no call for commiseration. Not miserable, with all your afflictions? Even so, not miserable. And the patronizing friend marvels greatly. He cannot take that in: his soul having no capacity for such a conception of things. Nevertheless it is all true; there is no cant about it. What is misery? Is it inflicted from without or from within? Misery is the sting of self-inflicted harm. It is true some are too vain to like sympathy for that; but it is pride, not vanity, which leads one to dislike commiseration for a harm which he has involuntarily and innocently suffered. If we would help a true soul, we have to think of something deeper than pity and commiseration; these suppose a certain weakness and inferiority, which such a nature resents. Misfortune cannot make one weak or inferior; commiseration cannot make him strong. To help aperson by the exercise of any of these tender virtues which often flow so ineffectually, we must consider what his aim is, what he desires to have done, and lend a hand. Pride will keep no one from accepting such aid, we may be sure. What did Christ want on this occasion? Witnesses to testify that his accusers were liars? that he meant them no harm? Advocates to plead for his release from punishments, as advocates sometimes do, by whatever arguments promise for the time to avail? No. He wanted some man to stand up like a Hebrew prophet, and tell Pilate that Jesus was right and his accusers wrong, and that they deserved to be scored and scarred who resisted his purpose. What did Jesus want on that sad, memorable day but some one besides himself to witness to the truth? It was truth he cared more about—ten-thousand-fold—than himself. He who would have helped Jesus must have helped his cause. What was it but insult added to injury for Pilate to say to the crowd, "Will ye then that I release unto you the king of the Jews?" Pusillanimous potentate! What had it availed Christ if the Jews had yielded to this cowardly proposition? If an acquittal would have been disdained, what shall be said of a release without so much as the form of acquittal? Jesus would have been back before Pilate within twenty-four hours. There was but one way in which the governor could render any service to this wonderful person who stood before him. That was to help on the triumph of the truth he loved, and for which, in default of such aid, he was about to die.

He was not too proud to accept such help; but as for answering accusations, which might be true or false, to a judge quite indifferent to the interests he had at heart, he would not do it by so much as a word. He had rather endure the indignities unmeasured which were to follow. Let us trace the history a step further. Some time having to elapse before the cruel consummation of the cross, he is surrendered to the sport of a garrison of soldiers, quartered in the city by the Roman government for the execution of such business as was to follow. They are not particular how they treat him, so that they are for a moment diverted from the tedium of barracks life. The whole company is ordered out. They take him inside the building. Jesus of Nazareth is cloistered with a Roman military company. He is to them a felon condemned. All the immoralities of camp and barracks were stamped upon their countenances. Brawny arms they had; fine physique; faces that had borne many a blow; of great repute for fortitude, their fidelity to superior officers and severity of training made them terrible animals. How many of them?—forty, fifty, sixty? They were in their element—there was to be a crucifixion. They will see what stuff the victim is made of. He, a man of weak frame, stands among them, with what emotions only God and his own breast can ever know. In what a physical minority he stands there—a weak frame, as we know, a hopeless sufferer so far as earthly help went! What a contrast! Yet in the city of Boston to-day are those who would go to witness, at a dollar a head, the girdling of a bull-dog with diamonds; the apotheosis of a brute who stands convicted of nearly every crime against God and man; who, when he is not drunk, is beating his wife, or for money knocking other men insensible with his fists. It has been reserved for us to suffer the humiliation of realizing that the governor of Boston is about that indifferent judge of moral questions that the governor of Judea was on a time. And it is for us to realize that very much the same love of brutality has persisted to this hour as was exhibited by this band of soldiers as they teased almost to death with their inhumanities the Son of man. Physical endurance and physical suffering applauded by four thousand, and a few scores to drop a tear or place a fern upon the bier of Alpheus Hardy! Such are the equations struck between the spiritual and the animal by this present evil world. Ten hundred dollars for a city missionary at the North End, and ten thousand dollars for a right-fielder at the South End! Is it any wonder that those unevangelized minions of a coward Pilate eighteen hundred years ago stripped this man Jesus of his raiment and put on him the purple of mock royalty—in his hand a reed for scepter, and on his brow a wreath of prickles? Is it so wondrous strange a thing that they should have smitten his face with switches and spat upon him and bowed before him with jeers and guffaws, before they took off the purple (the time being spent) and replaced his own clothing for the execution, and then, drawing down their faces, marched to Calvary with exhibition step and decorum? Are these things so wonderful in them, and is it an occasion of no remark that upon a brute is conferred the corporate recognition of a Christian community of four hundred thousand souls?

Such things, however, did our Master bear. The record does not give us light upon his demeanor in face of these brutal buffetings. But of one thing we may be sure—that no human being ever went through the like, nor did his pride fail him even then. They crucify him. He hears the jests renewed. That most stinging of them all: "He saved others, himself he cannot save." Why did he not retort to that taunt? He was too proud. His hour had come, his day was done. It was for him now to suffer, and suffer he did as I shall not endeavor to describe.

It seems to me evident, from a perusal of this story, that a certain kind of help would have been available to Jesus had he made that vigorous protest against the proceedings before Pilate which we should expect from an ordinary suspect at the bar of justice. What might not have been accomplished, for example, in the case of one so weak and vacillating as the governor, by a caustic arraignment of his accusers, such as Jesus had shown himself capable of administering? If Pilate was almost persuaded without any defense, would not Jesus have been able to persuade him altogether by confirming his suspicions of the hypocrisy of the chief priests? This method Jesus scorned to employ. It was not of the spirit he was of. Nay! there was one way, and only one, in which help could come to him and be accepted. All sympathy, all commiseration, all pity, all wonder and admiration, were unavailing; all were excluded. By what law? Not by the law of vainglory, but by the law of pride, which was a fundamental law of his manly nature. This pride would allow him to accept but one species of help, and that was participation in his own eternal purpose and interest and aim, the forgetting of himself as an object of compassion, and the setting forward, by howsoever slight an impulse, the objects he had in view. Who does not find in this attitude of Jesus the manliest of his manlinesses? Who that has lived on the planet Earth does not share in some faint way this profound experience of soul-hunger and heart-thirst? And what instruction there is in it for all! Such pride is essential to real manhood. When you see it, do not wish it was not there for your own sake, much less for his sake or hers who has it. It is a royal possession,

[1] Preached in the First Congregational Church, Methuen, Mass., August 14, 1887.

When some famished soul asks bread, do not offer a stone. And, oh! though the stone might be made bread if the person receiving it would only give over pride, imitate not the devil by commanding your beneficiary to make the transformation. In the appalling moments of a recent railroad disaster, it is said, a woman, pinned by a timber, cried to a passer-by for God's sake to help her. If the incredible story is true, the man turned, took her watch and breast-pin, and went his way. But not less base, not less unsympathetic, is he who demands of an unfortunate soul, hemmed in and crushed by misfortune, that, as the price of help, that person relinquish that most precious jewel of the heart—a true pride. Tens of thousands will die before they will do that. And I would not have the number less. I think the kind of pride meant is sufficiently clear. If we need help them, then, it must be by seeking what they seek, by lending a hand to the accomplishment of their object in life, which in such cases will be found to be, like the Master's, an unselfish one.

Great spirits and true in their extremity have not sought for pity; they have not been consoled by expressions of wonder at their fortitude or courage or sacrifice. Believe it, that treatment often has added burden to the already overburdened hero or martyr. What cared John Brown at Harper's Ferry for the pity of the North? He would have died thrice for the evidence that the North would be more concerned in the emancipation of the slave! Wise or unwise in his methods, he was a philanthropist and martyr; and there was but one way to help him. Commiserate him? He was not yet miserable. They told him on the way to the scaffold that he was a game man. He replied that he was "thankful that he was permitted to die for a *cause* and not merely to pay the debt of nature, as all must." I have known a mother to be counseled by well-meaning friends to give up her fatherless children that she might the better care for herself, and I have known that mother's heart to bleed silently at the cruel, stony comfort that some coarse nature thought to offer with such advice. I have known ministers of the Gospel to hear with almost uncontrollable indignation the compassionate condolence of maudlin sympathizers with their hard lot, their trying place in the community, the unpromising character of the material or prospects of their work. Oh, what mockery of friendship! What does a true man care for this chaff? There is but one way that he can be sympathized with, but one way of helping him: espouse the cause that he has espoused; help on his work; commiserate him not, for he is not miserable who is following in the steps of his Master; nor ridicule his awkward squad, but fall in, and march, and fight!

Hearest thou not, said Pilate, how many things they witness against thee? "And he gave him no answer, not even to one word."

Would you not like to have been in Pilate's place, my hearer? How often we hear it said, and always know it must be thought, by the majority of us that if we had been on the judgment seat that day the issue would have been different! How would it have differed if you, my friend, had been the judge? You would have acquitted Jesus, would you? Jesus would not have thanked you for doing so. He would hardly have *thanked* you for that. He did not come to earth to be acquitted, but to bring in the kingdom of God; he did not begin to say, "Repent and believe the Gospel," for the sake of establishing his own innocence, but for the sake of doing the will of God. Had you been there to judge him guiltless, he would still have gone away sorrowful. He spurned such maudlin offices; he was in little need of pity or physical relief. There was but one way in which you could have helped him and made him glad. And that way was by taking up with the truth and bearing its witness, and telling the world that it is true, and that he was true, and that he loved the world, and came to save it. But it is not necessary to have lived 1 800 years ago to render that service to your Master. He is as eager for such help to-day as he was in the pretorium, though not as much in need of that other and baser help which is all we are apt to think of when we dream of sitting in the seat of the Roman governor. Would you have helped Jesus then? You can help him now. But he is crucified? Ah, very little did he care for that! But he is beyond the need of help, seated now in the upper glory? Not so; better than life and glory to him is the love of souls below; dearer than self-deliverance to him is the deliverance of those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. How differs that man to-day, therefore, who leaves his Master alone in the travail of his soul from him who merely pitied him as a righteous man in Jerusalem? Such pity Pilate himself felt as he washed his hands in the sight of the Jews and retired within his apartments, leaving his victim in the forefront of the final cruel struggle.

You may declare Jesus innocent to-day. You may even declare him a Martyr or a God; that will be but little to him. There is one way in which you can help him; that is by setting forward in some degree the work he loved and to which he consecrated himself. It is in the light of this tremendous lesson that we discern the meaning of that sweet *post-mortem* episode upon the shores of the lake. The mercurial Peter was before his Master for the last time. The memory of recent perfidy embittered his soul. He hardly dared look Jesus in the face, except that he believed inwardly he could never repeat the offense; and Jesus, ever merciful, solemnly asks the disciple, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Three times the question is repeated, and three times the answer comes—"Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." But most significant of all, three times is given back to the bewildered ear of the disciple the command, "Feed my sheep." Let us not marvel. The man who endeavors to please Christ in any other way, who thinks that Master is content with mere personal sympathy or pitiful sentiment, knows not yet the secret of his life; knows not what Christian pride is, knows not, after all, how to act differently from the cowards and groundlings whose service consisted then, and consists now, in mere washing of hands, or in weeping bitterly.

LONDON'S MISSION TO POOR CHILDREN.

By Mary Harrison.

THAT kindly guest whom the disciples at Emmaus bade come in and abide with them could scarcely have felt so honored and glad by their invitation as by the "Be present at our table, Lord," sung by voices of little children, made feeble and husky by habitual hunger, standing around Mr. Mearns's free breakfast-table, their hands grasping their bowls of milk and bread, waiting to lift them till He had been asked to come in. The sound touched Him, and took loving virtue out of Him. To our own tables He comes, with their light and warmth and abundance, but to a table spread for children weary with want He comes with haste; at meals where their hunger is fed, He feasts.

Some years ago Mr. Mearns placed before England a picture of the destitute poor of its capital, before which, as they read, strong men dropped their papers from their hands and sank back in their seats in their railway carriages and their easy chairs, put their handkerchiefs to their eyes to wipe tears away or to cover their faces, ashamed of their own comforts, and made afraid of the just judgment of God. If Mr. Mearns would but help to remedy, thankfully would they share in the expense. "It must not last," they said, while the thrill was upon them, with trembling mouth, "with the little children at least." And they put money into Mr. Mearns's hands, and told him to come to them again.

Happy would they all have been could they have slipped from their own comfortable firesides and have gone to the door of the rooms where his poor child's table has been so freely spread, to have kept watch there through these following years. Responsive to their call, here they come: a bright-faced little girl of eight, in a boy's coat reaching down to her heels; a boy of four, with his bare white shoulders peeping through his torn jacket; a big boy and his sister, both with wretched coughs, little but tidy, and clean rags over skin and bone; two merry, round-faced boys, almost babies, with a demure sister of eight or nine, their only guardian and friend—mother dead, father on the tramp—her pale, kind face so full of care; three peaceful sisters, of such smooth, tidy hair and orderly deportment as to speak affectingly of better days, casting lost-looking glances, timidly hiding among the rest; a gaunt lad of fourteen, with low brow and brimless hat, his hands in his pockets, with an abscess on his neck, who has brought a basin in a handkerchief to be allowed to take part of the breakfast home to his mother; two pale and sick little girls looking like sisters, but "only friends," as they say, in nothing but frocks, stockingless, shoeless, too lifeless to be miserable; a bright, slender boy of eight, with a tired little girl of four, lame of teething fits, in his arms, clinging round his neck; two boys and a girl who seem to have slept on a door-step or in a dust-bin, yet with merry contentment in their eyes. Many of the crowd have the appearance of comforts mixed with their distress. Signs of extreme poverty are relieved by a warm shawl, a comfortable gown, a flannel petticoat, a pair of decent boots, trousers that "fit too much," or a cricket cap, all which have clearly done service in some well-off home; and many of the faces seem delighted. Others have quiet confidence, for they have got a ticket to the breakfast; others are anxious, they have none. There is a little buzz—even a little mirth, for not even long hunger can ever wholly drive mirth away from the hearts of children; but many are painfully still and grave—a cold, dark shadow lies on their hearts and lives.

Where some of the young breakfasters come from is seen in an account of a night's search in the known haunts of the homeless:

"In another recess was a boy of fifteen, fast asleep, with a placid expression of countenance, fairly well clothed, with little but the granite bed to indicate that he was not 'a happy boy.' Shall we wake him? Yes, What? So sound asleep? An additional shake or two, the eyes opened, and the expression of calm which the peaceful dream had imprinted on the face gave place to fear, and the startled boy looked up with pitiful entreaty, but uttered not a word. 'Will you come to breakfast with me this morning?' One hand readily accepted the card of invitation, while the other dashed away the unbidden tear which unexpected kindness had drawn forth. He was an orphan."

Where else do they come from? They come from a delicate widow's one room; an out-of-work carpenter's two attics; a damp cellar; a lodging-house; a "tidy front parlor;" from piles of wretched dwellings where sickness and bad trade are enacting scenes as sad as the scenes of a siege. Some of them have come from poor-child schools. One little scholar, seen to be faint, betrayed her poverty by eating only one of two thin slices of bread and butter her teacher gave her. She kept one "for her brother." In one poor district as many as seven out of ten were found to have come to school without bite or sup; and in others it was one in four who had the like misery to endure. Here is a sample of such cases:

"I was told," says a schoolmaster, speaking of a newly introduced pupil, "he was too dull to learn. It seemed a hopeless case. The boy could not talk plainly. There was something wrong with the muscles of speech. The mother was dead and the father was a confirmed invalid, sitting at home waiting for death. The boy came to school without breakfasts four mornings out of five, and very often went without dinner as well. Since your free breakfasts have been given, he and his brother have been regular guests; and, although he has no dinner, the substantial bread and milk keeps him going all day. The boy's intellect is developing. I have great hopes, if only we can supply a little food."

We are delighted with picturing to ourselves not only the crowd at the door, but the ceaseless stream, in the winter months, of the small, half-frozen figures which have been stripped of their wet rags and sodden boots before Mr. Mearns's red fire, to be left there to exchange for what makes their little numbed limbs warm for the first time all the winter. Upwards of 180 000 garments, great and small, old and new, have been given away, besides hats and boots and shoes. The Christian store to which his supporters have sent these is his wife's rooms at 277 Cold Harbour Lane, Brixton. To all real women there is woeful magic in the sight of a suffering child. To Mrs. Mearns there is more than that; there is high, ceaseless duty till that suffering be allayed. She has done this one thing, to make little naked limbs warm.

Sad is it to read whence so many of the most decent sufferers have come to their present misery.

Out of one batch of one hundred and twenty-seven families Mr. Mearns relieved, as many as one hundred had come up from the country. It makes one's heart bleed to see the horrid dens for which the children have changed cottages where lanes are green with grassy margins overrun with briers. For a while they do not know what to make of it all, and cry with fright and noise and so many people's feet at night on the stairs. Things become daily worse; father is ill with tramping and wet clothes and hunger, and lies on the bedless floor, and mother cries. They had dreamed of London, where the Queen lived, and now they know all about it. Poor little miserable things! they had never seen it this way before. When will mother get them some bread? It is to such out-of-the-world, wits'-end, famine-stricken lives, often really hiding and dying, that Mr. Mearns goes, to feed them with the Christly bread come down from heaven.

Five out of six might have been seen at some time, dust-covered, depressed, wistful, dragging at mothers' gowns, riding on fathers' shoulders, tramping through Holborn or other main country thoroughfares to London; the wonders of omnibuses failing to attract, the shops only attracting languid glances, they were so weary. They are the children of simple sufferers from bad times in the agricultural world, who believe in the resources of London. Had we the voices of the thunders, daily, hourly would we use them to bid such folks bide in their country homes. It is a cruel national delusion that in such a big place as London, where traffic is never stopped, business is enormous, and wages are good, there *must* be a "scratching for folks;" they come to it to hide away, and starve, and, save when met by such men as Mr. Mearns, to die.

By dint of great interest and personal effort, work has been found for some of them. The "work test" is applied to all adults, and, with a few exceptions, it is gladly accepted. They will go here and there and anywhere for it; and, getting it, timid suppliants for bread stand erect on good wages, and their tired children scamper again and laugh. But many become too feeble and hopeless to care, even if they were able to work. They have come scarcely to care to live. Earth and sky have no more for them; they would like to die. "Why don't they go to the parish?" is asked by many. Why, because some of them are too young to know how to go

to it, and those who could teach them how to set about going do not know where they are, or that they are in need. Shut in a wretched room, away from, forgotten by, the hurrying world, it does not even know they exist, nor do its relieving officers; they perish for lack of somebody's knowing. They must be searched out in their silent cellars and attics. When found they can often only look up to their seeker, turning on their rags in the gloom on the floor—they cannot speak. To care to be led to life again, such souls need more than relieving officers were appointed to give. The hand of a personal, pitying seeking does more than orders for loaves. Especially is it so with the most honorable and deserving and pious poor (of whom there is a small cityful in London). When once found, to such people all that is human follows. Who that sees what the workers in these missions see—in that industrious plasterer, his once saved up "£70 for a rainy day" all gone, having sold his furniture, failing in health, homeless, penniless—could turn away with the rude "Get some work!" or that despairing wood-turner we read of, who, having tramped from Edinburgh to London for work, finds none, tramps his shoes off as a "sandwich" man, and, having at length become too faint for that, has sunk to his last stage, and is helpless, ragged, shoeless, and starving; or the sick wicker-chair-maker who, because of her sickness, behind with her rent, is to be turned out to-morrow; or the baffled carpenter, with his wife and nine sweet children in his scrupulously clean attic, who has sold all that he had: his tools have all gone to keep roof and one morsel of bread apiece for wife and children; or the widow mantle-maker and her child out of employment through sickness, "too weak to care about anything now;" or the bed-ridden, dying sailor, whose clothes, not now likely to be wanted again, have gone to be sold to buy a little coal and tea, whose wife will not share the morsels of food she can now and then earn for him; or the married woman who, with like unselfish devotion, is, to boot, going to the great trial of a birth—could refuse most generous help? What tragedies of love do these brief stories suggest! Not a skinflint in all the world but must have felt his hand going to his pocket by folks like these, and further acquaintance would but confirm the impulse.

Mr. Mearns's records are full of heart-breaking scenes, whose victims he describes as—"willing to work," seeking it "far and near;" "a total abstainer and a non-smoker;" "a truly Christian woman;" "scrupulously clean and tidy;" "most patient and self-sacrificing." The most horrible of his revelations is how often it is failing sight, sickness, and what they leave behind, that sink down families to a homeless destitution. Beautiful is it, too, to find how long and far women's devotion makes their little barrel of meal go. One woman feigned toothache to be excused from sharing the simple egg she had been able to buy for her child and her dying husband. One feels in the stories he tells the highest qualities of saints and martyrs daily practiced in the common round of these hard-driven lives, and one's heart beats again to the poet's cry—

> "O Life, without thy chequered scene
> Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
> Success and failure, could a ground
> For magnanimity be found?"

I do not know whether the terrible want he tells of, or the strangely lovely humanities which are occasionally found in it, are most affecting; both equally move to tears.

These relieved strangers often show the utmost tenderness of heart toward one another. One pale little fellow appeared at the breakfast in tears; the long struggle of his father with poverty had that morning ended in death. He had come from the bare and silent room while the form of his only friend lay pale and still. His mother had been in the grave some years. The calm tears of a child fresh from his dead father's side were falling slowly as he stood wearily at the entrance of the room. "Here, Johnny," said a big boy, bending over him and trying to soothe him, when he had heard the news. "Here," and he quietly placed his dinner ticket in the orphan's hand. That big lad was badly enough off, and weak, too, from fasting. The meat and bread ticket was all that he had, and he gave it, for he saw that he looked on a hunger and sorrow greater than his own.

"Can we share it?" asked a faint little girl in rags, presenting herself at the breakfast-room door to the keeper, offering, with one skin-and-bone hand, the penny ticket she had received from somebody, and holding by the other the hand of another girl, if possible feebler and thinner than herself. Happily, they were allowed not to "share" a slice and bowl, but had each a full meal. The workers in the mission are often shaken to their hearts' depths by hunger's generosity to the still more hungry.

This swift and humane way of meeting want and sorrow is, of course, not without loud and well-meaning political censure.

But for all such workers, that Christ would approve is enough. Mr. Mearns has placed himself just in those spots to which broken, hopeless lives gravitate daily; and, separating these from the idle and worthless whom it is unkind to feed because it is impossible to help, he is hungry with the hungry, and cold with the naked. Nor is he strict to mark their iniquity. Finding, for instance, an utter stranger to London, poor, well-nigh blind, who had tramped his slow, bewildered way seeking an eye hospital which, simple enough, he had supposed would be open to whosoever came, to find that admission was only by letter, he did not ask who had sinned, this man or his parents? He got him "a letter," and he is now under the needed medical care, and is beginning to see.

The politician's is a noble work, to remove as far as may be the causes of our present social calamity. The relieving officer may serve those to whom it is no nameless dishonor to go "on the parish;" there are, alas! too many such, who, for all that, are hungry too. But to the Christian philanthropist belongs the duty of feeling to those hunger-driven men and women who for self and offspring dread the Union as they dread crime and the gaol. Rather than mix with such people as they have known, who have gone there, they will endure and see in their children sufferings which cut like knives to their hearts, and risk death. The ratepayer ought to feel that it is something to keep *that* alive. He may not mourn for the many beautiful English traits that die with it, but he should care at least to spare his purse from the charges which the pauper family may entail—made pauper under stress of hunger, and easily, permanently, pauper ever after when like stress presses. It is in the bare garret that the spark of independence of the destitute survives their destitution, unless it end in death. It is a nation's disaster from which Christian personal charity secures, as well as the famine-stricken family from its grave. There are many other things to be done, it is true, but Mr. Mearns's bread and milk for the children cannot be left undone.—[Sunday Magazine.

GROWTH UNDER PRESSURE.

By Hugh Macmillan, D.D

THE crest of John Spreull was a palm tree, with two weights hanging on each side of it from its fronds, and yet maintaining, in spite of this heavy down-dragging force, its upright position, carrying its graceful crown of foliage up into the serene air. The weights in the case of this sufferer for righteousness' sake were visible. His cross of imprisonment and martyrdom was apparent to every one. And very many of the weights that press down the Christian life are equally visible and palpable. But as the palm tree is pressed on every side by the viewless air, as it is exposed to the resistance of forces which the eye cannot see nor the hand feel, so the heaviest weights which drag down the Christian life are often invisible. Its crosses cannot be displayed. No stranger can intermeddle with its sorrows. Many of its troubles are of a spiritual nature. It is cast down, not by circumstances, but by the state of the soul. It is in the inward man—"the hidden man of the heart"—that it suffers. And these spiritual sorrows are the evidences of the reality of the work of grace; for where there is the principle of life there must be the changes of life. The form of godliness is a dead, invariable thing; whereas the power of godliness has its winter, its summer, and its autumn states. Sorrow arises in the case of most believers from inability to realize the ideal, to reach the mark of attainment they have set themselves. They mistake the degree of their experience for the ground of their hope, and thus, their confidence varying with their frames and feelings, they are frequently cast down. They have sorrow because of the remembrance of past sins and shortcomings; they have sorrow because of the consciousness of a thousand deficiencies and infirmities within them, a consciousness which becomes more susceptible the more they grow in grace and see of the infinite excellence of the Saviour. They have sorrow because of the sins of the world. All this is the godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto life. In this winter state the spiritual life is collecting and concentrating itself for renewed effort when the spring of revival is come. It waits upon the Lord, and so renews its strength; upon Him who has revealed his tender and patient love in the life and cross of his Son. And so the very peace of God himself, flowing into the soul, which holds patient fellowship with him, hushes its restlessness, and fills it with quiet energy and resolute faith.

No life can grow or support itself in the void by its spontaneous buoyancy. All life upholds itself in the air by continuous effort. The humblest life is a vortex of unceasing forces. The various substances of a growing plant are in a state of constant change owing to the destructive action of the air and the constructive action of the light; and the condition of each part at all seasons of the year and under different circumstances depends upon and expresses the temporary or more permanent equilibrium between these two opposing forces. Much more is this the case in regard to the highest life of the soul, the life that is breathed into us by God's Spirit and formed by faith in Christ Jesus. It has ever to do an uphill work. It has to grow against the gravitation of sin. It has to exert itself against the weariness of the flesh and the heaviness of the soul. It has to push up like Sisyphus the stone of endeavor to the top of the hill, notwithstanding that it rolls down again and again.—[Quiver.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

In seeking converts it is always well to make sure that they are worth converting. A cause may be injured by the character of its adherents.

Humility in man consists, not in denying any gift that is in him, but a just valuation of it; rather thinking too meanly than too highly.—[Ray.

I have no fear for England; she will stand till the Day of Judgment.—[William Pitt. What I fear for England is the Day of Judgment.—[Burke.

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like planets, have a steady, lambent light—are luminous, but sparkling.—[Longfellow.

A thing to be thankful for is that God so sifts our prayers that only the right ones are answered. If all the foolish ones were granted we would have unspeakable suffering.

Mental digestion and assimilation go on to completeness while the mind is aroused to an effort at imparting the truth, not while it is opened merely to receive truth.—[Exchange.

Let not your recreations be lavish spenders of your time, but choose such as are healthful, recreative, and apt to refresh you; but at no hand dwell upon them.—[Jeremy Taylor.

The lightsome passage of joy was not that which now usurps the name, that trivial, vanishing, superficial thing that only gilds the apprehensions and plays upon the surface of the soul.—[South.

Unless a man has trained himself for his chance, the chance will only make him ridiculous. A great occasion is worth to a man exactly what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it.—[William Matthews.

Your salvation is *His* business; His service, *your* business.—[Fuller.

> Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
> In living echoes of thy love;
> As thou hast sought, so let me seek
> Thy erring children, lost and lone.
>
> O strengthen me, that while I stand
> Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
> I may stretch out a loving hand
> To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
>
> —[F. R. H.

Hold yourself in preparation to make the transition to another life whenever you shall be claimed by the Lord of the world.—[J. Foster.

Christ has lived, and he asks living followers. He has died, a sacrifice, and he asks the spirit of self-sacrifice in you.—[Bishop Huntington.

We must never separate faith in Christ's atoning death from the necessity of communion with his risen life.—[Rev. Peter S. Menzies.

Every day we may see some new things in Christ; his love has neither brim nor bottom. O that I had help to praise him!—[Samuel Rutherford.

The heights of early promotion and glory lift us no whit nearer heaven. It is easier to step there from the lower vale of humiliation and sorrow.—[Poor.

I want to feel a holy aptitude to give my heart to God, and to walk in his ways; I do believe I shall go to heaven if I have heaven in my heart now.—[Paul Pastrior.

The desire to do right, the will to do right, and the power to do right are not of ourselves, but of the Lord. . . . He stands ready to give all these in their fullness to all who will receive them.—[Theo. Parsons.

No one of all redeemed souls on earth or in heaven, who has approached the glorified Jesus for the ten thousandth time—who has even lived with him in the intimacy of familiar friendship—has ever ceased to find new visions of beauty and goodness, new depths of mercy and compassion, new revelations of sweetness and grace, new exhibitions of greatness, wisdom, and love.—[Dr. Ray Palmer.

Let this be thy purpose, O friend!—to observe the law of right and to do it. Then the sunshine and the storm, the night and the day, the heat and the cold, of life's discipline will foster and mature the grain for garners in the sky.—[N. A. Staples.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK VINDICATED.

THERE was an unusual audience at the annual meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Vice which was held in this city Tuesday evening of last week. In two respects, indeed, the audience was unusual—first, as regards its size, as there were about five hundred people present; and, second, as regards its composition, since not less than thirty of these five hundred were women. When the President and Secretary of the Society and speakers of the evening came upon the platform they were greeted with warm applause. The opening prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Saunders, and among other expressions of gratitude he thanked God for the enemies the Society had made.

After a brief introductory address by the President of the Society, Samuel Colgate, Mr. Anthony Comstock arose to present his fourteenth annual report. He began by indicating how little of the work of the Society could be put before the public in black and white. If, for instance, they had found a school where obscene literature was being circulated among the pupils, they could not state the name of the school, and still less could they publish extracts of the literature which they had suppressed. The only part of the work of the Society which could be put before the public was a summary of the cases which had been tried in the courts and an account of the photographs and literature which had been destroyed. The past year had been an unusually successful one in the way of forming new societies in different parts of the country and in the way of securing legislative action to carry out the aims of the Association. In this Mr. Comstock had been warmly and ably seconded by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and he mentioned one bill which the Legislature of Nevada had passed, permitting lotteries, which was vetoed entirely at the instance of this Association and its President, Miss Willard. Of the legislative work which had been done, particular importance was attached to the defeat of the efforts made at Washington to repeal the post-office regulations regarding lotteries and the transmission of corrupt literature. In New York State they had succeeded in obtaining two new measures—one against lotteries and another against "sawdust" dealers in pretended counterfeit money—which made the New York law upon these points the best in the Union. However, they suffered one defeat here, viz., in the passage of the Ives Pool bill, and this had resulted in the opening of sixty gambling pools by sixty gambling firms on a single race track in Kings County the very day the passage of the bill was announced.

But the interesting portion of Mr. Comstock's report was when he came to speak of the attacks which had been made upon him during the last two months because of the seizures of pictures which he had made in the stores of two prominent New York picture dealers. As an instance of the misrepresentation he had suffered, he said that the evening journal which attacked his actions so bitterly, and published cuts of pictures he was supposed to have confiscated, had not dared to take those pictures, but had taken others against which he had said nothing. Five of the pictures which he had seized had already been decided by the Judges of the General Term to be unquestionably obscene and unlawful. Mr. Comstock's decision had been seconded by all the officers of the Police Department and by the District Attorney, though he had been able to get any hearing for his side of the question in but one or two of the secular papers. Thirty-one artists had signed a petition to have the Society suppressed, and every misrepresentation possible had been spread throughout the community and sent to the supporters of the Society by the National Defense Association and a certain Lum Smith, a Philadelphia publisher of willful lies, who was in the audience. Mr. Comstock read the pedigree of the different prominent members of the Defense Association. When he again came to speak of Mr. Smith, who was in the audience, the gentleman named rose and protested, and interrupted the meeting, but, on the appearance of a couple of policemen, decided to remain quiet and listen. Mr. Comstock concluded his report by ably answering the objections that he was not competent to criticise questions of art. He said very likely he was not; that he was not pretending to criticise questions of art, but questions of morals, and upon this point he did claim to be able to judge, and his claim was supported by the fact that out of 121 cases which he had brought before the courts during the last year 118 had been decided in his favor. As Mr. Comstock took his seat the applause was enthusiastic and long continued.

Then came the Treasurer's report. Mr. Van Rensselaer, the Treasurer, said that the expenses of the Society had been but $9,000, and that their collection of this sum had been much aided by the circulars which Mr. Comstock's enemies had sent to the supporters. He quoted a remark of Judge Davis that unquestionably the expenses of this Society were not more than a tenth as much as would be the necessary expenses of the litigation in case the public officers had conducted all the prosecutions.

President Colgate, in the course of a short address, which was a eulogy of the Secretary, said that while his enemies accused him of blackmail, not a single lawyer, in the two hundred and thirty-eight cases which he had in mind, had been able to bring up a single fact which reflected upon his integrity. As regards the competence of Mr. Comstock to judge upon morality in literature and art, he said that Mr. Comstock had studied the legislation on this point since 1724 and had read all the court decisions, so that he now knew not only what his own instincts told him, but what the common sense of unprejudiced men told him.

The evening concluded with brilliant addresses by Dr. Parkhurst and Dr. Talmage. Dr. Parkhurst said that he had always been prejudiced against the Society until two months ago, and the cause of his conversion was his seeing Anthony Comstock and hearing him talk. In regard to the case of the "art seizures" for which Mr. Comstock had been so much maligned, Dr. Parkhurst not only thought that Mr. Comstock was as good a judge of such matters as artists who condemn him, but that he was a far better judge. If a dealer in timber should go through a forest he would see nothing of the beauty, perhaps, but he would be able to report upon the timber. If an artist should go through the same forest he would, perhaps, see all the beauty, but he would know nothing about the timber. In the case which was before the public the artists might be able to look upon the pictures from the standpoint of art and see nothing but the art, but they were the last men to render a decision as to what would be the impression conveyed by the same pictures to ordinary men and boys.

METHODS OF REACHING YOUNG MEN.

THE unusually large attendance at the last meeting of the Congregational Club was even exceeded on Monday evening of last week. The subject of discussion was "Special Methods of Christian Work for Young Men." Dr. Lucien C. Warner, founder of the Seaside Institute of Bridgeport, presided. At the opening of the meeting resolutions were offered upon the death of Dr. Powell, of the American Missionary Association, and warm eulogies were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, and General Fisk, of New York. President Merrill E. Gates, of Rutgers College, was the first speaker upon the topic of the evening. His especial theme was "Christian Work in Colleges." He began by saying that the moral dangers of college life were greatly exaggerated by the popular imagination. A great many people formed that idea of college life by the songs which they heard about "Rolling, reeling, rolling home, boys," which were sung the loudest by just such men as Drs. Bradford and Powell. President Gates stated with evident conviction that there is no place away from the home circle where a young man is so safe as in our Christian colleges. Yet, while he made this statement with emphasis and with assurance, he also emphasized the exception, and said that it was of the highest importance that the parents and sisters of college boys should reach them so often by their letters that the home influence should still be about them.

The moral atmosphere of a college, continued President Gates, has no connection with its geographical location. There is no especial safety about a small country town. He had known as much or more contemptible wickedness to the acre in the small towns as in the large. The whole question of the boy's safety depended, not upon the removal of possible temptations, but upon strengthening the determination to live purely. The studious life of four years, with its broad outlook upon ideas, with its deep and unprejudiced convictions as to the "ought" of great questions, was calculated to inspire nobility of character not only during the college course but throughout life. There was no place in the world where shams were so quickly detected or so rigidly condemned. There was no place where intellects were so clear, so little dulled by condoning and excusing our own wrongs or those of our associates. And the college spirit did not stop with this noble manliness. It is in the highest degree religious. When Professor Drummond was asked recently what had most impressed him about American college life, he had replied, "The religious tone." Fifty years ago, said President Gates, this could not have been said. Even twenty years ago it could not have been said. A wonderful change has taken place within the last few years.

Prominent among the agencies which had brought about this change was the organization of the College Young Men's Christian Association. It now embraced 11,000 undergraduates, and had been effective in practically putting an end to "pleasity." It made professed Christianity and square manliness one and inseparable. These Christian Associations devoted themselves to Bible study and personal work. President Gates told of one class at Rutgers where this work had been so successful that only one member remained outside the church.

Mr. Charles L. Colby, President of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, was the second speaker, and made an address which was not only pointed, but at times marvelously eloquent. He began by saying that he was not a Congregationalist, but that denominational walls were no longer so high as they used to be, and that he believed in leveling them down. He told how in Milwaukee the people on the best streets had torn down their fences and marked the borders of their lawns only by flowers. The churches ought to do the same. There was one branch of church work in which this is already being done. The Young Men's Christian Association has a horticultural department which is engaged in planting these flowers. [Applause.] It was of the railroad branch of this Association that he wished to speak.

The churches do not reach the railroad men. The question which the pastor must ask is, "Do you belong to my congregation?" He cannot, he has not time to, make the acquaintance of the railroad hands. Yet these railroad hands are fast becoming a large fraction of our population. All the adventurous young men nowadays go on the railroad, just as they used to go to sea. A new population has grown up, and the old Christian institutions are not ready to care for it.

Where does the railroad hand live? Probably in the fourth story of some tenement or cheap boarding house. When night comes, where can he find a cheerful place to meet his fellow-workmen? The answer is too obvious to require statement. The railroad branches of the Young Men's Christian Association had come to take care of this class, and they were doing it. There are now seventy of these branches, with ten thousand members, sixty reading-rooms or parlors, and fifteen gymnasiums. Their working committees include over a thousand men. They work for the men in every possible way, and their work had proved successful. As an evidence of it is the fact that last year the railroad corporations had given $60,000 to aid in the carrying on of this work, and they were unanimous in considering it the best expenditure they made. They were getting more faithful, sober, clear-headed service than they had ever known before. President Colby's peroration was on the heroism of railroad men, and the audience was often melted by the stories of exalted self-sacrifice.

Mr. H. M. Moore, of Boston, made the concluding address. He told how little the churches were reaching the young men in the industrial centers. In one Massachusetts city of 20,000, where careful statistics were taken, there were 4,500 young men, and only 184 attended church on a given bright Sunday morning. In another city where thirty-nine young men had confessed Christ year before last, 1,009 had been arrested for crimes and drunkenness. All that was being done for these young men was through the Young Men's Christian Association. More money was needed to carry on the work. Mr. Moore concluded with a bit of practical advice to men with money. It was this: "Make your wills while you live, and appoint yourselves your own executors."

DEPUTATION WORK IN AMHERST COLLEGE.

ONE of the results of Professor Drummond's visit to the American colleges last fall has been very well illustrated in a form of work hitherto unknown in the history of Amherst. He suggested that we follow a plan, which has met with much success in Edinburgh University, of sending out deputations of students to the fitting schools and surrounding towns, for the purpose of holding meetings for *young men only*. The suggestion was eagerly taken up by the students, and consequently over ten deputations have been sent out thus far, and have met with good success. These deputations consist generally of four students, one from each class, who represent the Christian element of the college. They do not go in the interest of any organization or church, but only with a message from young men to young men. Nearly every week a meeting is held in some town within twenty-five or fifty miles from the college, and in a hall apart from any church. The meetings are well advertised in advance by circulating invitations in the shops and factories, and the result is that a large number of young men come to hear the message for them, some of whom are from a class that never enter any church. Several conversions have followed from these efforts, and often the young Christian men who listen are aroused to a fuller meaning of the Christian life.

At a meeting held in a town of three thousand inhabitants recently, one hundred and twenty-five young men gathered to listen to the students' message. At the close of the meeting a large number remained to have a personal conversation with them, and three or four then decided to begin the new life. Two weeks after, another

invitation was given to come and speak to them, which was gladly accepted, and as a result of these meetings six or seven young men have decided to become Christians.

The results of this deputation work have far exceeded all expectations. It has been not only the means of leading several to a decision, but the reflex influence has been felt upon the college.

Some of the students are reluctant to enter upon this form of work, but once persuaded to do it they are eager to go a second time.

One student, on his way to a meeting which was to be held in a neighboring town, remarked that this should be his first and last work of that character, but on returning to college said, "I am willing to go at any time or anywhere. It is a grand work." All his doubts as to the wisdom of the movement were swept away. God is surely blessing this work of young men to young men, and we thank him that he led Professor Drummond to suggest to us this important form of Christian activity. W.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Baptist Union has accepted the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's resignation. The committee appointed to wait upon Mr. Spurgeon and request him to reconsider his determination to resign reported that its efforts at reconciliation were without avail.

The cable reports that in China a fanatical outbreak has occurred in the province of Fukien. Twenty Christian churches have been burned and the converts massacred.

Next summer the corner-stone of the Adoniram Judson Memorial Church will be laid at Mandalay, India. The church will cost $10,000, a large part of which has been subscribed by Burmese Christians.

If all missionaries, evangelists, and teachers in pagan, papal, and Moslem lands, including men and women, foreign born and native born, were economically distributed, each, it is said, would have 25,000 souls to minister to.

According to Canon Scott Robinson, the British Isles contributed less for foreign missionary work in 1886, by about $160,000, than in 1885.

The Waterville (Me.) "Mail" prints a letter from Mrs. Claflin, a Waterville woman, who, with her husband, is engaged in missionary work at Vivi, on the Congo, under the direction of Bishop Taylor, which contradicts the recent discouraging reports brought back from the mission. She says she is perfectly contented, having plenty of rice, sugar, coffee, flour, dried apples, potatoes, and bananas, and she asks no one to waste any sympathy on her as a self-sacrificing missionary.

The Rev. Dr. Judson Smith reports cheering prospects for Christianity among the Mongols. The fact that the number of converts in China has more than doubled within ten years, and now exceeds 30,000, is a proof that Christian work is successful there.

There are Young Men's Christian Associations at Jerusalem, Beyrout, Damascus, Jaffa, and Nazareth.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

[The Editors will be glad to receive items of news for these columns.]

MIDDLE STATES.

—Thursday of this week is the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Appropriate services will be held in many churches.

—"The Christian Advocate" publishes Mr. J. C Waller's criticisms of Bishop Taylor's Congo Mission. It will soon publish an answer by some one authorized to speak for the mission.

—At Plymouth Church prayer-meeting last Friday night the letter prepared as a reply to that from Mr. Berry declining the pastorate was read. It says, after expressing the disappointment and regret of the church: "We had hoped and prayed for a different result. Nevertheless we had never arrogated to ourselves the right to determine your duty, and we accept without murmuring the decision to which you have been divinely guided after the earnest and prayerful consideration you have given to the question."

—We have referred at some length to the General Missionary Conference to be held in Exeter Hall, London, next June, to further the co-operation in which by American societies the Rev. James Johnston has just visited this country. The American committee appointed to co-operate in the arrangement for the conference have passed resolutions asking all friends of missions to observe the week previous to the coming Conference, and also the ten days devoted to the sessions (June 9–19), as a time of special prayer for the Divine blessing upon the deliberations of the Conference, and upon the great work of missions throughout the world, and it recommends the co-operation of all missionary societies, and the churches which they represent, in promoting this observance. It also recommends that interdenominational foreign missionary meetings be held in all the large cities and towns. We have already published a summary of the general topics to be discussed by this important conference.

—The Rev. Dr. Albert S. Hunt has been elected President of the City Bible Society.

—On Monday evening of last week the Presbyterian Social Club of this city held a "house-warming" in its new quarters at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street. Mr. Elliott F. Shepard had fitted up a culinary department at his own expense, and the various missionary societies which have offices in the building were the guests of the Club. Short addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Baltimore, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; Dr. John Hall; the Rev. John D. Wells, of Brooklyn; Roswell Smith, President of the Congregational Club; Mr. Wheeler, President of the Episcopal Club; Dr. Gunning, of the Baptist Social Union; Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. John R. Paxton.

—A council of Congregational churches of Brooklyn was called for Tuesday of this week to consider the differences between the pastor of the Bushwick Avenue Church, the Rev. Mr. Chester, and some of the members.

—The thirty-fifth anniversary of The Young Men's Christian Association of this city was held at Association Hall on Monday evening of this week. Addresses were made by the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and President Merrill E. Gates, LL.D., L.H.D., of Rutgers College, New Jersey, and a condensed statement of the work for 1887 was presented by the General Secretary, Mr. R. R. McBurney.

—A correspondent from Spencerport, N. Y., writes: "Honeoye Congregational Church has had a fine work done under the leadership of the Rev. Mr. Davidson, the evangelist. Seventy joined the church on January 1. The past year has been a high year with this church. It was the silver anniversary of the settlement of its excellent pastor, the Rev. S. Mills Day. It has celebrated the event with a conference and a revival, and large additions. Honeoye is a place strictly rural, and not a saloon has lived there for twenty-four or twenty-five years. Of course it has been a good place for Gospel and school influences."

—A branch of the Evangelical Alliance has just been organized in Brooklyn. Its objects are "to manifest and strengthen Christian unity, to promote Christian fellowship and co-operation, to study social problems and to apply to their solution the principles of the Gospel, and especially to reach with Christian influence the entire community without interfering with the methods or polity of any of the denominations."

—A series of evangelistic services for young men has just begun in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall in Brooklyn. The Rev. Charles M. Morton has general charge of the movement. Besides services on Sunday evening, lectures are to be delivered on Thursday and Monday evenings by the Rev. Arthur Pierson, D.D., the Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D.D, the Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D., and the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D. The thirty-fourth anniversary of the Association will be observed on February 5, by services in four churches, at each of which addresses will be made by eminent divines.

—The heirs of the late John S. Newbold have conveyed to the trustees of the diocese of Pennsylvania the sum of $20,000 for the endowment of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Our Saviour, Jenkintown.

—Dr. Howard Crosby has begun a series of evening discourses on Jewish institutions as set forth in the Old Testament.

—The Evangelical Alliance of Rochester, N. Y., carrying out the suggestions of the recent convention at Washington, have adopted a plan for co operative Christian work. The members propose to make a religious visitation of the whole city, which has been divided into four districts for that purpose.

NEW ENGLAND.

—For over one hundred years there has been in the Congregational church at Pittsfield, Mass., a sunrise prayer-meeting on New Year's Day. This year the rector of the Episcopal church, a colored pastor, the Baptist parson, and the Unitarian helped the Congregational minister conduct the service, and among the worshipers were Senator Dawes and Congressman Rockwell.

—The sum of $171,000 has been returned to the Congregational Union in the last thirty-four years by churches which were aided in the erection of houses of worship by this noble society. There are now 550 unhoused congregations that are appealing for aid.

—The Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale Theological Seminary opened on Thursday of last week with the first of a series by the Rev. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, of the "Sunday-School Times," on the Sunday-school. A report of the first two lectures of this series will be found elsewhere. This course will be followed by three lectures from the Rev. William E. Griffis, D.D., of Boston, on "The New Japan," politically, socially, and religiously considered, March 8, 9, and 15; after which the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, will deliver three lectures, March 23, 29, and 30.

—The Hartford "Telegram" says that it is possible, and indeed extremely probable, that the Center Church will extend a call to the Rev. Dr. Richard H. Mather, Williston Professor of the Greek language and literature and lecturer on sculpture in Amherst College, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Walker.

—The Congregational church of Plainville, Conn., is rejoicing in the extinguishing of its debt of $3,500, chiefly by Christmas gifts.

—The oldest living graduate of Yale College is the Rev. David Lathrop Hunn, of Buffalo. Although he is ninety-eight years old and has preached to three generations, he is still actively working and doing good, especially among the children of his city.

—"Practical Suggestions on Revival Work" was the subject discussed at the last meeting of the Worcester (Mass.) Congregational Club.

—The Christian Endeavor Society of New Haven, Conn., held its second anniversary last week. It is already the largest union in this State. Its organization was largely due to the efforts of the Rev. Dr. J. E Twitchell.

—The Congregational and Christian Societies of Hill, N. H., will each build a new church.

—Two years ago members of the Salvation Army were arrested in Augusta, Me., for parading the streets, and their drums were seized by the City Marshal by order of the Mayor. An action of trover was brought by Captain Thatcher, o the Army, to recover the value of the drums, and in the Superior Court he was beaten. The case went up to the "Law Court" on exceptions, and a recent decision is that the City Marshal was not justified in seizing the drums.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—The color question is again confronting Mr. Moody in the South. He has just begun meetings in a tabernacle erected specially for his use at Louisville, Ky., and a number of colored pastors have published a protest against the programme, which calls for separate meetings for negroes.

—The fourth annual conference of the College Young Men's Christian Association of Illinois was held at the University of Illinois, at Champaign, January 20–22. Mr. L. D. Wishard, International College Secretary, was present, and a good programme was carried out.

—The country preachers of Georgia continue to be heard from in the news columns of the Atlanta "Constitution." One of them, the Rev. Dr. Headden, says that his salary for the first year of his ministry was $2.52 in cash, one ham, one bushel of potatoes, and four hundred feet of lumber. Another of them, in Upson County, says he has received $5, all told, for marrying one hundred and eleven couples, and got that in a single fee. One hundred and ten of the happy men didn't pay the parson a cent.

—A new Congregational church has been dedicated at Richmond, Mich. The Rev. Moses Smith, of Detroit, preached the sermon.

—Nebraska Congregationalists are greatly pleased with the notice that Doane College, of that State, is to receive a gift of $13,000 from the estate of the late David Whitcomb, of Worcester, Mass.

—The Quakers have a farm of 720 acres of land near Wabash, Ill., in a high state of cultivation, on which nearly one hundred young Indians are receiving a Christian education.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—C. W. Huntington, of Providence, R. I., has accepted his call to the High Street Church, Lowell, Mass., mentioned last week.

—S. W. Webb, of Worcester, Mass., has received a call to the church of South Hadley Falls

—Joseph Anderson, D.D., of Waterbury, Conn., is in Bermuda for his health, on a three months' leave of absence from his church, Waterbury, Conn.

—W. J. Peck, of Corona, N. Y., has returned to his parish after a couple of months' stay in Bermuda recovering from the effects of a surgical operation.

—C. F. Crathern, of the Mason Church of New Ipswich, N. H., has had a call to Cambridge, Mass.

—M. A. Bullock, of South Haven, Mich., accepts a call to Iowa City.

—A. T. Wilson, of Watertown, Mass., has resigned to accept a call to Woodford Corner, Me.

—C. M. Winch accepts a call to Corinth, Vt.

—J. W. Malcolm, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has received a call from Milford, Mass.

—W. W. Hazen declines a call to Hamilton, Ill.

—R. W. Wallace was installed as pastor of the church at Wakefield, Mass., on January 24.

—T. A. Humphreys, of Cawker, has resigned.

—E. C. Ingalls, of the First Church of Saco, Me., has resigned.

—Charles Caverno, of the First Church of Lombard, Ill., has recently resigned to accept the pastorate of the First Church of Boulder, Colo. His former congregation have printed strong resolutions of appreciation and good wishes.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—Charles E. Herring was installed as pastor of the church in East Harlem, N. Y., on January 19.

—A. A. Murphy has been installed as pastor of the Spring Garden Church, Philadelphia.

—S. J. Nichols, D.D., has declined a call from the Spruce Street Church of Philadelphia, Pa.

—C. F. A. Klein accepts the pastorate of the Irving Street German Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

—E F. Walker has received a call from Grace Church, Evansville, Ind.

—John Rusk, D.D., of the Sixth Church of Cincinnati, O., has been called to the Fifth Avenue Church, Columbus, O.

—C. E. Fay has accepted a call to the church in Unadilla, N.Y.

EPISCOPAL.

—R. L. Goldsborough, rector of St. Barnabas's Free Church of New Brunswick, N. J., died on Wednesday of last week.

—R. R. Converse, of Christ Church, Corning, N. Y., has resigned to accept the chaplaincy of Geneva, N. Y.

—D. S. Miller, a retired clergyman, died at Philadelphia recently.

—C. M. Wines, of Chicago, died on December 12.

—H. L. Myrick has accepted a call to All Saints' Church, Briar Cliff, N. Y.

—C. D. Perry, of Baltimore, Md., has been asked to assume charge of the House of Prayer, Newark, N. J.

BAPTIST.

—Frank M. Goodchild has declined the call of the First Church, Andover, Mass., and accepts that to Amenia, N. Y.

—S. W. Stevens, of Fargo, Dak., accepts a call to the Second Church of Newport, R. I.

—W. M. Mick has received a call to the First Church of Waltham, Mass.

—Lewis Colby died in Cambridge, Mass., recently.

—C. A. Hilton, of the Winter Street Free Baptist Church of Haverhill, Mass., has resigned to accept a call to the new church at Chelsea, Mass.

—Jonathan Woodman, of North Tewksbury, Mass., died last week at the age of eighty-nine.

OTHER CHURCHES

—L. M. Barrington has received a call from the Church of the Unity, Winthrop, Me.

—C. T. Lombard has received a call from the Unitarian Society of Plymouth, Mass.

—W. H. Dearborn, of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist), Hartford, Conn., has resigned.

—Pitt Dillingham, of the Harvard Unitarian Church of Charlestown, Mass., preached his farewell sermon on Sunday of last week.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

NOT with the fame from silver trumpets blown,
Nor voice of pastoral reeds that noise abroad
Some shepherd minstrel's triumph on the sward
Of Arcady, thy merit shall be known;
Acclaim is theirs who soaring seek a throne
High on the golden peaks, but thou didst choose
To nest in human hearts, nor ever lose
That dwelling-place; and there to thee was shown
The mystery of Life, the hopes, the fears,
And those desires that madden or make strong.
Pure were thy lips to cry against the wrong,
And crown with nobler aims our laboring years.
Sweet influence was thy dower, and fragrance lies
Round thy departing feet, like Autumn when it flies.

G.

II.

"Therefore adieu a little while—à Dieu!
To God we give thee, and to God we tend;
No tears! thou wept'st not; *but expect us, friend,*
In thy far land where the heavens and earth are new,"

Such was thy song, when summer walked the land
Where Arran hills broke high thro' amber weather;
"Expect us, friend"—and, lo! to-day ye stand
On God's clear hills together!

Oh, true voice hushed; oh, soul, whose steadfast light
Shone soft where darkness was, drew hope from sorrow;
That which to us was starless, voiceless night,
To thee was God's good-morrow.

Thy life rose calm above life's utmost toss;
Thy words spread cheer throughout earth's utmost travail;
Though heaven's sweet gain is our exceeding loss,
We may not weep nor cavil.

To God we give thee, though we still shall keep
Thy woman's story of a man true-hearted;
Life's task is done, but yet across death's deep
Thy deeds have not departed.

J. H.

—[Good Words.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA.[1]

The comparative study of religions, so recently developing into an important science, is constantly receiving strength and inspiration through the published results of the scholarship and theological research of India. The latest of these contributions possesses peculiar value. Mohini Mohun Chatterji has been singing that which is to him "the Lord's song in a strange land." English translations of the "Bhagavad Gîtâ" have long held a place in our libraries; earliest among them the quaint rendering of Wilkins Senior Merchant of the East India Company in 1784—whose habit of retaining the original for difficult passages has somewhat limited the value of the work for the English reader, and whose edition bears a complimentary preface from the pen of Warren Hastings. Later translations have been successively marked by the increase of scholarship in Sanskrit language and literature which characterizes the last few decades. The present rendering bears the especial advantage of coming to us from a disciple of Sankarâchârya, the reviver of Brâhmanism on the exclusion of Buddhism from India early in the eighth century of our era, and the most celebrated teacher of the Vedânta philosophy. The commentary of this "spiritual chief of modern India" is embodied in the text, while supplementary observations, with references to the Christian Scriptures, have been added, "in all humility," by the translator.

We can but feel, in perusing the volume, that we are gaining much more of the thought of the Vedântic philosopher than of the unknown author of the "Lord's Song." The book comes to represent to us not so much the poem itself as the Vedânta interpretation thereof, which approximates in part also the Yogi branch of the Sânkhya school, "that system for concentrating the mind with utmost intensity upon nothing in particular." The Bhagavad-Gîtâ "the pearl of price from the ocean of Brâhmanical Scriptures," having its setting in India's Iliad, the Mahâ-Bhârata, is undoubtedly the greatest philosophical work of that land of religiosity and meditation, and is declared by its famous interpreter to be the "collected essence of all the Vedas." Inasmuch as Mohini regards the poem as Vyâsa's record of the actual words of Krishna in colloquy with the tender-hearted warrior Arjuna, five thousand years ago, he brings no solution for the various problems which are discussed by English scholars concerning its real authorship and the period of its insertion into the Bhishma Parvan of the great epic. It has, however, been assigned a date in the second or third century of the Christian era, and an author in some earnest Brâhman, evidently not only gifted as a poet, clear and systematic as a philosopher, but also shrewd and skillful as a reformer, who sought refuge from the corrupted religions of his time in founding an eclectic school of philosophy, which should interweave the fairer threads of former doctrines, and especially emphasize the system of caste. These theories to the present translator are undoubtedly heretical. English and American students of India's lore and language will not be ungrateful to this scholar of the Orient for the service which he has rendered them in the present work, although it cannot be denied that in literary merit it has been surpassed by the translations of Western scholars. Yet we find in the opening pages that subtle and seductive charm which characterizes the English writings of the Hindu, whose diction is drawn more freely than that of the average writer of the Occident from the "well of English undefiled," and who possesses a power to clothe his mystic thought in graceful and alluring form, gleaming now and then with some radiant and eternal truth, thus rendering it fascinating and sometimes dangerous. To contribute to the merely mental culture of the public was an object but incidental to the real purpose of the work. It claims its existence "for the benefit of those in search of spiritual light"—a royal claim, indeed, but one which must be put on trial for its justification. The soul in eager quest for truth feels ever a thrill of deep rejoicing when some new treasure, some pearl of price, is placed within the reach; but so often has its beauty turned to ashes at the touch that no test now seems of too great severity to be applied to each newly discovered jewel before it wins the right to illuminate the crown. When a voice is heard proclaiming blessing to those in search of spiritual light, we listen eagerly, but we do not arise and follow until we are convinced whither the path may lead.

The marvelous power of civilization to make neighbors of all nations, annihilating space, and of scholarship to bring the past into the present, annihilating time, have opened to this generation the flood-gates of truth. History, no longer in fragments, is becoming the story of the human brotherhood, one in its creation in the image of God and in the yearning for rest in him. And thus, in spite of our Judaism, which hardly dares to admit that "God hath not left himself without a witness," lest we thereby fall into awful heresy, we are being led to behold Truth as one, and every human creature a living soul, with whom God's Spirit may commune. Therefore we are no longer agitated in discovering that the religions in which men have expressed their longing for God present many a "broken parallel" with the revelation of God's longing for men, in Christ, the one Saviour of the race. The Law may not, perhaps be the only tutor appointed of God to lead his children to the feet of the Divine Teacher. Yet "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" has been in nation after nation so admixed with darkness as to reveal to us, who stand in the pure light of God's complete revelation, but dim and flickering shadows of the truth; yet now and then there seems a gathering of the morning twilight, which brings hope of the speedy rising of the Sun of Righteousness. That the dawn comes not to all races at the same time does not deny that it is the same Sun which enkindles the faint glimmerings of the morning and the cloudless glory of the noontide. Mohini traces separate paths leading to salvation; we cannot: there is but One who is the Way.

Of the doctrine of the dark god, whose philosophy we cannot regard with its translator as "suited to all sorts and conditions of men," since it is, as he later admits, of great inherent difficulty, the most prominent is the description of the most direct path to Nirvâna. The realization of the basal truth that the only reality is the Supreme Self, the universe being but the "baseless fabric of a dream," and the absorption of the individual into Him by the "annulment of intellect," the death of desire for good or ill, the power to center the existence upon the Unknowable—this is salvation. The aspirant for this self-effacement must sit with eyes directed to the end of his nose and mind fixed upon attributeless Deity, remaining thus withdrawn from all apparent existence, like a tortoise within its shell, until he has no consciousness apart from the pervasive Self, and thus attains Nirvâna. This annihilation of personal identity is not easily acquired, mental vacuity being more difficult of attainment than we often imagine, but he is blessed indeed who can enter upon the effort, since he is released from revolving through creation in a succession of births which, at best, lead only to the same starting-point at which he now stands. Mohini himself, while a most reverent devotee of these doctrines, which we might so easily mistake for Pantheism, manifests toward the Christian religion a noble and generous spirit, giving it an eager welcome to a place beside his own faith, and declaring the Christian and Brâhmanical Scriptures to be but different names for the same truth. His view of the origin of Christianity is interesting: He whom the Brâhmans call the Supreme Self is to the Christian the Divine Father. Whenever there is a decline in righteousness, the Deity projects himself into creation, that by his incarnation he may restore the truth to men. Thus came Krishna in the days of Arjuna, and other "Christs of God" in other epochs; thus came Jesus of Nazareth, as the Saviour of the West.

Mohini's interpretation of the Gîtâ we find much more akin to Christian thought than the text itself. We are, therefore, led to wonder to what extent the influence of the thorough and sympathetic knowledge of the Testaments which he possesses may have wrought the Christian fringe around this garment of Brâhmanism. Certain it is that Hindu eclectics unconsciously absorb much of Christian truth, which thus becomes involved in their own doctrines. Whatever may have been the various sources of these truths, we unquestionably find under the clouds of this Oriental mysticism some of the sublime principles which are pillars of the Christian temple; namely, that the knowledge of God, in whom alone the heart is at rest, is eternal life, and that this life is attained as the gift of divine grace through faith by the soul who, in complete self renunciation, "walks not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

Yet the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God" which the Brâhman seeks cannot be found by the extinguishing of the human candle, but alone "in the face of Jesus Christ." The Father indeed calls us into blessed oneness with him, but the oneness is attained, not by the contraction of the powers upon "one-pointed meditation," but by perfect development and expansion of our redeemed nature into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, who bear his likeness in fullness of joy and serve him forevermore. Not the tortoise in its self-imposed imprisonment, but the eagle in its unhampered and joyous flight into the infinite blue of heaven, is the true symbol of the immortal soul borne on the wings of faith into the presence of Him who gave his life for the ransom. Not the West alone—the world needs a Redeemer; restless, sinful, burdened, it cries out for help—and the Hands which alone can cast off its chains and remove its burdens are the Hands pierced with the iniquities, the Heart which alone can comfort it with peace is the Heart which was broken to redeem it. It is not enough that the wise men of the East bring royal homage to Bethlehem; they must also bow in deeper adoration in the sacred shadows of Calvary.

The opening of a Roman temple to every nation's gods may have been an act of noble liberality, but all the religions of the Pantheon could not lift a feather's weight of burden from the souls of men.

Not until Brâhmanism can open the gates of hope to the hopeless millions of India can it gain the right to stand hand in hand with Christianity in the salvation of the world.

MYTH, RITUAL, AND RELIGION.[1]

Mr. Lang, who is one of the most graceful and versatile of that group of English writers who may be properly called *littérateurs*, sums up in these two important volumes the results of his long study of mythology and folk lore. He has at intervals taken the reading public into his confidence and shared with them some of the fruits of his scholarly labors. His very interesting volume on "Custom and Myth" is familiar to students of folk-lore, and has prepared its readers for the theories which are advanced in this later and more comprehensive work. Mr. Lang is a specialist in this department, and the grace and ease with which he sets forth fact and principle do not conceal the honest and thorough work which lies back of this brilliant excursion into the fascinating field of mythology.

Those who have read "Custom and Myth" do not need to be told that Mr. Lang does not accept either the symbolical or the philological interpretations of myths which have become so popular of late years, and both of which undoubtedly contain a great amount of truth. All students of mythology are agreed that the phenomena of nature, and especially of the alternation of the seasons and of day and night, enter largely into the most significant and poetic of these old-time fictions. But this is far from saying that these myths represent exclusively such an attempt to interpret nature, and that consequently there is to be found in them a perfect system of symbolic representation. There is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in the solar myth theory, for

[1] *The Bhagavad Gîtâ, or the Lord's Lay.* With Commentary and Notes, as well as References to the Christian Scriptures. Translated from the Sanskrit for the Benefit of those in Search of Spiritual Light, by Mohini M. Chatterji, M.A. (Boston: Ticknor & Co.)

[1] *Myth, Ritual, and Religion.* By Andrew Lang. (London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols., 8vo.)

instance; but that this theory can be carried too far and made to include too much is now conceded even by its most zealous advocates The great myths originated under conditions of life which for the most part will never be recovered from the oblivion into which they have passed, and the unknown quantity in these stories must therefore always remain a very large and substantial part of them. While various theories will help us to a clearer understanding of these wonderful and deeply interesting creations of the early ages, it is probable that no theory will ever offer a complete and systematic explanation of all the facts in the case. Candid students will accept suggestions from all the different schools, and will be glad of any light which is cast upon their favorite and fascinating study.

It is one of Mr. Lang's claims upon our attention that he does not assume to offer a complete and final explanation of the questions of mythology. He applies, however, a more recent and very fruitful method to the study of the great myths, and offers us some of the results which he thinks he has secured by the application of this method. It is notable in this department of knowledge, as in every other, that each new method contributes some valuable results. The philological method put the key into the lock and set ajar a door into a new world of knowledge; and this method was itself the outcome of that comparative study of languages which resulted from the recovery of Sanscrit by European scholars at the beginning of this century. The philological method was followed in due season by the comparative method, which itself consistently and naturally grew out of the philological method and from the application of which to the study of mythology the most interesting results have been obtained. Following the general course of knowledge, Mr. Lang applies to myths the method which is the outcome of the modern study of anthropology, the leading exponent of which among English writers is probably Mr. Tylor. Mr Lang had already developed this method in "Custom and Myth," and in the present volume he gives it a wider application. The older theories assume a considerable intellectual development among the myth-makers, and undoubtedly read into the ancient mind a good deal of purely modern thought. It is especially against this assumption that Mr. Lang arrays himself. He endeavors to show that "the human mind has passed through a condition quite unlike that of civilized men—a condition in which things seemed natural and rational that now appear unnatural and devoid of reason and in which, therefore, if myths were evolved they would, if they survived into civilization, be such as civilized men find strange and perplexing." Mr. Lang thinks that there "is a stage of human society and of the human intellect in which facts that appear to us monstrous and irrational—facts corresponding to the wildest incidents of myth—are accepted as ordinary occurrences of every-day life." He believes that the ancestors of the civilized races were once in an intellectual state, in all probability, lower than that of most of the barbarous peoples of to-day, and that from these stages have survived into later and more civilized times those savage, obscene, and irrational elements which enter into all the mythologies. The myth, therefore, is the creation of a stage of development through which each race passes, and the myths and legends of the barbarous peoples of to-day may be studied with the certainty that they will cast light on the great myths which have come down through the great races of the past, because the barbarous peoples of to-day are probably very nearly in the state of development in which the original producers of the great myths were.

Mr Lang sets forth his theory with a great mass of illustration drawn from a study of the mental peculiarities of the savage races of to-day; and he selects some of the most prominent tendencies of savage thought, such as the belief in the existence of the souls of the dead and the power to recall them, and the belief that the spirit of a man may be detached from the body and wander about, as focal points around which he groups the great mass of evidence. He shows that the myths of savage as well as of civilized races discover a remarkable identity of elements and frequently of beliefs and customs and ritual. His theory is an exceedingly interesting one, and to sustain it he has made a most searching and patient study of the field. Like its predecessors, it will push on still further the frontier line of knowledge in this great department, but it will not reclaim all the territory. Mr. Lang himself is not unconscious of its limitations and inconsistencies, and he offers his work as a contribution rather than as a final disposition of perplexing problems with which it deals. It ought to be added that this work, dealing as it does with questions of pure scholarship, contains the literary charm and the admirable workmanship with which Mr. Lang's name is identified. It is a great pleasure to find scholarship thus allied with literature.

The talk which has recently plagued the civilized world with predictions of the speedy destruction of Shakespeare by the use of the Donnelly cipher will give special interest to *The Works of William Shakespeare in Reduced Fac-Simile from the Famous First Folio Edition of* 1623 with an Introduction by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips (New York: Funk & Wagnalls) The first folio edition of Shakespeare is, of course, one of the most valuable books in English literature, and has perhaps received more critical study than any other book of any kind except the Bible For many of the leading plays it furnishes the only textual authority. It was published at twenty shillings; a perfect copy now sells for $2,500, with a constant appreciation in value. The reproduction of this famous edition in fac simile was a happy thought on the part of the publishers, and the book which they now offer to the public will serve many useful purposes, besides satisfying the curiosity of a great number of Shakespearean readers and students to whom an original copy of the first edition is inaccessible.

First Steps in Electricity. By Charles Barnard. (New York: Charles E. Merrill & Co.) This book is intended as introduction to the study of one of the most interesting branches of science, one in which the achievements of the past are likely to be excelled by the discoveries of the future. It may serve either as a school reader or as an aid to instruction and amusement in the home. It gives in simple and clear language a description of many simple and inexpensive experiments, all of which may be attempted by the young student without the possibility of danger or any serious difficulty. Scores of cuts make the experiments still easier. An outfit comprising most of the articles needed is sent by the publishers for the low price of $1 50 Mr. Barnard is particularly happy in writing for young people in such a way as to combine perspicuity and interest. The book admirably carries out the excellent design which inspired it.

Thoughts. By Ivan Panin. (Second Series) (Boston: Cupples & Hurd 50 cents) We quoted many of the most striking and brilliant aphorisms of this young writer when his first series appeared. The second series is hardly equal to the first in sparkle and point. Indeed, that could hardly be hoped, for a man cannot forever be epigrammatic. The fall to the commonplace is too easy. Yet there are plenty of bright and pithy sayings in the collection. We quote half a dozen taken almost at random: "Head without heart is an observatory without a telescope;" "Philosophy seeks God: religion finds him;" "Be, O man, like unto the wire, which sings most clearly when the storm rages most fiercely;" "Who is just may be charitable; who is charitable is just;" "Frank I may be by temperament, sincere I must be by conviction;" "An ass is none the wiser for being loaded with books."

We have often had occasion to refer questioners as to a good reference book to be used as a guide in laying out courses of reading to the book called *The Best Reading*, (New York: G. P Putnam's Sons). An additional volume has just been issued. It contains an accurate and reliable priced and classified bibliography for easy reference of the most important English and American publications for the five years ending with December, 1886 It is edited by Mr. Lynds E Jones, who has evidently given the work his most thorough and painstaking attention. Not only are the classification and arrangement admirable, but the discretion shown in selecting and rejecting from the current literature of the day deserves hearty and unqualified commendation.

The Century Company have issued a new and very attractive edition of Dr. Robinson's latest hymn and tune book, *Laudes Domini*. This edition is printed from new type, very clear in form; the music has been reset in larger type, and the staff lengthened; the names of the authors and composers have been placed on the page, and the figures numbering the hymns and pages have been more distinctly brought out. These improvements will still further increase the popularity of an admirable book of worship.

Marvels of the New West is the title of a large, well-printed and profusely illustrated volume by W. M. Thayer. The marvels described are those of nature, race, enterprise, mining, stock-raising, and agriculture. In all these directions the far West—the book treats only of the land beyond the Missouri—abounds in wonders, and they are here presented by pen and pencil in attractive form. (Norwich, Conn.: Henry Bill & Co.)

Thoughts of My Dumb Neighbors (New York: Phillips & Hunt; 70 cents) is a prettily illustrated little book, in which birds, insects, and fishes tell charming and amusing stories of their adventures and doings. It is a pleasant introduction to the study of natural history for little children.

THE MAGAZINES.

The current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* is perhaps hardly as entertaining as some of its recent predecessors, but it has several features of great literary interest and even importance. Foremost among these is Mr. Lowell's poem "Endymion," which is explained by the sub-title as a Mystical Comment on Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." In its exquisite finish and beauty of thought it is in every way worthy of the author of "The Vision of Sir Launfal." Papers on George Meredith by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, and on "The Medea of Euripides" by Mr. W. C. Lawton, are excellent bits of criticism. Other important papers are those on "Madame Necker," by Mr. J. B. Perkins, and on "The Marriage Celebration in Europe," by Mr. F. G. Cook. In the Japanese serial story by Mr. E. H. House we are inclined to think that his presentation of a certain narrowness of thought in what he intends, we suppose, for a typical missionary circle will mislead the reader by its appearance of a too broad generalization from one or two individuals.

Lippincott's Magazine for February is distinctively a woman's number; with the exception of the Book Talk and of a new department called the "Monthly Gossip," which promises to be an excellent feature, everything in the number is written by a woman. The complete novelette is a translation by Mrs. Wister from the German of E. Werner, a good example of the author's best work; Mrs. Belva A Lockwood tells how she became a lawyer; Charlotte L. Adam gives an amusing and sprightly account of an experience in living at a workingwoman's home; Amélie Rives has an imaginative story of old Greek times in which goddesses appear to the characters and govern the action of the tale in true Homeric style; the poems are by Helen Gray Cone, Sarah M. B. Piatt, Edith M. Thomas, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The *Cosmopolitan* contains, as usual, many short stories poems, and light sketches, agreeably though not pretentiously illustrated. In the January number the miscellaneous pictures are decidedly superior in interest to the fiction. The articles on Ghosts by Professor Proctor, on Book Auctions by Joel Benton, on New York Italians by Viola Roseboro', and on Clubs and Club Life in Paris by Edward King, will all reward a careful reading. The last-mentioned article gives the most complete and satisfactory treatment of the subject we have ever met.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

We have received from A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, a new edition of Dr Samuel H. Kellogg's *The Ages, or Prediction and Fulfillment; Abide in Christ* and *Be Like Christ*, two volumes of short studies by the Rev. Andrew Murray. The same publishers bring out in two dainty little books selections from the Bible for every day in the year, under the general title of *Daily Truths*.——Scribner & Welford, New York, send us the third volume of Dr. Ebrard's *Apologetics, or the Scientific Vindication of Christianity;* Volume I. of Professor C. F. Keil's *Manual of Biblical Archæology*, and the Rev. Dr. Watts's *Reign of Causality, a Vindication of the Scientific Principle of Ultic Causal Efficiency* ——From Longmans, Green & Co., New York, we have received Max Müller's *Biography of Words*, and the *Home of the Aryas* ——D. Appleton & Co., New York, send us a new volume in the National Scientific Series on *Anima Magnetism; The Natural Resources of the United States*, by Jacob Harris Patton, and two novels in paper, *The Story of Antony Grace*, by G. N. Fenn, and *Home Again*, by George Macdonald.

LITERARY NOTES.

—A translation of Longfellow's poems into Portuguese was recently published at San Paolo, in Brazil.

—"Portraits and Biographical Sketches of Twenty American Authors" has just been added to the Riverside Literature Series.

—Mr. P. G. Hamerton's "Recollections of a Tour in Wales Forty Years Ago" is announced in London. Mr. Hamerton's publishers in this country are Roberts Brothers.

—One of Mr. Whittier's birthday presents was a balsam pillow, embroidered with pine cones; the balsam grew by the grave of "H. H.," in Colorado, and the pillow was made by an Indian girl.

—All the 1,500 volumes of Roman Catholic works published in England during the last fifty years, and sent as a Jubilee offering to the Pope, were bound in white leather stamped with the Papal arms.

—The author of "Beyond the Shadow, or the Gospel of the Resurrection," Dr. James Morris Whiton, will publish through Thomas Whittaker a volume entitled "Turning-Points of Thought and Conduct."

—The Empress Eugénie has prohibited the publication of the correspondence of the late Louis Napoleon with his foster-mother, Mme. Cornu, so it will not appear during her life, as she has a power over Mme. Cornu's will.

—On Christmas Day one hundred copies of "A Few Poems of Many Years," by the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the brother and biographer of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, were distributed among the author's friends, the edition having been a private one.

—Thomas Whittaker issues this month "Readings and Prayers in aid of Private Devotion," by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island; also "A Manual of Church History," by the Rev. Arthur Charles Jennings, whose "Ecclesia Anglicana" is so well known, and "An Exposition of the Apostles' Creed," by the Rev. John Eyre Yonge.

—Austria-Hungary has some of the oldest newspapers in the world. January 1 was the 125th anniversary of the foundation of the Pressburger "Zeitung" A copy of the first issue has been preserved at the National Museum in Buda Pesth. Vienna has a more ancient paper, the "Wiener Zeitung," which is the official gazette, and was founded in 1700.

—The recent death of Dean Scott, of Liddell and Scott fame, recalls an old anecdote of Dean Liddell, told by the old boys of the Blue Coat School (Christ's Hospital), London. Sometimes a boy would construe a passage differently from Dr. Liddell's interpretation, giving "Liddell and Scott" as his authority. The lexicon being produced, and the boy's appeal thus sustained, the learned Doctor would invariably exclaim: "Dear! dear! what can Mr. Scott have been thinking about!"

—Volume IV. of the "New Princeton Review" (July to November) contains in handsome and substantial bound form many of the ablest recent contributions to the literature of philosophy, literary criticism, and art. It is noteworthy that in the whole volume but one signed "body-article" has any relation to theology or church matters. The departments of notes, reviews, and criticisms continue to be of the very highest quality as to fairness and thoroughness. An excellent analytical index is furnished.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

For the benefit of many readers, will you please to throw some light on the principle involved in "Christian Science," as differing from faith cure on the one hand and from mind cure on the other? In some of our smaller cities, both East and West, great interest has been awakened in the study of this so-called "science," amounting in one, as I am told by orthodox New England authority, to "a real revival of religion," under the conviction of a Divine Presence in the restoration of health. Friends who share my invincible repugnance to pseudo-science and to quackery in every form are nevertheless "musing in their hearts" whether the gift of healing possessed by the primitive Church has indeed been revived in our day. Every one knows of instances in which exaltation of mind, arising from overwhelming danger or pressing duty, has obliterated all sense of bodily ill, and has even prevented attacks of contagious disease which were to all appearance imminent and inevitable. Can the same exaltation of mind be induced by direct recourse to the Infinite Source of life? and is this the motive power used by Christian Science? A. C. R.

"Mind cure" may mean cure through the influence of another and stronger mind, or cure through the stimulus experienced by one's own mind. This latter is the theory of "Christian Science," which holds that *mind* is the sensitive sufferer, and that a sound mind tends to make a sound body, and that in proportion as the mind enters into fellowship with the Supreme Mind the latter so imparts its exalting power as to quicken the mortal body, even to the expulsion of disease. "Faith cure" is cure effected through the influence of faith accompanied by prayer (one's own or another's)—the "faith" being a full conviction that the cure is actually effected.

It has long been realized by physicians that mental and physical causes are powerful therapeutic agents. Cases of what is actually mind cure and faith cure are common in medical practice—that is, cures accomplished, though without any special religious exercise, through the direction and the energy imparted to the patient's mind, or will, or believing hope. Such cases were, no doubt, common in the Apostolic times. We can hardly set limits to the possible effects of mental or spiritual action in its highest conceivable energy, and especially in exceptionally susceptible natures. Such action has been known to extend to the production on the flesh of religious enthusiasts of marks corresponding to the mental images they intensely dwelt upon. Recent experiments by French savants have resulted in showing that the experimenter could produce upon certain susceptible persons, under hypnotic (or what we popularly call mesmeric) influence, such flesh marks as these at his will. All this goes to show that in that mysterious connection of mind with body which science is still exploring there lie great possibilities, that may be developed when the controlling laws have been ascertained and the conditions of success clearly defined.

But to say that medicines, diets, bandages, plasters, lotions, and all material appliances have been superseded, and are valueless in the advent of the Divine Healer as a spiritual presence to the sufferer's mind, is in our view the sending forth of a lying spirit to add one more to the long list of short-lived delusions. In the utmost stretch of plausibility, there will be found, in this matter, peculiarly constituted persons of whom wonderful things may be true, just as in clairvoyancy and hypnotism. To erect the experiences of these rare individuals into general rules for the treatment of everybody is simply the crudest quackery. That such experiences have been connected with religious enthusiasm proves simply nothing, for religious enthusiasm has been connected with all sorts of things—wise and otherwise.

In The Christian Union of January 5 is an article, "Short Talk About Poverty," in which the writer says, "Not far from where I live is a little mining town in which the average wages of the miners is $4 per day. In your paper of January 12 is another article—"Some Aspects of the Labor Question." In this article the writer states that the average in the mines he is connected with is $2 72 per day. The New York daily papers of this week say the Reading Coal Company have twenty-five thousand men on a strike, and that there is four hundred thousand dollars due them for two weeks' work. Will you kindly inform the public why there is such a difference in the numerous reports as to the average workman in the mines? How are these averages figured? Is it customary to pay day wages to men, or are contracts let to men who job getting coal from the mines, and are many days lost each year in time, for the miners to stand the loss?

By so doing you will oblige one of the readers of your valuable paper, and perhaps many more. E B. S.

Wages in the coal mining districts of this country vary very considerably. Mr. Rossiter W. Raymond's figures can be relied upon as entirely accurate, and they are taken from official sources, and were verified by him with great care. In some cases wages are paid by the day. The more favorable method for the miners, however, is the contract method, by which the miner is paid according to the amount which he gets out, not according to the time expended. The contract miners also make more than day wages, though the rules of the Union forbid their working over a certain number of hours or mining over a certain quantity of coal. We should presume that in the place in which the average wages of the miners were estimated at $4 per day, the estimate must have been based upon a contract price, while the New York daily papers' estimate of the amount due the Reading Coal Company's employees probably includes miners' assistants, and possibly day laborers about the mines.

In reply to several inquiries, I would say that the little book, "Lines by L. C. S.," mentioned in my article of January 5, is not, so far as I know, for sale by any bookseller in this country; but I have a few copies in my possession, and will send one to any address on receipt of sixty cents. GEORGE S. MERRIAM

Can any of your readers please tell me, through medium of "C. U.," of a book on "Epitaphs"? T. G. N.

C. Northend's "Book of Epitaphs" and T. Webb's "Select Collection of Epitaphs" are among several books on the subject. See also F. Saunders's "Salad for the Solitary" and A. K. H. Boyd's "Concerning Churchyards" for interesting chapters on the subject. See also "Poole's Index of Periodical Literature" for reference to many magazine articles

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Wendell Phillips referred to M. Urtis's work on Capital Punishment in one of his articles on the subject. Can you tell me where I could get it? Will you please also give me the names of the best works on Capital Punishment, *for* and *against*?

J. R. S.

J. M. Moir's "Capital Punishment," an English book, which you could probably obtain through Scribner & Welford, New York, will give you the history of the question. We believe that Urtis's work is to be obtained only through a second-hand dealer.

Please tell your readers where Professor Adler's model tenement-house is situated. E. A. C. P.

In Cherry Street, near Mulberry, in this city. See our issue of March 24, 1887, for an account of it.

Will you please give me the address of the Secretary or of some member of the "Shut-in" Society? And can you refer me to the back number, or numbers, of The Christian Union in which the aim of the Society is explained? J. C.

Miss E. E. Burge, 370 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the Secretary. Send for a copy of "The Open Window," which will give you full information about the aims and work of the Society.

I can tell "E. R." of an envelope for wraps which I think will meet her wants. Take Scotch plaid flannel (the lighter the weight the better), if of single width 1¼ yards, if of double width ¾ yard, and paper muslin sufficient to line without piecing. Baste flannel and muslin together, and bind the short sides with braid. Bring the bound edges over to meet in middle of envelope, lining being outside. Sew the sides firmly across, thus making two pockets similar to a handkerchief case. Turn inside out, fasten three short pieces of braid on each bound edge of pocket, to tie the pockets together, and you have a case that will carry, not only shawls and wraps, but many a useful article. The case can be folded to suit the contents, and when fastened in a strap forms a very neat and good-looking package. TRAVELER.

I would suggest to the readers of The Christian Union who are interested in the discussion "concerning theaters," and especially to the inquiring friend "C.," that Edna Lyall's "Knight-Errant" is well worth reading. Fiction, to be sure, is not proof, but sometimes it is more enlightening than argument.

C. H. C.

How can an Æolian harp be made? W. E. D.

We find the following directions in an exchange:

"Wax a piece of buttonhole twist about two and a half feet long. Tie each end strongly to a small peg, and thrust the pegs down the crevice between the two sashes of a southern or western window, stretching the silk as tightly as possible. The sweetness and variety of the tones the winds playing upon it will produce are quite surprising."

Where can be found a copy of some verses called "One by One," which were published several years ago, printed on detached cards, tied by a ribbon? Do not know by whom published, and cannot find it in the bookstores. J. O. A.

I should like to know the authorship of the following lines. I think they were once printed in The Christian Union:

"Day and night God standeth,
Scanning each soul as it landeth
Pale from the passion of death,
Cold from the cold dark river;
As, staggering, blind with death,
With trembling steps yet fleet,
Over the stones of darkness
They stumble up to His feet."

Your correspondent asks where the poem by William B. Terrett, commencing,

"I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,"

can be found. It is on page 155 of Volume VI. of "One Hundred Choice Selections," published by P. Garrett & Co., 708 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. It can be found at Appleton's or at Dillingham's, New York. J. P. A.

Will some one give the names of the authors of the poems containing the following lines, or where they can be found?

1. "Whether of high or low degree,
All men and women have ships at sea."
2. "I burned my ships and then I wished them back,
Because some spray clung round them of the sea
That dearer was than any land to me."
3. "Softly it stole up out of the sea,
That day that brought my dole to me."
4. "One forgets the sigh and the kiss too long
In a glory of gladness and sunshine and song."
5. "Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed."

L. A. R.

Susan Coolidge is the author of the poem beginning,

"If I were told that I must die to-morrow,"

which I suppose is the one asked for; and Mrs. Browning of "My Heart and I," one stanza of which is given by S. B. In reply to D., for children's books, I would recommend "Little Threads," "Henry and Bessie," and the "Susy Series," all by Mrs. Prentiss. Also "The Seven Little Sisters," published by Ticknor & Fields. M. B. E.

The recipe for paste asked for by a correspondent, and printed some time ago in this column, is as follows:

"I dissolve a piece of alum the size of a walnut in a pint of boiling water; to this I add a couple of tablespoonfuls of flour made smooth in a little cold water, and a few drops of oil of cloves, letting the whole come to a boil. This paste will keep for months. I put it in glass jars used for canning, or well-cleaned blacking-bottles. I use a half-inch bristle brush, which costs but a few pennies.

"This paste is handy, too, for domestic purposes. My children have many toys that come in wooden boxes, but these will break at the corners, and soon come to pieces. When a box begins to give out, I take a piece of cambric or calico, and, with the brush and paste, cover the box so that it will bear constant usage for months. Then, if the cover gives out, I pull it off, and put on another one. Again, a doll's arm or leg will come off; but a piece of muslin and a bit of paste restores the article so that it is as good as it was before." F. G. V.

NEWTONVILLE, Mass.

Can any of your readers answer the following questions: 1. What is the most approved method for protecting elm trees, where the bark has been injured by the weather? 2. How to press flowers and retain their natural color? I think in the past I have seen the method in the Scientific Department of "Harper's Magazine," but do not now know where to find it. 3. How to make waxed paper? 4. What is confectioner's paper that is placed under macaroons while baking? 5. Is the book entitled "The Plague of My Life" in print and for sale? It was published a number of years since and refers to hired help.

S. M. R.

FACT AND RUMOR.

The first recorded photograph of a rainbow has been exhibited to the Photographic Association of London. The arch has the appearance of something solid—like an arch of wood.

The largest savings bank in the world is the Glasgow Savings Bank. The latest report shows funds in hand of £4,630,000, and £4 632,000 are due to depositors, who number 137,204

In two London churches actors have been invited to read the lessons for several successive Sundays lately, with, it is said, great satisfaction to the audiences.

The position of postal clerk has been handed down in one family in Germany for 200 years, and the 200th anniversary was lately celebrated by the present holder of the position, named Cleve.

A young clergyman in a Western town preached the other day on "The Relation of Ministers to their Parishes." The local paper the next morning had it: "The Relation of Ministers to their Pharisees."

A number of Sea Island cotton stalks have been sent to the Sub-Tropical Exposition at Jacksonville, Fla., that are seventeen feet in length and have a large number of branches. This is the "longest" cotton ever produced in Florida.

A steeplejack near Huddersfield, England, had climbed to the top of an immense chimney to remove the scaffolding, when the rope by which he was to descend broke and fell to the ground. While the crowd were wondering how he would ever get down, he unraveled his stockings, and, letting down the thread, finally drew up a rope big enough to let him down.

"The Canadian Presbyterian" divides the Episcopalians of Canada into three classes—the Broad and Hazy, the Low and Lazy, and the High and Crazy. This old joke has gone far afield. Many years ago a witty clergyman applied these three sobriquets to the three Episcopal churches of New Brighton, Staten Island, and it is quite likely that even he did not invent them.—[Tribune.

Joseph Haydn went one day to Sir Joshua Reynolds's studio. The artist had just finished his portrait of Mrs. Bellington in the character of St. Cecilia listening to the celestial music. "It is like her," said Papa Haydn, "but there is a strange mistake." "What is that?" asked Reynolds, in much perturbation. "You have painted her listening to the angels; you ought to have painted the angels listening to her."

A little boy whom the Wanderer knows once remarked to his mother that he should think the trees would get tired waving their branches so much. The mother, upon questioning the child as to what he meant, found out that he thought the trees had life, and that their office in the world was to make the wind by "making their branches go." It was a curious but not wholly unnatural childish fancy.—[Boston Times.

Sunday after church:

Wife to husband, who had heard a sermon—Well, dear, what was the text?

Husband—The Word is the Truth, or something like that.

Wife—Was it a good sermon?

Husband—The first half-hour was good enough, but clear through the latter half he kept saying, "one word more," "another word," "a word in conclusion," "only a word more," and so on until I didn't know which word was the truth, and got so mixed up that I lost confidence in the whole business.—[Washington Critic.

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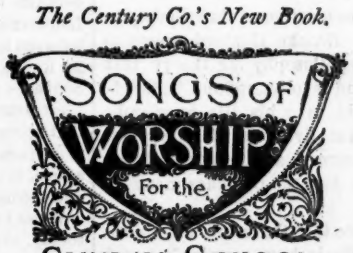

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CORRESPONDENCE.

NO! IT IS NOT TRUE.

I am interested in the discussion of theaters and theater-going, but there is one point which troubles me that I have not seen explained. Is it not true that for the *best* acting the actor must, for the time being, have himself the passions he seeks to portray? What, then, must be the effect upon the character of the actor, who must make himself feel the deepest hatred, desire the bitterest revenge, or work himself up to such a pitch of anguish as to weep natural tears? M. J. H.

WHO IS TO BLAME FOR STRIKES?

The blame is almost always given to the so-called striker. I wonder what would Mayor Hewitt have miners and railroad laborers do when they decide they can advance the price of their labor. Before they quit work at prices which afford but a bare living, must they provide a substitute who will work for whatever mine owners and railroad owners are willing to pay?

Is it the striker whom we should blame for strikes? It takes always two parties to make one, yet how seldom is it considered that it is as much because the employer won't pay the price of labor as because the employee won't work that the railroad trains do not run and the supply of coal is stopped!

If, on account of a rise suddenly in the price of fuel for locomotives, a railroad company should at once stop serving the public and decide to wait a few days and see if it would not decline, how quick and emphatically they would then be blamed!

From the way in which the mine owners and the railroad owners live compared with the way in which the mine workers and the railroad workers live, do we rightly infer that a demand for higher wages cannot in justice be granted?

No; we very well know that this great gulf between the mine owners in their luxurious homes and miners in their lamentable hovels, between the railroad kings in their palaces and railroad laborers in their wretched shanties, has been made by unjustly keeping wages down.

Shall we blame the strikers that they strike, although we know it is in vain? C. C. P.

THE GOSPEL ON RAILROADS.

Much is being done in these days for the moral and spiritual good of railroad workingmen. Young Men's Christian Association workers go after multitudes of these men when they are off duty, to lead them to convenient, pleasant rooms for social enjoyment, with the great object of winning them as soon as possible to Christ and to some church of Christ. And it would seem that the Spirit of God is stirring the hearts and inspiring the pens of the editors of The Christian Union to do noble work in the moral and spiritual interests of railroad men, by stopping all that is possible of Sunday traffic.

It seems, however, by the statements made in the exceedingly interesting articles lately published in The Christian Union, that though much of this traffic can be stopped, very much will be left to go on which in these days of rush it is *impracticable* to set to rest. Then what in this case is the best thing which can be done? Certainly American Christians can be up with the times. What would Christ do in regard to this matter? He went on the Sabbath day through cornfields with his disciples to do men good. Would he not take with him holy men in cars on long Sunday trains to save the people, railroad men and others? We have navy chaplains in our ships; is it not practicable for American Christian enterprise and generosity to support enough *railroad* chaplains, so that multitudes of railroad men, by various wise arrangements, shall hear the Gospel of Christ every Sunday who now have not this privilege? Many of our railroad directors and superintendents are gentlemanly, accommodating men; they let us have sleeping cars, palace cars, various sorts of special cars, and doubtless they would allow us all the *Gospel* cars needed for holy, wise, large-hearted men like Mr. Moody and many others, to preach the Gospel and do noble Christian work in various ways, at many junctions or convenient points along the long routes, on Sundays and at other times. There is certainly enough wealth to support some such system of evangelizing the people, not only in our own nation, but also in our churches. The cause of Christ and of the people needs such true and holy work. What shall be done about it? W. S.

A VOICE FROM THE SEMINARY.

To the Editors of the Christian Union:

The articles in recent numbers of The Christian Union concerning the education of candidates for the ministry have awakened considerable interest in the circle that my lot happens at present to be cast with. I am a divinity student, and as such feel that I have a good deal at stake in the question under discussion. If there is anything wrong with the course of training that I am going through, I think that I am entitled to the fullest information that I can get on the subject. Is it not true that one may remedy in great measure the defects of his training, provided he comes to appreciate them in season? We students often think that we see faults in the system of our education, and grave imperfections in the outcome of it. Doubtless our judgment on such matters is usually mistaken; but may it not occasionally be right?

I trust that it will not be considered amiss for me to mention two or three points that have occurred to me regarding the preparation of students for the ministry. In general, it seems to me that most of the instruction we divinity students get is good in itself, and a good deal of it is certainly of much value. We learn many things that we could not well get along without. But is the *result* of this instruction, on the whole, to give the student a right view of life? Is he put in possession of the facts in the case? Is he taught a wholesome respect for these facts, and given some just notion of how practically to deal with them? Now, it has often seemed to some of us that right here there is something wrong with our training; that either what we are taught is not given us in the proper shape, or else that some things of vital importance are withheld.

Among divinity students may be noticed certain general failings; and it is not unfair to attribute these in considerable measure to their training. In the first place, there is observable among them a certain air that marks them as a class separate from other people. They are not as men among men; and so their influence for good among men must be less commanding than it ought to be. Now, ought this to be otherwise? Can it be made otherwise?

Then, while they are profoundly versed in the kind of lore that treats of "man," it will usually be found that they are egregiously deficient in knowledge of *men;* and, moreover, this latter sort of knowledge is not considered of any account. Now, what sort of stuff is a theologue made of? What is to hinder him from knowing at first-hand some things that are worth knowing, as a cowboy, a broker, a Congressman, or a newsboy knows them? Isn't it worth while to get this kind of knowingness? When by-and-by the theologue begins the work of the ministry, he will not find people made to order for him. He will have to take them as they are; and there are a great many outside the Church that cannot be reached by the minister, unless he is something more than good and learned. He cannot do anything with them without first winning their respect, and to command that he must be wise with the wisdom of this world. They have no use for an innocent. I am thinking now of the text, "Be ye wise as serpents."

Well, of course, a man must gain the bulk of his knowledge of the world after he gets out to work in the world. But my point is that the importance of such knowledge is not impressed on the divinity student; there is nothing in his training to give him an impetus along that line; the whole drift of that training is the other way. The query is: Is it not the effect of such a course to unfit him to make the most wisely practical use of his future opportunities? He ought to have a taste for the humanities; but has this been cultivated? And is it safe to risk his cultivating it himself hereafter?

Now, I do not assume to instruct my elders. I have tried to speak directly, but I do not mean to speak offensively. I put all that I have said simply as a question, and I await enlightenment. MINOR.

DR. HERFORD'S SERMON.

I have read with some care a sermon printed lately in your columns, in which Dr. Brooke Herford seems to endeavor to uphold as true philosophy the theory that the best way to secure an end is to ignore and be indifferent to it. If a man would save his life he should train himself to believe that living is of no special account, so far as he is concerned, and that dying is not to be dreaded. How much does the preacher mean by this?

If he means merely to state that there are on record certain cases where individuals have seemingly saved their lives by recklessly exposing them, his statement cannot be disputed. That, however, amounts to nothing more than telling an interesting fact. It proves nothing, because there are more cases where men have lost their lives through recklessness than have saved them in that way, and we cannot deduce a general principle from the exceptional facts. As I look at it, God has given us an instinctive desire to preserve and prolong our lives; and to this end we must care for life and use suitable means to protect it—all suitable means. But should we reach a condition of indifference to death, and care no more to live, of course we would let life take its chances, and we should go into dangers as readily as into security. The ninth story of the hotel would be to us as the first, working in a powder mill would be as congenial as sitting in one's own living-room, and going to sea in a violent gale would cause no more apprehension than walking to church.

It may be that there is on the part of some people undue anxiety as to life. A man may have so much fear of dying that he fails to enjoy life, and as he must die in the end and be subject to the pangs of dissolution, his fear cheats him of the proper pleasures of life. This class of persons is so small, however, that missions need not be instituted in their behalf, and the people addressed by Mr. Herford probably had not one among them, so that his purpose must have been to show primarily that the best way to save life is to disregard it, in the sense of not being anxious about it.

Now, the difficulty in my mind is that the position contradicts the experience of men and places God in the position of implanting in men a false instinct which has worked to the injury of the entire race, and to the benefit of only the few who have succeeded in overcoming or disregarding it. It puts God in the attitude of saying one thing by his work and the contrary by his word as expounded by his living preacher.

The preacher illustrated his theme by telling how sickness is sometimes caused by the fear of sickness. That is, one dwells upon his ailments so much that he produces them, and therefore loses his health in the effort to save it. If one would only not keep thinking of his danger he would escape it altogether.

But if this be so, it is manifestly unwise to study and formulate the so-called laws of health. All that is necessary in the premises is not to think we are liable to colds, chills, malaria, cholera, bronchitis, small pox, and consumption.

But, granting that there is something in this, how are we to account for the frightful number of deaths among children who never knew there are such things as measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, croup, cholera infantum, and other destructive diseases? It seems to me that the philosophy of the discourse cannot be maintained, and I would like to have the good Doctor, or the Union, give us more light on the subject. J. H. E.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

[*From the Springfield Republican.*]

THE "Post" is perpetually asserting that the South is now in a fair way to overcome this great burden of ignorance in its minor population. How far it has succeeded is shown by the printed sheets of the forthcoming report of the Bureau of Education, which give the per cent. of average attendance on public schools to the number of children between 6 and 14, the practical age of school attendance in all the States. From this it appears that the extremes are 30 per cent. in Louisiana and 72 in Tennessee, against 66 in Colorado and 98 in Maine. In other words, Alabama has 46 Florida 50, Georgia 60, the two Carolinas 56 and 52, Maryland 49, and Virginia 48 per cent. of children, of this age, in average attendance in public schools; while the private schools include a few per cent. more, although in several of the Northern States large numbers are gathered under private and parochial tuition.

A strong point with the "Evening Post" is a comparison of various Southern States with the rural districts of New England. The test of actual schooling is found in the proportion of children between the ages of 6 and 14 in average attendance. While only the two most favored States of the South—Missouri and Tennessee—reach 70 per cent., and only three 60 per cent., the New England States rank—Maine 98, New Hampshire 88, Vermont 65, Massachusetts 91, Rhode Island 71, Connecticut 75 per cent., showing that these New England States, in public and private schools, really have their entire population between 6 and 14 under instruction.

When it comes to the test of enrollment, while the percentage of enrollment in public schools to the population between 6 and 14 in the Southern States ranges from 47 in Louisiana to 99 in Tennessee, the majority hovering between these figures, New England enrolls 103 per cent. in Rhode Island and 140 in Maine. Enrollment, in a Southern public school, is a very uncertain affair, and even these figures give an exaggerated impression of children that actually show themselves in the schoolhouse. The test is average attendance, and the cold facts are as appear above, in the significant contrast between the New England and the most important Southern States.

When to this we add the other facts, (1) that Georgia, to-day, supports public schools on an average of but three months a year, and the most favored Southern State barely five months; (2) that of the more than six millions of children and youth in the 16 Southern States, between 6 and 20, in their present state all requiring a good common school education, not one-half are to-day receiving four months a year, and the years of attendance are very few—we are able to estimate the value of the prodigious amount of educational "figuring" with which the readers of the "Evening Post" and "Nation" have been favored during the past two years. A. D. MAYO.

M. Chevreul, the noted scientist of France, who is 102 years old, is sitting to a sculptor for a bust. "Be kind enough," he said to the artist, "not to make me look any older than I am."

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIRTUE.

All who regard moral character as progressive know that in this, as in all other progress, while there is much gain, there is some loss. No one who looks back upon the moral condition of ancient civilization, and compares it with that of our own, can fail to notice that while, upon the whole, character is of a far higher type and better quality than formerly, there are yet certain virtues once deemed absolutely essential that have since sunk into comparative desuetude. This is not strange; it follows the general law, that strong emphasit in any one direction tends to some degree of weakening in another We know how a state of war and adversity develops a class of virtues utterly different from those which peace and prosperity foster, and while one set is flourishing the other languishes. True progress, however, has for one of her most important tasks that of continually picking up these dropped threads—recovering these backward steps. The uniting and balancing of seemingly antagonistic virtues form, in fact, one chief element in all moral advancement.

Among the duties which our modified civilization fails sufficiently to emphasize is that which is due to *public* affairs. In olden times the State was everything, the individual very little, save as he ministered to the State. Domestic life, social ties, private business—all were subordinated, and often very unjustly, to the supposed interests of the nation. A man's duty as a citizen ranked first, all others afterwards, and if he were derelict to that he was thought incapable of virtue. Gradually, however, the duty of the individual to himself and his immediate circle became more apparent, and received greater emphasis. Modern civilization made private life more complicated and demanding, and at present we are in far more danger of neglecting public duties than personal or social ones. True, in times of emergency public spirit rises with enthusiasm to fulfill the demands of the occasion, and we have had in our own land undoubted proofs that our national life and prosperity were dear to the hearts of the people. Yet it is not only in times of exceptional trial that this spirit is needed. Equally essential is it that in times of peace and plenty, when no danger threatens and nothing very exciting takes place, every individual should keep his loyalty alive, his interest in public affairs fresh and keen, and his powers ready for service whenever and wherever they may be needed. As it is, there are numbers of the most intelligent, and in other respects conscientious, men who withdraw wholly or largely from public affairs, thus depriving the city or State in which they dwell of the benefit of their abilities and character.

So general is this apparent indifference that it receives no penalty of shame or displeasvre from society. Such men are usually respected as highly and esteemed as much as if they had not shrunk from performing their obligations to the public. Should they act in a similar manner to their families, their friends, or their business, the popular sentiment would at once condemn them, as they would justly deserve. Of such neglect, however, they would never be guilty, because in these matters their coosciences are awake and active, while in public duties a strange torpor has come over them. Various excuses are brought forward to justify this neglect, but they would all vanish like mist before the sun, did the weight of responsibility for these affairs rest upon shem as it should. It is very evident that if all capable and honorable citizens followed their example, public interests must fall into the hands of the incompetent or dishonorable, and national disaster would ensue. To some extent, indeed, this very effect does follow as the troops of selfish office-seekers, the misappropriation of public funds, and the frequent results of political ignorance and injustice plainly show. Integrity and ability are needed everywhere, but nowhere more urgently than in the administration of public affairs, and the man who, possessing them, declines to employ them where they are so much needed is not guiltless of the many wrongs which he sees and laments.

These observations are such as should be taken "home to men's business and bosoms" when they are urged between this and election day to act upon public business with less care and less conscience than they would for their own private interests—to vote to turn out of the public service worthy, capable, and valuable officers merely for the sake of turning in other men less worthy or less capable or totally unfit. Sensible men do not deal in that style with their important private concerns; they do not dismiss intelligent agents, competent workment, experienced foremen, skillful doctors, or practiced lawyers to make places for the opposite kind. Why, then, should they do it in important public matters simply because they are public? Surely, it is bad morals, as it is pernicious practice, to do that. —[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A STORY ABOUT EMERSON.—I may be pardoned for adding an incident, writes Arlo Bates in the January "Book Buyer," of which the mention of the name of Emerson reminds me. A lady who traveled in Europe at the time Mr. Emerson and his daughter were there relates that at Naples she was much annoyed by the exactions of the boatmen who took her baggage from the wharf to the steamer. In her broken Italian she endeavored to express her sentiments in regard to them and their conduct, becoming more angry as they grinned and chuckled at her ill success with the language. Suddenly she turned, and perceived Mr. Emerson standing near her.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I ought not to have lost my temper, but I do so hate to be swindled. You must know how aggravating it is to be swindled, Mr. Emerson."

The philosopher smiled benignly, and turned toward his daughter, who stood near by.

"Ellen," he asked, "have we ever been swindled?"

It is to be feared that the secret feeling of the lady must have been a longing to shake him for being so placid!

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.—The heart has ears.
In a still pool swarm devils.
Honor is better than wealth.
God waits long, but hits hard.
Pray to God, but row to shore.
Modesty is a maiden's necklace.
An old crow croaks not for nothing.
Poverty is not a sin—but twice as bad.
A bad peace is better than a good quarrel.
An untimely guest is worse than a Tartar.
Calumny is like a coal; if it does not burn it will soil.
A mother's prayer has power to save from the bottom of the sea.
It is not so much the dew of heaven as the sweat of man's brow which renders the soil fruitful.

WANTS.

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LYMAN BEECHER LECTURES.

DR. TRUMBULL ON THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE Lyman Beecher Lecturer at the Yale Divinity School this year is the Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, D D , who has taken as his subject "The Sunday-School; Its Origin, Mission, M thods, and Auxiliaries." The first two lectures of the course were delivered January 19 and 20 and were in substance as follows:

A Sunday-school is an agency of the church, by which the Word of God is taught interlocutorily or catechetically to children and other learners, clustered in groups or classes under separate teachers, all these groups or classes being associated under a common head. When all these particulars are found, a gathering is substantially a Sunday-school, on whatever day it may assemble and by whatsoever name it may be called. The Sunday-school, in its essential characteristics as a Bible school, existed in the Jewish economy, and was included in the declared plan of the great founder of the Christian Church. Its origin, like that of the synagogue, cannot be fixed with accuracy in Jewish history. The fact that the Talmud and the Targums are full of traditions concerning it testifies that it was at the time of their composition an honored and ancient institution. The rabbins tell us that Methuselah was a teacher of the Mishna before the Flood, and they trace the existence of the synagogue Bible school through all the course of Hebrew history. The Bible itself speaks of the educated retainers of Abraham, of the Levites teaching in Judah in the time of Jehoshaphat, of the great open-air Bible school in the time of Nehemiah and Ezra. Josephus also affirms that from the times of Moses there had been careful religious instruction in connection with the synagogue worship.

It was about 80–70 B C that Simon ben Shetach, as President of the Sanhedrim, established a system of elementary religious schools in connection with the synagogues. The attendance on these was obligatory, and they became very popular. These correspond closely with our Sunday-schools. From six to ten years of age the child studied the Bible text, beginning with Leviticus. For the next five years he studied in addition the Mishna, with its rabbinical commentaries. After this age he was permitted to share in the discussions of the rabbins on the details of the Mishna. In addition to these elementary Bible schools there were more advanced Bible schools in connection with every local synagogue, in some cases also in the houses of rabbins. The afternoon service of the synagogue was one of interlocutory Bible study for young and old together. So important was the Bible studying in the eyes of the rabbins that the saying arose, "The righteous go from the synagogue [*i. e.*, the morning service] to the school." The synagogues with their schools were found all over Palestine and in many of the Gentile towns beyond. In the conduct of the school the rabbi sat on an elevated platform. His colleagues, the teachers, sat a little lower than himself, and on the floor at their feet sat the scholars. The traditional law and the Bible text were both studied. The method of instruction was almost entirely interlocutory and catechetical. Great importance was attached to this method. A responsibility was regarded as resting upon the Jewish teacher to teach his scholars, not merely to talk to them.

These catechetical Bible schools were not regarded as merely incidental to the Jewish life and polity. They formed a part of the religious system itself, essential to the stability and perpetuity of the national character. It was a Talmudic proverb that "the world continues to exist only by the breath of the school children." It was into this system that Jesus of Nazareth was born, and in which he was brought up. In the one glimpse that is given of the childhood of our Lord, he is seen in one of the more advanced Bible schools of his day, within the Temple limits. After this, in his public ministry, he is spoken of again and again as *teaching* in the synagogues as distinct from his preaching there. There can be no doubt that, when these two terms are used, there is a distinction implied in the form as well as the substance of his instruction. In the light of this distinction we can see new meaning in the great commission of the Lord to his disciples: "Go ye into all the world and make scholars of all the nations, . . . *teaching* them to observe all things whatsoever I command you." And, in accordance with this command, wherever the disciples went they taught as well as preached. The Bible schools seem to have been the fresh starting-points of the Christian Church in all the earlier apostolic work. Thus we find in the history and traditions of the Biblical age the Jewish origin and the Christian adoption of the religious agency known to us as the Sunday school.

In the Jewish communities the services of the Christian sanctuary and the methods of its training work were largely conformed to the Jewish models, but in the Gentile communities the church was compelled to vary its system of instruction to meet the needs of its new fields. For a long time Christianity was unable to enforce a uniform system of Bible schools, and had to content herself with the careful catechetical instruction of the young, in addition establishing in the large centers schools of a higher grade. The catechetical instruction grew into great prominence. It is clear that the preaching, or sermonizing, or homilizing, also, of the first two or three Christian centuries was largely in the nature of interlocutory conferences between the preacher and his congregation. "The preacher himself was only one of the speakers, even though he was the principal one."

The early catechetical schools included in their membership children and adults of both sexes; among their teachers were laymen and women; the subject matter of the interlocutory, individual instruction began with the Old Testament account of creation and went on to the most practical details of the Christ life. As the Christian Church gained in power, its religious public school system spread more and more widely. It went hand in hand with the missionary work of preaching. But later there came changes in its methods of training. Teaching lost ground as ritualism advanced. Lea, in his "History of the Inquisition," affirms that the decline of the spiritual life of the church was due to the neglect of the educational function. And it is an equally well-established fact that the gleams of spiritual light that shone out here and there in the darkness came from the lives of those Christians who had adhered to the Bible school idea, as the Waldenses, the Albigenses, the Wycliffites, the Hussites. This is true of all the Christian centuries. Preaching has been and is to be the pre-eminent agency for the warning and calling of sinners and the upbuilding of saints, but the results of any great reformation have been made permanent only by a process of interlocutory or catechetical teaching. Luther and Calvin each saw the need of such work, and prepared catechisms which were translated into various languages and widely used among the Protestants of Europe. And to meet the inroads of the Protestant faith, the Roman Catholic Church, through the Jesuits, began to reach after the children and to bring them under their influence in religious schools. It was by this adroit use of the weapons of its enemy that the Church of Rome stayed the progress of the Reformation. That Church has never forgotten the lesson then learned.

A primary cause of the decline of the Sunday-school work in the Protestant churches is to be found in the perversion of the use of the catechism into a perfunctory service of asking rote questions and receiving rote answers. The homily degenerated in a similar way. But this was not the intent of the authors of the catechism. It was an error of administration, strongly opposed by Luther and the framers of the Westminster Catechism. The founders of New England had no thought of building up a Christian commonwealth without the Bible school agency. Their week-day schools were their Bible schools. But gradually these became secularized; Bible-teaching came to be limited to a perfunctory use of the Westminster Catechism, and then it died out altogether. The religious decline of New England came as an inevitable consequence.

So, in spite of the lessons of the Protestant Reformation; in spite of the concurrent testimony of the great preachers and teachers all along the centuries; in spite of the specific injunctions of the great Head of the Church, interlocutory Bible study declined in prominence in the Protestant churches of Europe and America during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And this ignoring of plain duty gave little hope to the church or to the world.

E S. P.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

THE temperance movement is to be pushed energetically in the District of Columbia. A dispatch to the "Evening Post" says:

"The prohibition bills are being pushed with a good deal of enthusiasm before the committees of the two houses. The Senate District Committee has proceeded so far as to send Senator Platt's bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of spirituous and intoxicating liquors to the District Commissioners for information as to the extent and character of the liquor traffic here for the past five years. The bill provides that at the expiration of existing licenses none shall be issued for the sale of any kind of liquor to be drunk on the premises—not even cider—and it forbids even the giving away of liquor, except on the prescription of a regular physician to a regular druggist, and records of all prescriptions are to be delivered to the District Commissioners. Wine for sacramental purposes can only be obtained on a certificate, in writing, of the pastor, and it can be delivered to no other person than the pastor."

An important decision has just been made by the Maine Supreme Court on the *prima facie* clause of the new law. In this case the Judge of the lower court instructed the jury, as a matter of law, that the fact of the payment of the United States liquor tax, unless explained, was conclusive evidence that the person paying it was a common seller of intoxicating liquors. To this instruction the defendant excepted. The exception is sustained by the Supreme Court and a new trial granted. The decision says:

"The very essence of 'trial by jury' is the right of each juror to weigh the evidence for himself, and in the exercise of his own reasoning faculties determine whether or not the facts involved in the issue are proved; and if this right is taken from the juror, if he is not allowed to use his own reasoning faculties, but, on the contrary, is obliged to accept the evidence at the weight which others have affixed to it, and to return and affirm a verdict which he does not believe to be true, or of the truth of which he has reasonable doubts, then, very clearly, the substance, the very essence, of 'trial by jury' will be taken away, and its form only will remain. And if the enactment under consideration must be construed as having this effect, then, very clearly, it is unconstitutional and void. But we do not think it is necessary so to construe it. We have many similar statutes, in some of which the words used are '*prima facie* evidence,' and in others the words are 'presumptive evidence.' We cannot doubt that these phrases are intended to convey the same idea. Thus the possession of a dead bird at certain seasons of the year and the possession of a mutilated, uncooked lobster are declared to be *prima facie* evidence that the former was unlawfully killed, and that the latter was less than ten and a half inches long when taken, while the possession of a salmon less than nine inches in length or of a trout less than five inches in length is declared to be presumptive evidence that they were unlawfully taken. Similar provisions exist with respect to the possession of the carcasses of moose and deer at those seasons of the year when it is unlawful to hunt or kill them. Can it be doubted," said the Court, "that these provisions all mean the same thing? We think not, and we are not aware that either of them has ever been construed as making it obligatory upon the jury to find the defendant guilty, whether they believe him to be so or not. They mean that such evidence is competent and sufficient to justify a jury in finding defendant guilty, provided it does, in fact, satisfy them of his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, and not otherwise."

The Chicago "Staats-Zeitung," which cannot be said to be prejudiced against beer-drinking, has an article on "Crooked Beer" in which it declares that in the manufacture of much beer there are used: 1. Substitutes for barley malt. 2. Substitutes for hops. 3. Substitutes for natural fermentation. It adds:

"In view of the fact that the manufacture of beer is a national industry taxed by the Government and carefully watched, there ought to be no doubt that the doctoring of beer is punishable. In view of its influence upon the health, crooked beer is much worse than crooked butter. How would it do if one of the German Representatives in Congress, say Mr. Guenther, of Wisconsin, should interest himself in this matter, and prepare and introduce an act against the doctoring of food and luxuries, such as is in effect in Germany?"

Another outrage by anti-prohibitionists is reported, this time from Irish Creek, Ontario, where eleven buildings, a church, and a tannery have been burned and several people assaulted by ruffians in sympathy with the many tavern-keepers who have been fined lately.

There has been another postponement of the cases against the Dubuque (Iowa) saloon-keepers. Judge Ney now says that the cases will not be heard the present term. Some of these cases have been pending for four years. Judge Ney said that the failure thus far to secure an official copy of the decision of the United States Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the law, and the possibility that the present Legislature would amend the law, rendered it unadvisable to hear these cases now.

The Rev. F. T. Bailey preached in the State Street Congregational Church of Portland, Me, on Sunday of last week, on "The Dram Shops of Portland, and Who Are Responsible for Them." He said that he had been the rounds of Portland, and even from the street had seen rows of men drinking at bars, and several bartenders dispensing liquids. He had asked policemen to make seizures on the spot, but they refused to do so without a warrant. He also found open bars in three leading hotels. The increase of Portland's drunkards was alarming. In 1885 there were 567 arrests for drunkenness, while in 1887 there were 992. In the last six months the increase had been very great.

Governor Davis, of Rhode Island, in a message to the General Assembly, says of the prohibitory law:

"The Chief of State Police has been diligent in his office, and the law he was appointed to administer has been enforced as far as the influence in his control can effect it. That the law is not more efficient is for want of a sufficient public sentiment to support it. It is a thankless task to attempt to enforce a law which has not the moral support of the community. The Prohibitory law, so called, is written upon our Constitution and statutes, and self-respect, as well as the obligations of our office, demands that we do what we can to accomplish its purpose. The courts at present taking action are so encumbered with business already brought that the delays to final action defeat the purposes of the prosecution. I would suggest that the number of district courts might be increased in the State, and the courts have a broader jurisdiction."

FINANCIAL.

The Bank of England rate of discount was again reduced to three per cent. on Thursday, and the extreme ease in funds continues in the London market, the call rate not being over 1½ per cent. on fair security. This easy money abroad is working a very natural result in stimulating a renewed movement with foreign investors in the absorption of our bonds and stocks. Private negotiations have recently taken place between London bankers and parties here for the placing of new issues of railway bonds in the markets over the other side, while quite large negotiations have already taken place which have relieved some of our bankers of blocks that have been on their hands for months. A movement is on foot among the dealers in American shares in the London Exchange to introduce various American first-class dividend stocks, which have not been in the market before, to English traders and investors; this movement is particularly fathered by Joseph Price, of the "English Association of American Bond and Share Holders." His purpose is to acquaint the markets abroad with the quality and dividend values of such stocks as Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Chicago & Rock Island, Chicago & Northwestern, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Chicago & Alton, and others, all of which stocks pay from six per cent. to eight per cent. steadily and have for many years. This movement is the outgrowth of the need for investments of first-class character in shares which shall pay more to the holder than do the English railway shares. English first-class shares hardly pay more than three to three and a half per cent. on the money, and are very scarce, having been largely absorbed.

The money market here is tending continually toward ease, notwithstanding a growing movement in bond investments. The bond market is strong and advancing, especially in the better class of securities; while signs are not wanting to show that, so far as bonds are concerned, the movement is expanding, and there are probabilities that a speculative investment disposition, manifest more or less now, will result in an advance in hundreds of second mortgages and income debentures. The main drawback, as we said last week, to any great improvement in the condition of Wall Street markets for shares is in the position taken by the Jay Gould interests with respect to various shares and bonds representing his railroads and companies. For instance Missouri Pacific stock, paying seven per cent. per annum for the past eight or ten years, is left to be hammered and beaten about in the market by the bears, who circulate all sorts of stories about the condition of the company, until the price is down some 30 per cent. from a year ago, and now is at nearly 80 to 82. The same course is being pursued by the operators in the market toward Manhattan Elevated stock, which is now below 90 while a year ago it was 150 to 160. Other shares and bonds are suffering the same fate, until every one holding these different securities is feeling very timid, and in many a case is following the street and disposing of investments in these descriptions. Mr. Gould is abroad, and as he is disposed to be very conservative in his ventures now, he is probably not paying any attention to all of this talk, nor is he buying except such lines as he can pay for. The result will probably be that his particular stocks will soon cut loose from the rest of the list and be more and more discredited until he shall finally protect them from utter demoralization by checking this wholesale slaughter of their market values. The Reading strike has had an adverse influence on most of the share list, which is down one or two per cent. from a week ago, while Reading itself is weak; yet at the lower prices a fair support is being given to the other coal stocks and also to the Northwestern and Vanderbilt descriptions.

It is plain that no extended upward move will be undertaken until the Reading strike of the miners is settled and Congress shall have passed some bill to relieve the Government of its excessive revenue.

The railways, in the meantime, notwithstanding storms that blockade and rate-cutting that is credited with ruin in its wake, are making good returns. Some eighty-six roads have made returns for the first week in January, showing an increase of 13 43-100 per cent. in gross receipts over the corresponding period of 1887, while returns for the second week show about 11 per cent. increase, notwithstanding the drawbacks named. The time is near when the phenomenal earnings of 1887 will, of course, make gains over these earnings less frequent, but it must be remembered that these earnings of 1887, large as they were, were met by heavy declines in securities and shares, on the principle or theory that "every thing goes by contraries." These heavy, almost disastrous, declines through the year of 1887, as we look back on them, and try to reason them out in the light of results, seem to have no foundation, and when, as frequently happens on Wall Street, the markets are forced against facts and reason, there comes a return of common sense that rights the wrong, and in addition, goes to the other extreme. The event of the week is the expiration of the time appointed by the Purchasing Committee of the Wabash Railway reorganization for receiving bond indorsements of their scheme. The Committee have concluded to extend the period to February 6, after which a charge of two per cent. will be made on bonds not then in. The Committee announce that sufficient bonds are now in to make the scheme a success, but it is good policy of the management to obtain such a majority of each of the issues as will convince all factious opposition of the futility—this they will, undoubtedly. On the basis of the new plan we, therefore, feel perfectly safe in saying that the various bonds of the Wabash system, so soon to be newly classed in first and second mortgages on the entire system east of the Mississippi River, are absolutely the cheapest bonds, on their merits, of any bonds on the Exchange list, and we would advise our readers that, as investments, the Chicago Division, the Wabash convertibles, and the Wabash 7's of 1879 may be purchased with security of their being worth much more than they are selling at.

The bank statement is another striking illustration of the cheapness of money and of the easing tendency of funds. It is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$1,406 000
Specie, increase	3,066,100
Legal tenders, increase	2,511,100
Deposits, increase	1,816 000
Reserve, increase	5,577,200

This leaves the surplus reserve of city banks at the large amount of $20 914 475. Money on call rules three and one half per cent and very easy. WALL STREET.

SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

Most boys and girls do not like sermons—they say that they are too long for their highnesses. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over, and must not be read too hastily.

A Swedish boy fell out of the window and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil that make the man or woman good or not.—[Jewish Messenger.

SPARE YOUR EYES.—The average New England railroad manager is a man who knows most of the stockholders personally, and is acquainted with a considerable percentage of the patrons of the line. Most of our New England lines are short, and they make their money from people who ride to and from their business every day. The lines terminating in Boston earn their dividends on their own rails, and to these dividends those passengers who live within twenty miles of the Hub are the heaviest contributors. So it is natural our managers should feel almost a fatherly nearness to their patrons. It was, perhaps, by reason of this feeling rather than by old-fogy unwillingness to do anything differently from the way it has been done that a Boston manager told a patron that cars ought not to contain many lamps. The patron had written to him complaining that the lamps in the cars were so badly placed and so feeble of themselves that it was next to impossible to read by them.

"But why do you want to read by them?" asked the manager. "Don't you know it will hurt your eyes to read in the cars? It's one of the worst habits you could get into. Don't do it; break yourself of it. I shan't put in better lamps, for if I did more people would read in the cars, and there'd be more eye diseases. Don't read in the cars. They weren't made to be read in."—[Boston Transcript.

NATIONAL
LOAN & TRUST CO.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
ESTABLISHED 19 YEARS.

PAID-UP CAPITAL INCREASED TO $200,000.	HAVE LOANED NEARLY $5,000,000.

Real Estate Mortgage Loans Debenture Bonds.
Our loans are carefully selected in good localities. Every piece of property personally inspected. We are prepared to give investors the benefit of our judgment and experience, based on the above. Correspondence solicited, and all inquiries cheerfully answered.
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ABSOLUTE SAFETY.
KANSAS INVESTMENT CO
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GEO. C. MORRILL, Vice-Pres't. H. E. BALL, Pres't.
P. T. BARTLETT, Ass't Sec. B. R. WHEELER, Sec'y.
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FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.
Principal and Interest Guaranteed.

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Kansas Loan & Trust Co.
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
Paid-up Capital, $500,000.
7% FIRST MORTGAGES 6%
The Old Reliable.
Every loan made is carefully inspected by an experienced Examiner sent from the office of the Company, who is paid a salary and not a commission. His report, with all the papers connected with the loan, are carefully reviewed by an officer of the Company before loan is approved. Fifteen years' experience; over $15 000 000.00 negotiated (without loss) for Colleges, Savings Banks, Insurance Co.'s, Trustees, and individuals. Boston office 46 Congress Street, Geo. M. Stearns, Manager. Philadelphia office, 713 Walnut Street, Wm. B. Wood, Manager.

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Minneapolis, & REALTY CO. Minnesota.
Offer strictly choice First Mortgage Loans bearing 6 to 7 per cent. interest, well secured on selected properties in Minneapolis and St. Paul. Perfect title, absolute security, prompt payment, good character, our invariable requirements. We collect and remit principal and interest free to lender. Send for pamphlet containing forms, and references East and West.

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First Mortgages on Omaha City Property for sale in amounts from Three or Four Hundred to Ten Thousand Dollars Bearing 8 per cent. Interest. Being constantly on the market I am enabled to buy these mortgages from holders who need the money so as to give my customers the full rate of interest without any deduction for commission; thus furnishing a first class security at 8 per cent.—the same as is being daily taken for loans at 6 per cent interest. An assortment constantly on hand. Write stating the amount you desire to invest, and I will answer giving particulars of what can be done. I buy nothing I cannot recommend.
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Offer extraordinary inducements in
INVESTMENT SECURITIES,
ALL GUARANTEED
Assets, Oct. 1st, 1887, $1 866,836 68.
Send for full information and references.

WESTERN MORTGAGE TITLES INSURED
THE MINNESOTA LOAN AND TRUST CO. announces to its patrons that, since a responsible Title Insurance Company has been organized in Minneapolis, it will hereafter require all titles to be insured upon its loans in Hennepin County (embracing the city of Minneapolis) and will supply each mortgagee, without cost to him, a policy of the Minnesota Title Insurance and Trust Company, fully insuring the title. Money loaned upon choice improved city and farm property, to net the lender 6 to 7 per cent. First mortgages, amply secured, for sale. Address THE MINNESOTA LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA. Mention this paper.

SAFEST OF ALL
INVESTMENTS.
First Mortgage Bonds 7 to 8 per cent Semi-Annual Interest. Negotiated by W. B. CLARK & CO., in sums of $200 and upwards. Prompt Payment of Principal and Interest ensured made and remitted to lender without charge. BEST LOCATION IN THE UNION. Fifteen years' experience. Ample Capital. Wide connections. Refer to the "Congregationalist." Send for form, circular, and references before you invest elsewhere.
W. B. CLARK & CO.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

BUSHNELL & BUSHNELL,
REAL ESTATE & PRIVATE BANKERS,
365 Robert Street, Cor. 5th,
ST. PAUL, MINN.
Investments made. Money loaned. Interest Coupons collected. We have a very large list of property in St. Paul and its environs. Reference: First National Bank, St. Paul Trust Co., National German American Bank, St. Paul, Minn. Correspondence solicited.

THE MIDDLESEX BANKING CO
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
Capital Stock, Paid up - - $500,000
6 PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE BONDS
and Mortgage Notes Guaranteed. Interest payable at National Bank of the Republic N.Y. Chartered 1872. Under same supervision as Savings Banks. The only Mortgage Co. whose output is Limited by Statute.
Offices: Boston, 5 Tremont St.; New York, 11 Wall St.; Philadelphia, 512 Walnut St.

First Mortgage Bonds
OF
THE DULUTH ELEVATOR COMPANY,
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Full particulars by
COCHRAN & WALSH,
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Call at Office or write for particulars.
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320 Broadway, New York City.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1888

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

BE CAREFUL.

When you send a change of address, give OLD as well as new address in full.

TAKE NOTICE.

We do not send receipts for subscription. Your receipt will be found in the change of date in the label on wrapper.

CAUTION.

We often receive money orders without letters of advice. Sometimes money and postal notes are sent without a signed letter. Don't do it.

OBLIGE THE DESK.

In sending stamps please give us "ones" and "twos" if you can. We have little use for larger denominations.

SIFTINGS FROM PUBLISHER'S MAIL.

OUR FIELD IS THE WORLD.

We have this week received new subscriptions from:

England,
Ireland,
Switzerland,
India,
China,
Japan,
Natal,

and almost every State and Territory in the United States.

"NO LIVING WITHOUT IT."

"Send The Christian Union to ——. I think if he gets a little taste of the paper, he will feel as I do—there is no living without it."

AN EDUCATOR.

"Through it I have been led to higher attainments and broader views of the Christian religion and a more perfect knowledge of the spirit of Christ's mission to the world."

INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

Thursday morning's mail brings, among seventy-nine renewals and other new subscribers, the following: One from China, one from Japan, and one from India.

WAIT AND SEE.

A subscriber will be obliged to give up reading The Christian Union unless it is more distinctly printed. *Do give us some better type.* A FRIEND.

My number of The Christian Union this week is so misty and nebulous—in *type*, not in *matter*—that I cannot make out its contents even with glasses of a high focus. Will you kindly send me another number? S.

To The Christian Union Co.:

While everybody writes to praise your paper, I wish to find fault. And in order to show my sincerity I inclose my cheque for a renewal from February 24, prox.

Do you know that your paper is printed so badly it seriously detracts from one's satisfaction in reading it—or rather in *trying* to read it?

Do you know that letters are half printed, or not printed at all, and that the pages are so blurred and smooched as to be a serious offense to eyes as well as eyesight?

Do you know that there is no other religious paper in the country so offensive in appearance from this cause?

Even the ——, whose theology I greatly dislike, has always come to me clean and readable—and just now it appears in entirely new type.

I know of no *daily secular newspaper* that would presume to go before its readers in such a slovenly shape; but for The Christian Union, a high-toned, influential, and every way to be commended journal (except in the particular I name), it is really intolerable.

If I did not esteem your paper so very much, I am sure I should not trouble you with these sentiments.

Very truly yours, ——.

The Christian Union has made it a practice to give as much room to criticism as to praise, and it therefore prints the foregoing letters in full. And this gives the Publisher the opportunity of saying that if our critics will be patient for a few weeks The Christian Union will be put into their hands in as attractive a shape in all respects as they can desire. New paper, new type, new presswork, will be combined in the near future to produce the best paper typographically that can be made. It is the Publisher's intention to make The Christian Union inferior in external appearance to no paper of its class in the country, as it is now—so our correspondents say—inferior to none in literary, practical, and moral qualities; to give it, in a word, a body fit for its spirit.

DIVERS AND SUNDRY FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

The Editor hands this letter over to the Publisher. The Publisher hands it over to the readers of the Desk, with two comments:

1. The Editor has no idea of relinquishing The Christian Union for any pulpit. His editorial relations to The Christian Union remain unchanged.

2. General Grant for some time before his death turned his glasses down at the commencement of dinner, before anything went into them.

Editor Christian Union:

You have doubtless forgotten that my acquaintance with your writings began some years ago in Elmira, N. Y., in the days of your connection with the "Illustrated Christian Weekly," but I remember it with pleasure. I followed you to The Christian Union, and have taken and read that paper since. My copy goes to two elderly women in Brooklyn, whose means are somewhat limited, but who are intelligent and who would greatly miss their weekly visitor. From them it goes to a family in Troy, and thence to a man in London, England. If I were able, each one of these families should have a copy, for the material sake of the paper, for certainly twenty persons read each issue. I think that is doing a little better than is suggested in the current number in the "Publisher's Desk," under the heading "Useful in Every Way."

Of course, I read a great many newspapers, or at least look over a great many; but there is no other one that I read so closely and with so much satisfaction as I do The Christian Union. I believe my wife and mother read every line in it, advertisements and all. I don't know what your political leanings may be, but I presume you would call yourself a Republican, whatever that may mean. Now, I am a Democrat, from the marrow of my bones out, but I find little in your paper with which I can disagree—that is, concerning political questions. On them you seem to be right, every time. I say right because, except in an expression now and then, you reach the same conclusions I do. Sometimes by different paths, but you "get there." The same intelligent and catholic spirit seems to control the utterances of your paper on all topics it touches or discusses. It is the kind of literary food upon which I like to bring up my children. It is a paper that strengthens me in convictions that I have stood by for long years on questions of morals, religion, literature, ethics, politics, philosophy, education—almost any topic that has arisen since the paper was in existence.

A paragraph, also in the "Publisher's Desk" of this week, under the heading "So the Publisher Thinks," copied from the Springfield (Ohio) "Republic," contains what I would say, and I would add to it: Do you intend to give up the paper for the pulpit? I know that the Plymouth pulpit is an object worthy any Christian man's ambition, and one would think many times before he would decline it. But is not your field in the paper as imperatively marked out for you as is Mr. Berry's in Wolverhampton? The success of the Union is marked, and its power is increasing rapidly. Where your words and your works in the pulpit reach hundreds, in the paper they reach tens of thousands.

Don't!

My wife has been reading the Union opposite me as I have written, and has called my attention to a sentence that recalls an expression in the first part of this letter, that once in a while there is a line or a paragraph in the Union with which I cannot agree. This instance is amusing rather than otherwise. In the communication of Mrs. J. Ellen Foster on "Taxing Whisky" it occurs. The article itself is most excellent, containing the best of Democratic doctrine. One of its paragraphs begins, "The drink bill of 'good society' is not as large as it used to be. When General Grant turns his glasses down," etc., etc. This made us all laugh, and the thought at once occurred that he never turned his glass down until after he had emptied it.

Galatians vi., 11.

I thought it best to close thus with a text, as that and the length of this are the only two things in which it resembles a sermon.

Very truly yours, A. T.

WINTER CARNIVAL AND ICE PALACE AT ST. PAUL.

Arrangements are about completed for the great Carnival and Ice Palace at St. Paul, which is to open the 25th of this month and continue ten days. The arrangements indicate that the Carnival will be one of unparalleled grandeur and interest to spectators and participants. As Montreal has given up the idea of a Carnival this season, it will undoubtedly have a tendency to enlarge the one at St. Paul. The Old Pioneer route, the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, was the first to announce the fact that they would sell round trip tickets from Chicago at the one-way rate, namely, $11 50. The Eastern representative of this Company, Mr. E. T. Monett, is forming excursion parties from this section, and will gladly render any information that is in his power. His office is at No. 409 Broadway.

MADAM PORTER'S COUGH BALSAM is one of the best remedies for COUGHS and Colds. Successfully used over fifty years.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS. The cabinet organ was introduced in its present form by Mason & Hamlin in 1861. Other makers followed in the manufacture of these instruments, but the Mason & Hamlin Organs have always maintained their supremacy as the best in the world.

Mason & Hamlin offer, as demonstration of the unequaled excellence of their organs, the fact that at all of the great World's Exhibitions, since that of Paris, 1867, in competition with best makers of all countries, they have invariably taken the highest honors. Illustrated catalogues free.

PIANOS. Mason & Hamlin's Piano Stringer was introduced by them in 1882, and has been pronounced by experts the "greatest improvement in pianos in half a century."

A circular, containing testimonials from three hundred purchasers, musicians, and tuners, sent, together with descriptive catalogue, to any applicant.

Pianos and Organs sold for cash or easy payments; also rented.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN & PIANO CO.

154 Tremont St., Boston. 46 E. 14th St. (Union Sq.), N.Y.
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DURKEE'S SALAD DRESSING
UNEQUALLED FOR EXCELLENCE
DURKEE'S POULTRY SEASONING
FOR GAME, POULTRY, MEATS, Etc.

A VALUABLE AND BEAUTIFUL
GARDENING SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
CHRISTIAN UNION.

FINE GARDENING MARKS THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.—*BACON.*

THERE ARE NO SECRETS OF SUCCESS IN GARDENING AND FRUIT CULTURE known to successful gardeners, fruit growers, and other specialists which will not be told in

THE AMERICAN GARDEN FOR 1888,

an illustrated monthly magazine of the garden, orchard, house, lawn, farm, and nature,

Combining { THE AMERICAN GARDEN (*16th year*), THE FLORAL CABINET (*17th year*), THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY (*30th year*), and HORTICULTURIST (*42d year*).

Though difficult to chronicle its rapid advances, some of the features for '88 follow: **IN ORNAMENTAL GARDENING** we will show how to make use of the simple means of Nature. **WINDOW GARDENING**, which so often tries the hearts and nerves of persistent flower lovers, will have as much light thrown upon its mysteries as successful amateurs can shed from their experience. **ORCHIDS AND ROSES** will have special departments, and special articles are in preparation on the Geranium, Carnation, Iris, Trees, etc. **CHARLES BARNARD**, Supt Chautauqua Town and Country Club, will describe his work in the culture of a village lot, of special value to professional men, mechanics, and beginners. **THE HOUSE GARDEN** deals with plant and floral decoration of house and table, floral fashions, proper use of orchard and garden products in cookery, preserving, etc., etc., by "SHIRLEY DARE," author of *Anna Maria's Housekeeping*. **FRUIT CULTURE** will have the work of practical growers and experimenters in all sections. Varieties, diseases, culture, marketing etc., will be written by Dr. T. H. HOSKINS, T. V. MUNSON, Prof. J. L BUDD, CHAS. A. GREEN, E. WILLIAMS, L. H BAILEY, Col. F. D CURTIS, A. A CROZIER, D. B. WIER, and many others **PROPAGATION** will receive special attention by skilled cultivators, and include all classes of plants **NEW OR RARE PLANTS** will be described by W A MANDA, of Harvard Botanic Gardens, and other noted specialists. **VEGETABLES.** An exhaustive series by E S. GOFF, of New York Experiment Station, will describe the cultivated varieties, weeding out duplicates and worthless sorts without fear or favor. Vegetable gardening will have extensive and practical treatment. **GREENHOUSE** construction and management will be discussed at length. **SCHOOL GARDENING** will have continued careful attention.

I cannot begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed it, as a rest from professional reading.—[DR. C. R. SUMNER, *Rochester, N. Y.*

My garden of less than half an acre occupies all the time I have to spare for horticultural pursuits, but I am able to make available much that I find in your excellent periodical. THE AMERICAN GARDEN comes the nearest to my idea of what the typical American horticultural journal should be of anything that has come under my observation. I wish it a success commensurate with its merits.—[EDGAR H. WOODMAN, ESQ., *Concord, N. H.*

A great aid to all who take an interest in horticulture. By truthfully representing the value of new plants, fruits, and flowers it saves its readers a good deal of money and much loss of time in the cultivation of worthless things.—[DR. T. K. HOLMES, *Chatham, Ont.*

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SOME "CATCH QUESTIONS."

There exists, floating about the world's verbal form, and occasionally even appearing in print, says "Temple Bar," a certain class of propositions or queries, of which the object is to puzzle the wits of the unwary listener, or to beguile him into giving an absurd reply. Many of these are very old, and some are excellent. Instances will readily occur. Who, for example, has not, at some period of his existence, been asked the following question: "If a goose weighs ten pounds and a half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?' And who has not been tempted to reply on the instant, fifteen pounds?—the correct answer being, of course, twenty pounds. Indeed, it is astonishing what a very simple query will sometime catch a wise man napping; even the following have been known to succeed:

"How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, one yard being cut off every day?"

Or again:

"A snail climbing up a post twenty feet high, ascends five feet every day, and slips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top of the post?"

Or again:

"A wise man having a window one yard high and one yard wide, and requiring more light, enlarged his window to twice its former size; yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How was this done?'

This is a catch question in geometry, as the preceding were catch questions in arithmetic—the window being diamond shaped at first, and afterwards made square. As to the two former, perhaps it is scarcely necessary seriously to point out that the answer to the first is not fifty days, but forty-nine; and to the second, not twenty days, but sixteen—since the snail who gains one foot each day for fifteen days, climbs on the sixteenth day to the top of the pole, and there remains.

Such examples are plentiful, and occasionally both curious and amusing. But the purpose of the following paper is to illustrate a class of problems of rather a different kind. There are certain problems which are in no way catch questions (any problem involving a mere verbal quibble is of course out of court by its own innate vileness), and which, though at first sight extremely simple, often require considerable ingenuity to arrive at a correct result. Take for example the following:

"A man walks round a pole, on the top of which is a monkey. As the man moves, the monkey turns on the top of the pole so as still to keep face to face with the man. Query: When the man has gone round the pole, has he, or has he not, gone round the monkey?"

The answer which will occur at first sight to most persons is that the man has not gone round the monkey, since he has never been behind it. The correct answer, however, as decided by "Knowledge," in the pages of which this momentous question has been argued, is that the man has gone round the monkey in going round the pole.

The following has not, so far as the writer is aware, hitherto appeared in print: "A train standing on an incline is *just* kept stationary by an engine which is not sufficiently powerful to draw it up the incline. A second engine, of the same power as the first, is then brought up to assist by pushing the train from behind, and the two engines together take the train up the incline. Suppose the carriages to be linked together by loose chains, so that when the engine in front is acting the chains are stretched and the buffers between the carriages are separated, then, when the train is moving under the action of two engines, the buffers must be either together or apart. *Which are they?* If they are apart, the engine behind the train is evidently doing no work. If they are together, then the engine in front is doing none. But neither engine alone can move the train. Why, then, does the train move?"

The following was once asked at a university wine party by a now well-known senior wrangler: "Suppose three snakes each of which is swallowing another by the tail, so that the three form a circle—then, as the swallowing process continues the circle evidently grows smaller and smaller. Now, if they thus continue to swallow each other, what will eventually become of the snakes?"

Of course, it is clear that either the swallowing process must stop somewhere or that the snakes will vanish down each other's throats. *At what point*, then, will the swallowing cease? If the reader finds himself ready on the spot with a clear and precise answer to this question he will have proved himself of a readier wit than the guests of the above-mentioned wine party. A little consideration, however, will probably be sufficient to clear up the mystery, and, like the preceding enigma of the railway, the problem may safely be left to the examination of the ingenious.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD

It is no unusual thing to see small volumes that you can hide almost in a vest-pocket go for from twenty dollars to eighty dollars. Some books, if they are rare enough, of the *incunabula* and black-letter kind, will bring hundreds of dollars. The first edition of one of Longfellow's books, "The Coplas de Maurique," thin and dingy though it be, brings almost always near fifteen or twenty times its original price. Tennyson's first thin volume, containing also his brother's poems, which must have been published for not more than a dollar and a half, I saw sold the other day for only a trifle short of forty dollars. "First editions" are especially stimulative to prices, as there are so many collectors who pride themselves on their possessions in this line. The editions, however, must be of books and authors themselves highly esteemed. Their value rests on the fact that, having long been out of print, they are positively unprocurable, except by the rare accident which the book auction occasionally affords. An uncut copy of a first edition or book has extra value, for it bears its own evidence that no bookbinder has cut down the margin.

It is surprising to see how dingy and apparently worthless some of the rare books are that bring high prices. If you do not know the special charm that is be stowed on the air to the initiated by one of these suspicious volumes, of course you cannot rate it highly. You would give more for a gilt-edge modern book that has just preceded it, and was sold for twenty-five cents. But now the coveted prize is announced, and, lo! it goes up to, perhaps, eighty five or one hundred dollars. You must be born a book-fancier to know wherein that value lies. Paper and print and description are powerless to communicate the information.—[Joel Benton in Cosmopolitan.

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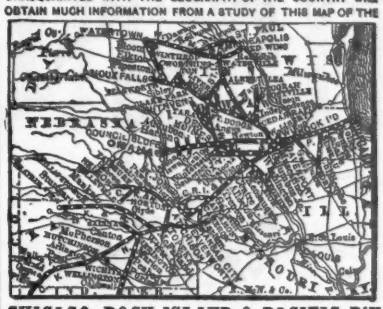

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The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of Company, submit the following Statement of affairs on the 31st of December, 1886

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1886, to 31st December, 1886		$3,809,350
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1886		1,426,049 44
Total Marine Premiums		$5,235,299 99
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1886, to 31st December, 1886,	$3,817,899 88	
Losses paid during the same period	$2,206,588 68	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$841,373 15	
The Company has the following assets, viz.:		
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks		$9,282,375 0
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise		707,100
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at		501,647 81
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable		1,568,134 20
Cash in Bank		235,254 0
Amount		$12,444,511 61

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1882 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1886, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday the Third of May next.

By order of the Board.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary

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Cash Capital,	$4,000,000.00
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Fire),	1,856,196.74
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Inland),	9 630 08
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire),	184,081 74
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland),	66,500 00
Other Claims,	66 922 87
Net Surplus,	3,345,058.04
Total Assets,	$9,523,388.97

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